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ELEPHANT HAUNTS.

ELEPHANT HAUNTS.

Page 102

ELEPHANT HAUNTS:

BEING

A Sportsman's Narrative

OF

THE SEARCH FOR DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE,

WITH SCENES OF ELEPHANT, BUFFALO,
AND HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

Camp at Matiti, near Murchison's Cataract.

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BY a.

HENRY FAULKNER,
LATE 17TH LANCERS.

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ELEPHANT HAUNTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Livingstone Search Expedition—Difference of Opinion as to Livingstone's Fate—Extracts from Dr. Kirk's Letters—Inconsistency of Moosa's Story—Boats for the Expedition—My First Adventure—Departure from Southampton—Purchase of a Piano for the Voyage—A Newspaper on Board—Anchor in Table Bay—Heavy Gales—The Expedition ridiculed at Cape Town—Arrival at Simon's Town—A Series of Gales—Off the Bar of the Kongoni River—Natives engaged to take the Boats up the Zambesi—Mazura—Shupanga—Mrs. Livingstone's Grave—Senna—Tette—The Nyanza Pangono, or Little Lake—Skianda—Bad Snakes.

HAVING heard that an Expedition was about to be sent to south-east Africa in search of the great traveller, Dr. Livingstone, whose murder by the Mavite had been reported at the Consulate at Zanzibar, by the Johanna men who had accompanied Livingstone, when he last started from the east coast with the intention of reaching Lake Tanganyika *viâ* the north of Nyassa, I applied to Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart., President of the Royal Geographical Society, for the actual command of the party. I was, however, late in the field, as a leader had been already chosen, in the person of Mr. E. D. Young, a gunner in the Royal Navy, he having served under Livingstone on the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers on

a former occasion. I then volunteered to accompany the expedition. Sir Roderick Murchison endeavoured to dissuade me from my desire for many reasons, but though compelled to acknowledge the justice and wisdom of his remarks I determined to go, and persisted in asking his assistance and support, both of which he willingly gave me, and at his suggestion I was permitted to accompany the party.

Before going further I shall enter some extracts from letters of Dr. Kirk's (Vice-Consul at Zanzibar) to the President of the Royal Geographical Society, in order to show those who may happen to be unacquainted with the particulars of Livingstone's supposed route and murder, the grounds we had to work on.

The great majority of people at home, on reading the story in the different papers, at once proclaimed Livingstone "no more." Still there were many whose experience and knowledge of "natives in general" led them to doubt the evidence of such men, and to see that there was reason to believe that Livingstone was still pursuing his travels. Most conspicuous amongst these stood Sir Roderick I. Murchison, who, in one of his addresses to the Royal Geographical Society, said he did not believe it true that Livingstone was murdered, and that he would not put his hearers "into mourning" for his old friend till he received more substantial evidence.

Extract from a letter of Dr. Kirk, Vice-Consul, to Dr. Seward, Acting-Consul. Zanzibar, 20th Dec., 1866.

"Sir,—I have the honour to enclose a brief account

of what, in my opinion, was the route followed by Dr. Livingstone, and with it a rough map showing what seems to be the probable position of the leading places mentioned. You are well aware how impossible it is from such data as we possess to arrive at a certain conclusion. I may, however, assure you that there seems nothing improbable in the narrative as I received it in regard to its geographical features. Still I regard the sad story as true when stripped of what was obviously meant to conceal, or apologise for, cowardice. The recovery of the later despatches of Dr. Livingstone written at Mataka is imperative, as they will give a clue to the proposed course of action. I think it very likely that Dr. Livingstone again wrote before plunging into the Mavite country, of which none knew the danger better than he.

"From the confused and contradictory statements of the nine Johanna men, now in Zanzibar, representing themselves as the only survivors of Dr. Livingstone's party, it is impossible to indicate with certainty the route followed, the nature of the country passed, or the spot where Dr. Livingstone is said to have been attacked and murdered. A personal knowledge of Lake Nyassa, and acquaintance with the various tribes, have aided me in arranging what I trust may prove in its geographical points as approximate to the truth.

"It will be remembered that the statements upon which the following is based require verification, coming as they do from men whose cowardly behaviour gives an obvious motive for concealing the truth.

"After due allowance has been made I regret be-

ing forced to the conclusion that Dr. Livingstone was attacked and killed a little to the west of the north end of Lake Nyassa.

"The last letter we have from him was written on the 18th May, at the confluence of the Nieude and Rovuma, called Ngomano. From Mikindany (on the coast) to Ngomano is a distance of 150 miles, of which the first 80 are level ground, covered with thick bush and forest; the remainder is more open and studded with isolated masses of igneous rock, and low ridges of syenite and schist which cross the river bed, and render it impassable to boats. At Ngomano the river is joined from the S. W. by the Nieude. Here Dr. Livingstone crossed the Rovuma, and remained some time with the chief at the confluence. The country to the north had been pillaged by the Mavite, a marauding Zulu tribe, now settled to the west of Nyassa. This added to a general drought rendered provisions scarce. All the camels and many of the buffaloes had by this time died from the bite of the Tsetse fly; the men were therefore forced to carry the loads, and a considerable amount of baggage was left behind. Leaving this place, they followed a westerly course,"—(I suppose by Moosa's compass!)—"and after a day's march again saw the Rovuma for the last time. On the third day, having passed several plains and tracks of forest, they ascended the slopes clothed with bamboo jungle. On the seventh day they were at Makarika, a small Waiao village, where they stayed two days. Four days from Makarika they came to Mataka, a powerful Waiao chief, having much cattle, and governing a populous district. On leaving Mataka after a considerable stay

Dr. Livingstone lost eleven of the Bombay Sepoys, and two of the educated Africans who accompanied him. His party was thus reduced to twenty-three.

"After eight days' march they came to Makata, not far from lake Nyassa. The border of the lake presented a flat, sandy shore—it seemed to be about six miles wide, and the opposite shore a white sand, and no mountain of any consequence near, though large hills rose to the south. From the natives of a small village under Makata, four canoes were hired, in which the party crossed. Embarking in the morning, they had all landed by noon; the water was shallow, and the canoes propelled by large bamboos, paddles used only at intervals.

"There is certainly no part of Nyassa south of latitude 11°, which corresponds with this description. Throughout the two hundred miles formerly explored, it was found to be a deep blue lake, and at the only point at all narrow enough to allow of their crossing in the time mentioned, it is not only deep, but has a mountain ridge not far off its western shore. Besides, the head Johanna man (Moosa), our present informant, was formerly one of the party on the Shiré, and accompanied Dr. Livingstone on foot beyond the point referred to, and as he positively asserts that the old route lay far to the south, I have little hesitation in placing the spot where the lake was crossed as the unknown extremity at about 10° 30′ south latitude. There is good reason to think that Mapoonda, where Dr. Livingstone landed, is the same place that I heard of in 1861."—(Alluding to the north end of the lake.)

"From Mapoonda, Dr. Livingstone went to Marenga. After two days' march west beyond, he crossed in canoes over a marsh. Thus he left the shores of the lake, and as his first object was to settle the extent northwards of Nyassa, we may presume that he had now done so, and was on his way to Ujiji, perhaps by way of Cazembe. He seemed to have followed out the course mentioned in his letter of May 18th, wherein he announced the intention of going on at once from Nyassa to Tanganyika, if his operations on the former were successful.

"Leaving Marenga, where they were well treated, a desolate country was entered, a region scoured by parties of Mavite, who are at constant war with their neighbours. At the last outpost of the lake people, Livingstone was told that the Mavite were then near. On the morning of the second day's march from Marenga, about 9 A.M., when crossing a level plain with grass three feet high, and scattered bush and forest, a band of Mavite suddenly appeared, and are said at once to have attacked, regardless of the loss of the foremost as they dropped to Dr. Livingstone's shot. The educated African boys were, as usual, near Livingstone; while Moosa, at the head of the Johanna men, followed at a short distance behind. On seeing that something was wrong, Moosa went forward, and from behind a tree observed the Mavite close on Dr. Livingstone, who was at this time endeavouring to re-load his gun. While thus occupied, he was cut down by a blow of a battle-axe, which divided the neck bone. Moosa fled, and with him the

other Johanna boys. It seems that being behind at the time, and concealed by the bush, they were not seen by the Mavite. However this may be, they say they were not pursued to a distance, but lay concealed, and towards evening came up cautiously to see if the loads still remained where they had cast them down. Finding none, they advanced, and saw Dr. Livingstone's body where Moosa had seen him fall, the upper clothing stripped and carried off, as were also his gun and everything he carried. Near him were several of the African boys dead, and in front lay two Mavite. Having buried the body of their leader, they left the spot, and after a time recrossed the lake at Kampoonda (or Mapoonda), but so confused is their story that it is impossible to indicate their path to Keelwa further than that it lay north of that by which they went.

(Signed) "KIRK."

Extracts from a Letter of Dr. Kirk to Sir Roderick Murchison. 9th December, 1866.

"1. Although the evidence is in many points contradictory in detail, and the survivors can give no clear account of their route, I find no cause to doubt their veracity in the main points of the narrative, and allow for much from the fact that an early flight alone saved them, an act of cowardice which would lead them in a measure to exaggerate some of the circumstances. One great difficulty is that they speak the language of

Johanna only, which necessitates the use of unskilled interpreters.

"2. On the seventh day they were at Makarika, where they rested two days, and after eleven marches came to Mataka, a town of considerable size, the residence of a chief who has power over a large district and many people. These are of the Waiao tribe, the same whom we call Ajawah on the Zambesi.

"3. Here (Mataka) Dr. Livingstone discarded all except the Havildar, who stuck to him bravely, and advanced, while his men (the Sepoys) returned to the coast in company with a slave caravan which passed that way, soon after Dr. Livingstone had left Mataka. An estimate of Dr. Livingstone's confidence in these men may be formed from the fact that his letters and dispatches were entrusted to the chief Mataka to be given to the first caravan. These important documents have not yet been received, although six of the Sepoys have come in, and caravans arrived at Quioloa.

"4. Having been fifteen days at Mataka, he advanced still in a westerly course." (By Moosa's compass, I suppose.)

"5. Eight days' march over a hilly country brought them to Mataka, one day distant from the border of a lake. The day following their arrival at the lake, they obtained four canoes, and embarking in the morning, were all landed on the opposite shore by noon. Water extended to the north as far as they could see, and they heard of no end in that direction. To the south it seemed still wider. They also stated that the canoes were propelled by means of poles, and paddles were seldom used. The lake at this

place extended north and south." (Moosa's compass!)

"6. That night they slept at a small village on the western shore, and leaving the water behind, marched west to Mapoonda. One of the Zambesi boys, Waikatani, deserted here, and the Havildar, worn out by disease, which attacked him on crossing the Nyassa, lagged behind and was left. They left Mapoonda, and arrived at Marenga after two days' march over level land, journeying west. No hills were crossed, although mountains were seen at the south; but there was a small hill at Mapoonda.

"7. After remaining a day at Marenga, they again followed a westerly course over smooth ground. Marenga, who was civil to the party, ferried them in canoes over a muddy channel or swamp, rather than river.

"8. Soon after this they passed Maksura, still keeping west, and slept one night in the jungle. They had been told that the Mavite were fighting in this part.

"9. The fatal attack occurred at 9 A.M. in the morning's march.

"10. About 9 A.M. in the morning's march they found themselves travelling a plain country, covered with grass as high as a man's waist, and abounding in low bushes, with forest trees and dense underwood at intervals, such, indeed, as is seen a little further south, where the country is known. Livingstone led the way, having next to him, as usual, the Zambesi boys and Bombay-educated Africans; while Moosa, at the head of the Johanna men, drew up the rear. As Moosa is our only authority for

what happened at this time, I may state that he was about fifty yards behind Dr. Livingstone when the boys passed the word from the doctor that the Mavite were seen a little distance off. On this he ran forward, having with him his loaded rifle. When he had reached within ten paces of Dr. Livingstone, the Mavite were near and charging, their heads dressed with feathers, visible above the large Kaffir shields of oxhide. Their arms were spears and battle-axes. On seeing Dr. Livingstone and his boys with levelled muskets, they checked their charge for a moment, and came on with a hissing sound when they found they were not fired on. Dr. Livingstone then shot the foremost man; he dropped dead. The others fired, and as the smoke cleared away Moosa saw three men facing Dr. Livingstone. Moosa was at this time standing behind a tree in order to fire. Seeing the Mavite suddenly so close, he appears to have been panic-stricken. Dr. Livingstone had emptied his gun, and was endeavouring to reload when faced by these three Mavite, who cut him down with a blow from a battle-axe, which severed the neck-bone, so that the head dropped forward, and he fell instantly. What happened on the field after this is unknown. Moosa ran off, and having been behind, probably was unseen, while the Mavite attacked those who were with the doctor and had fired.

"11. Moosa in his flight met his men; they had already heard the firing a little way in front, and were prepared to throw down their loads and make off. This they now did, and ran to a distance, where they hid themselves in the bush. Near sunset they came

out, and desirous of seeing if any of the loads still remained, they stealthily approached the place. Finding nothing where they had laid them down, and seeing no one, they became bolder, and cautiously advanced, when they saw Dr. Livingstone's body stripped of all but the trousers, and presenting one wound in the back of the neck. They scraped a hole in the soil, and placed the body there, covering it over with earth. They did not stay longer. Near Livingstone's corpse were the bodies of the two boys, which they recognised in the dim light by the ragged trousers still on them. The corpses of two Mavite lay near—it might be about twenty yards off—their shields by their sides, but spears and axes had been carried off. Nothing remained to bring away. The Mavite had taken all. The nine Johanna men who have come back saw two boys dead. One Johanna man and all the Bombay and Zambesi boys are missing, and there is little chance that any of them ever return, taking as truth the statements solemnly made by the Johanna man and his eight companions, who all declare that, with the exception of Moosa, none saw Dr. Livingstone fall, yet they assisted afterwards in depositing the body in its shallow grave.

"12. On their way—" (the Johanna men returning)—"to the coast at Quioloa, the party was suddenly attacked by a party of Mavite and dispersed."—(Arabs, slaves, &c., and all the caravan with which they were travelling.) "Everyone fled—the Johanna men now for the second time. Ivory and slaves were abandoned and left to the will of the dreaded marauders.

"13. I believe that Dr. Livingstone first came upon the lake in lat. 10°. "J. KIRK."

Extract from a Letter of Dr. Kirk to Sir Roderick I. Murchison.
19th December, 1866.

"1. From Mapoonda on the west side of a narrow portion of the lake, they marched to Marenga, two days' journey distant. Marenga was civil, and ferried the party over a marshy tract of mud, which they might have gone round by a *détour*. The outlying villagers warned them that the Mavite were out.

"2. When he had journeyed a day and a half from Marenga, about 9 A.M. the party was suddenly attacked in plain ground. "J KIRK."

Before proceeding with the narrative of the search I shall show the principal reasons I myself had for doubting the truth of the reported death of Livingstone. Doubtless the Johanna men's story appears tolerably plausible at first sight, but when closely studied it must inevitably dwindle into a mere fabrication. Perhaps the first thing that struck me on reading Dr. Kirk's letters was that during the attack Livingstone is reported to have shot two of the Mavite when within twenty yards, and charging, and was in the act of reloading his gun when cut down. Now, had Moosa stated that he had seen Livingstone cut down with his rifle clubbed, fighting hand to hand with the Mavite, or else in actual flight, it appeared to me he would have told a better yarn. This I could have understood, but I could not fancy any man,

having discharged his piece at a foe in full charge, at the short distance of twenty yards, quietly reloading, even had he a Snider in his hand. Again, had Moosa, with his loaded rifle in his hand (see Kirk's letter, 9th Dec., par. 10), sufficient time to see all this from behind a tree, surely he had time to fire in defence of his leader. He acknowledges to having been within ten paces of Livingstone when he saw the Mavite within twenty yards, and charging (see Kirk's letter, 9th Dec., par. 10). It seemed too ridiculous to believe that all this time, during which an enemy had commenced a charge, halted when they saw muskets levelled at them, and continued their charge when they found they were not fired on—during which two of them were shot down by Livingstone, a volley was fired by the African boys, and when the smoke cleared away three of the enemy were seen facing the great traveller—that all this time Moosa was standing behind a tree in order to fire. Yet he stands quietly there, within ten yards of them, till he sees how the Mavite dispose of their prey; and having seen Livingstone's head drop forward, almost severed from the body, and finally the body fall, he escapes by flight. Surely, if he was within ten paces of the murderers of Livingstone, and in a position to see the sight he has reported, he could scarcely have escaped unseen.

Again, I am at a loss to know why they brought nothing from the scene of the tragedy—no article of any kind that would tend to prove their story. True, they say, "Nothing remained to bring away, the Mavite had taken all," (Kirk's letter, 9th Dec., par. 11). Again,

they contradict that statement by saying that their shields lay by the side of the two dead Mavite. Livingstone's trousers also remained, and the trousers of the two boys. Why were not some of these articles brought? A Mavite shield would have adorned their lying story.

It also seemed to me a curious fact that during their few months' travels the Johanna men should have been the sole survivors of two Mavite onslaughts, their companions in both cases having fallen victims. Putting these things together, with the well-known fact that Moosa has hitherto borne the character of a notorious liar, I never placed the least credence in the report, and always felt certain that these rascals had deserted their leader, and told this cleverly concocted lie to screen their own cowardice.

The Livingstone Search Expedition was sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, assisted by our Government, and consisted of Mr. E. D. Young, gunner, Royal Navy (leader), Mr. J. Reid, carpenter, from Glasgow, Mr. Buckley, stoker, from some man-of-war or other, and myself. An iron boat, cutter-rigged, and divided into thirty-seven sections, was provided, her length thirty feet, beam eight feet, draught of water eighteen inches. Another boat (a whaler) was reported ready at the Cape of Good Hope for our use. Mr. Young was given a *carte blanche* to purchase any provisions and barter goods he thought necessary. I commenced my adventures on this trip the very night I left home. I was in the mail steamer *Leinster*, on my way to Holyhead (being particularly anxious to be at the Geographical Society's rooms the following day

at 11 A.M.), when, in a thick fog off the Stack Lighthouse, we unfortunately ran ashore. All attempts to get the ship off proving of no avail, the boats were lowered, and I found myself presently pulling an oar in a boat with a great number of ladies, and one old gentleman. It was a cold night, and blowing rather freshly. After five hours we arrived safely, and before any of the other boats, at the pier, and found the train *waiting* for the mails. The boat with the mail-bags arrived next, and without waiting for passengers or luggage off we went, wet to the skin, and not a stitch to change. I arrived in London at 2 P.M. instead of 7 A.M. I was happy to hear afterwards that the *Leinster* had been got off without sustaining much damage.

On the 9th June the mail steamer *Celt*, Commander Baynton, left Southampton Docks with but few passengers, amongst whom were the Livingstone Search Expedition, with all their gear, which the company very liberally sent free of expense. At Plymouth we picked up several passengers, and I was enabled to get up a subscription, and purchase a piano for the voyage. This was a great source of pleasure, as there were several ladies who played very well. The instrument was sold by auction at a very small loss at the termination of the voyage.

Shortly after we left Plymouth I suggested that we should have "a paper" on board. This was got up at once, and ultimately proved a success. It was printed at Cape Town by the desire of the passengers, and bore the name of *The Celt Gazette*.

We touched at St. Helena for coals after a beauti-

ful run, and I visited Napoleon's tomb for the first time. Everything else on the island I was thoroughly disgusted with. The fine weather we had enjoyed so far continued for the remainder of the voyage, and we anchored in Table Bay at 10.15 A.M. on the 10th July. Directly we dropped anchor a stiff breeze set in from the N.W., which soon freshened, and blew for forty-eight hours, one of the heaviest gales they have had in those parts for some time. Damage to the amount of over £200 was done to the break-water. Captain Baynton, who had remained on board, says in all his experience he never was so knocked about in a ship before.

Here Mr. Young added to our party two boys who had once been liberated from the bonds of slavery by the last English mission-party on the river Shiré; their respective names were Chinsoro and Sinjeery, and they were to act as interpreters, speaking English, Manganja, and Ajawah. Two Krumen as black as soot completed the party; their names were Antonio and John Brown. The former had been a Portuguese soldier once, and knew that language well. We were also supplied with a whale-boat from the dockyard. I was enabled, during four days I was waiting for a man-of-war, to visit some very pretty places near Cape Town—Wynburg, Rondebust, and Seapoint being perhaps the prettiest. Most people here laugh at the idea of going to look for Livingstone, and many think us little short of fools; while not a few say they never expect to see or hear of us again.

On the 14th July, H.M.S. *Petrel*, 3, Commander

Gordon, steamed into Table Bay, and anchoring close to the *Celt*, took our kit on board at once, and sailed at 9 P.M. same day for Simon's Town. Mr. Young went there by an early train on the 15th, while I was delayed in bringing down one of his principal bales of goods that had been forgotten in the *Celt*. However, I succeeded in reaching Simon's Town at 6.30 P.M., and shortly after my arrival we were under weigh for the mouth of the Zambesi.

I received the greatest kindness from all on board the *Petrel*, and was made as comfortable as I could wish. A series of gales from the south-west sent us flying to Algoa Bay, where we called in. These gales continued during the remainder of the run, and never have I beheld such a magnificent sea. Wherever the eye turned nothing was to be seen but a mass of white foam running mountains high. It would have been dreadful had not the wind been fair. I experienced a nasty touch of the old fever and ague during the run. The iron boat was now got together. On the night of the 25th we saw several bush-fires on shore, and sounded in eighteen fathoms. At 6 A.M. on the 26th we anchored off the bar of the Kongoni River in five fathoms, having run up from Simon's Town in less than ten days, though we had never expected to have done it under eighteen or twenty.

Mr. Young having expressed his desire to land at the E. Louabo mouth of the river, eight miles further on (though Livingstone recommends the Kongoni), we steamed up; but finding a heavy break on the bar of that river, returned to our former anchorage. Now

the boats were launched, and to our dismay the *Search* (iron boat) leaked so dreadfully that she had to be hoisted in again half full of water. However, thanks to Reid (whose subsequent valuable services remain still to be told), she was soon put to rights, and on the morning of the 27th July lay on the water alongside, quite dry and ready for her cargo.

It was now deemed advisable to take another boat from the *Petrel*, and at Mr. Young's request Captain Gordon kindly supplied another man, Stacy, one of the stokers, who had always borne an exemplary character on board. Our party was now increased to five Europeans and four niggers, and three boats. We were obliged to anchor about five miles from the land, in only five fathoms water. The land along this coast is so very low that the water is shallow for a considerable distance to sea, and a long line of breakers adorns it. A code of signals was agreed on, by which our course for the bar (visible only from the masthead) should be regulated; and about 10 A.M. (27th) all left the ship amidst many a hearty cheer and good wish, accompanied by two of the *Petrel's* boats, which returned shortly after leaving us on the bank. The bar was, fortunately, very smooth, and everything was landed in safety.

Directly we landed several natives assembled on the beach to see us, and on being informed that we wanted a number of them to take the boats up the river, they willingly offered their services as far as Shupanga, a distance of about seventy miles. Twenty-two of these men were engaged for a small quantity of cloth, but as they had some little distance

to go to their village for their paddles and their *kit*,* they would not start that day, but promised to come early next morning; so we had nothing for it but to sleep in the mouth of the river.

At 8 A.M. on the morning of the 28th, we started with a fair breeze up the river, through extensive mangrove swamps, reaching the canal which runs from the Kongoni to the Zambesi. We left the Kongoni, and after a couple of hours sailing and pulling, found ourselves in the main stream of the Zambesi, a fine broad river, but very low, constantly getting on sandbanks. I had command of one of the whalers, while Mr. Young took the iron boat, and Stacy brought the whaler we got from the *Petrel*. The first night we slept in the boats by a large sandbank in the middle of the river, and had a few mosquitoes.

During the five days occupied in reaching Shupanga, little occurred worthy of note. I shot some flamingo, and on the evening of the 29th killed a very fine water-buck and wounded another, which I did not get. The weather was very changeable. Sometimes there were calms, during which, when practicable, we tracked the boats along the bank, and occasionally sudden and heavy squalls, when we flew along under close reefs. My boat, being far too deep in the water, took in a good deal of it. One of these squalls carried away my awning and mast. However, as it was only the clamp that gave, it was soon rigged again.

On the 1st August we visited Mazara, about seven miles below Shupanga. This had once been a

* Consisting of a grass mat to sleep on, and a store of tobacco.

large Portuguese stockade; now, however, nothing remained but a naked flagstaff and a few poles. Here the Quilimane river joins the Zambesi. A little higher up, we visited a native village on the west bank, where we found several men who had been formerly employed by Livingstone, and who spoke a few words of English. Amongst them was a man who had been one of the "head men," named Johngiti. He, and, in fact, all the natives here, were glad to see us. We were informed that the Portuguese had all been driven away from Shupanga by the Landeens (Mavite). This was a bore, as we had hoped for their assistance in obtaining a crew to take us up to the Murchison Cataracts on the Shiré. However, Johngiti said he would come and get us as many men as we required.

We halted here for the night, and taking a native with me, I went over to the other side of the river to look for a shot. I had not gone far, when I saw two fine waterbuck feeding. After a long stalk, during which I was driven nearly mad with mosquitoes, I killed the largest on the spot at eighty yards. Frightened by the report, the smaller one rushed straight at me (I being partly concealed in the long grass), and fell an easy prey to the left barrel of Rigby 10, the ball hitting him in the forehead, and passing through the brain. The native who accompanied me was perfectly astounded, and signified his satisfaction by gesticulating in the most extraordinary manner for some time. I then returned to the boats.

Next morning, while tracking the boats up to Shupanga, my boat with seven men at the rope leading,

we came to a perpendicular bank of about fifty feet high. The men were walking along under it at the edge of the water, when a great part of the bank above them gave way, and down it came right over them. Some were forced into the river, and others were covered with sand. The boat swung round under the bank, which was threatening another fall. Letting go the tiller, I seized an oar, and just succeeded in pushing her off about three yards, when down came several tons of sand, quantities of which fell into the boat even at that distance, and sent the water flying all over me, drenching everything. Had I not succeeded in getting her thus far clear, she must have been swamped. I then counted the men, who were scrambling up as best they could, and still held the rope. They were all there, though I scarcely hoped to find it so.

At 11.30 (2nd August) we arrived at Shupanga, and were soon surrounded by flocks of natives, who had known Livingstone and the missionaries, and several of whom spoke a few words of English. Here I visited Mrs. Livingstone's grave. A raised tomb of brick and mortar, with a large wooden cross, under a fine baobab tree, marks the spot where repose the remains of the great traveller's wife. All was in good order, and the natives, having heard of our approach, had cleared a walk to the place through the long grass. Shupanga house was quite deserted, as was also the village in its rear.

In the evening I took a long walk to look for antelope, and, after a tedious stalk, succeeded in killing a bushbock.

Our old crew having been paid off, a new batch of Shupanga men took their place, each to receive a piece of cloth (16 yards, value about 4*s.*) per month. Chinsora and Singeery are the life of the native camp at night. They are very amusing, and full of chaff, which they invariably carry on in English. Long after we have turned in they are to be heard over the fire as jolly as sandpipers.

We left Shupanga on the 3rd, and had a stiff breeze, our crews singing like maniacs. About midday it blew hard, and I was obliged to take in two reefs —a high sea running in the river, which is very broad just here. Towards evening we called at the village of Chiko, a native who had been some time with Livingstone. This man stated that he had left the Doctor at Zanzibar; but Mr. Young said he knew him to be a thorough scoundrel. He spoke English well, and was tolerably well-dressed in European clothes.

In consequence of the Portuguese having left Shupanga, Mr. Young considered it necessary to go to Senna for the purpose of handing over certain letters to the authorities there, prior to pursuing our course up the Shiré. On our way there we had several heavy squalls, in one of which my mast was again carried away, and the *Search* carried away her boom. Besides this, we kept continually getting on sandbanks.

On the 6th we stopped at the settlement of a *Portugoose*, who rejoiced in the name of Francisco. He was very civil, and gave us a capital lunch of bread, plantains and wine, for which he received a bottle of

gin in return. He had heard that Livingstone had been killed at night while asleep. At 5 P.M we reached Senna, and anchored under the residence of Senhor Ferrao, whom we found uncommonly civil. He supplied us with everything we wanted, and promised to send a hundred men up to Chibisa should we require them, to carry our things past the cataracts. He also gave us a very good dinner, and as a friend of his spoke a little Hindustanee, we manage to pull through, assisted by Antonio's interpretations of the Portuguese language. Ferrao informed us that the Mavite had just defeated the Portuguese troops at Tette, killed a great number of them, and taken the governor prisoner; and I was subsequently credibly informed they had cut that individual's throat.

Tette is in 16° 10′ S. lat., and about 33° 37′ E. long., on the Zambesi, and only about seventy-five miles in a straight line from Chibisa, where we wanted to take our boat asunder. Mr. Young went to the other side of the river next morning, to deliver his letters, and while he was away I was informed by the natives that there was "a new river," which ran from the Zambesi into the Shiré, joining the latter at Morumballa Mount.

On Mr. Young's return, I reported this to him, with a request that if he did not think it advisable to explore it himself, he would permit me to do so with my boat; as in the event of its proving navigable we should avoid a long pull up the Shiré from its confluence with the Zambesi, to Morumballa. He decided that all the party should try and go by this new route.

We found this river broad at its exit from the Zambesi, but shallow and with a strong current—in lat. 17° 30′ S., long 35° 15′ E. Trees stood in the centre here and there, and there were numerous small islands, forming many narrow passages, and some swift "shoots," in one of which the *Search* nearly capsized, and my own boat was swung round with violence. The river soon branched off into small streams in almost every direction, and it was impossible to tell which was the proper channel through these marshes.

On the 8th August, after spending the night in the midst of myriads of mosquitoes, we entered a large marsh. Here the stream we had followed again divided itself into many smaller and more shallow ones; and after trying several of these, we had to lighten the *Search* and drag her through a mud bank. We then immediately entered a large river, steering north by east, with a range of mountains on our left, and Morumballa bearing east-south-east. This river now gradually curved to the eastward, and after a stretch of about two miles another curve changed our course to east-south-east. This curve continued, and after a short distance we found ourselves in a small lake, steering south-south-east, on to the north end of Morumballa Mount. This lake turned out to be the Nyanza Pangono, or Little Lake, as marked in Dr. Livingstone's map, and appeared to be from four to five miles across where we passed. Numbers of hippopotami were seen in it, and in another stream which we soon entered, and which led us into the Shiré. I wounded one, a long shot, but did not kill

it. Twisting and turning about through a marshy tract for some time, we found ourselves in the Shiré, under the north end of Morumballa.

I have reason to believe that our first day's pull was chiefly through a wrong channel, as the natives told us that there was plenty of water for one of the Portuguese boats, which was much larger than any of ours, but that we should have to take down our masts, as in some places the trees which overhung the river were too low to pass under. Now we never saw any such trees as they described, and the first part of the river was broad and deep, as was also the stream which finally brought us from the lakelet into the Shiré. It was easy to mistake the proper channel in many places, owing to the curious way in which the river divided itself through the marshes. This river is not marked by Livingstone, and from its general appearance I am inclined to believe that it has formed itself of late, during the flooding of the Zambesi. Having succeeded in passing by it, we were saved much time and trouble; but before entering the true Shiré, we had to cut our way through more than a hundred yards of rushes and weeds, a labour which occupied nearly three hours.

As we continued our run up the river through the Shiré Valley, which is simply an immense marsh, thickly covered with long rushes and reeds (a splendid place for fever), the mosquitoes were almost intolerable. My hands were swollen and my features distorted by their venomous bites. At night, sleep was, generally speaking, out of the question, and the only way I managed to get a smoke in peace after the

day's work was over, was by first of all having the grass all burned, and then a number of small fires kept burning to windward, enveloping me in a cloud of smoke sufficient to stifle any intruding mosquito, and almost thick enough at certain periods to smother myself.

Before entering a large tract of marsh, where we were informed we should not find any wood for a couple of days, we stopped at Skianda, for the purpose of providing ourselves with that article. A number of Manganja came down to see us. Many wore English beads, knew "the English," and remembered the *Pioneer* (the little steamer Livingstone had up the rivers). All were armed with bows and arrows, and many carried spears in addition. All the natives carry their bow, and from eight to twelve arrows (three or four of the latter being poisoned) loose in their hands.

One evening, when burning off the long grass, so as to clear a place for our evening rest, several snakes glided close past me into the water, trying to escape the fire. I killed one small one with my hunting-knife, as he was endeavouring to hide under the sole of my boot. The men said he was a very bad snake, one bite of which was certain death; and none of them would touch him when dead. Hippopotami and alligators are seen every day, but as yet I have not succeeded in getting one. The heat during the day is intense, and there are heavy dews at night.

CHAPTER II.

Intercourse with Natives—Trap for Fish—Good Feeling of the Natives to the English—Confluence of the Ruo River—Bishop Mackenzie's Grave—In the Elephant Country—Visit of Mankokwe—The Makololo and the Manganja—Chibisa—Graves of Dr. Dickinson and Mr. Scudamore—The Mother of Chinwallah—Bargain with Moloka and the Makololo—Matiti—Mr. Thornton's Grave—The Lower Cataracts—Order of our March—Buffalo Hunt—Buckley's Fall into an Elephant Pit—Hippopotami enjoying themselves—On the track of Natives—Pamafunda.

ON the eleventh we got out of the marshes, and the river broadened. I was delighted to leave those horrid monotonous swamps, where one sees nothing but the high reeds and rushes on either side, and the sky above. We now opened a mountain range to the west, and on turning a point in the river, I saw a large crowd of natives some distance ahead on the western bank. They seemed uneasy about our sudden appearance, and some crossed the river in their canoes, to discover who we were. As soon as we got near enough we hailed them, and informed them that we were English, and wanted to buy provisions, not slaves. They seemed much frightened, and many

ran off into the jungle. When we landed, they kept aloof for a long time, but at last came to us, seeing we meant no harm, and supplied us with rice, &c. They said they fancied we were Portuguese, and had come for slaves. Metakenny (a much-dreaded rebel Portuguese, who rules an immense mob of ruffians), having depopulated much of the country about here, keeps these unfortunate creatures in a state of perpetual alarm. When satisfied that we were English, they became quite free. They examined our guns and revolvers with great curiosity, and told us "they remembered the canoe that the English had on the river which used to puff black smoke," alluding to the *Pioneer*.

In some places on the river up here, the current is so strong that the five men in my boat can scarcely make any head-way, and I am constantly obliged to take an oar myself for an hour or two. This I don't particularly like, the sun is so powerful all day. Most of my crew complain of sore hands.

Since entering the Shiré, I have had no shooting, the grass, from ten to fifteen feet high, being as yet unburned; but the natives report a good country for game a short distance ahead. When perfectly satisfied that we are English, the natives bring their women to see us, and we soon become great friends. Knives, breech-loading rifles, including Sniders, photograph books, binoculars, &c., have invariably to be exhibited and explained; but perhaps the greatest source of wonder and astonishment to the niggers is my cornopean, which I am sometimes compelled to play much longer than is quite agreeable to me.

One morning, when tracking up along the bank, one of my men discovered a basket-trap set by the natives of an adjacent village to catch fish, and seven fine specimens, one of them weighing over four and a half pounds, were extracted therefrom instanter.

12*th August.*—The country, which now exhibits a total change, is much wooded, the forest in many places extending to the river's banks, especially on the west side. Seeing a number of guinea-fowl, I went ashore, and succeeded in killing seven. They were splendid birds, and subsequently proved very good eating. In consequence of my spending half an hour ashore, the other boats had got some distance ahead and were out of sight. I did not reach them till long after sunset. On my way I met several parties of natives along the bank, all armed in the same manner I have already described. At first sight they viewed me suspiciously, but when I said I was English, they invariably signified their content by laying down their arms and clapping their hands for some seconds, the customary salutation among the Manganja. The mosquitoes are not nearly so numerous here as in the marshes, which is a great blessing. On the 13th, I had the luck to kill a hippopotamus, and the crews gorged themselves with the meat. I wounded two others, but they escaped into deep water.

We have now reached a country where the natives have commenced to burn the grass every year, and at night fires may be seen blazing on the hills in the distance for miles, or roaring along the plains down to the river's edge. One evening, however, we were obliged to halt at a place where the long grass still re-

mained, and of course the mosquitoes abounded here in millions. We set fire to the grass, and in an hour's time the conflagration had spread for miles. After dinner, while lying on the bank enjoying a smoke, to the soothing pleasure of which I had quite abandoned myself, being in a spot where there were no mosquitoes to torment me, I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a couple of dozen natives, armed to the teeth with bows, arrows, and spears, and headed by a man carrying a gun—a sight more exciting than pleasing, as at the moment I happened to be quite unarmed. None of us were aware of their approach till they were within ten yards of us, but in a moment we jumped to our feet. Knowing I had no time to go to the boat for arms, I at once made up my mind to have at the individual with the gun *à la* Tom Sayers; but as I approached him, to my great satisfaction he laid down his musket, and commenced clapping his hands, the remainder of the party following his example. The leader then informed us that seeing the fire, and conjecturing that it was Metakenny's mob, they were the advanced guard of a party come out to fight them. I asked him why he laid down his arms before he knew whether we were friends or foes? He replied that seeing the boat in the river, he knew we were English, and now he wished to welcome us. They then went away. It was rather a startling adventure, and I determined not to be caught unarmed again.

On the 14th we reached the confluence of the Ruo river, close to which Bishop Mackenzie's remains were interred. Taking a guide who said he knew the spot,

we went to look for the grave, but the place pointed out bore no signs of having been devoted to such a purpose. It might or might not have been the right one.

After leaving the Ruo, several shoals or herds of hippopotami were seen in the river. I succeeded in killing one out of their number, a couple getting away into deep water badly wounded. That night we halted at a place where the long grass was too green to burn, and once more became the unhappy victims of myriads of mosquitoes. The following morning the first sign of being in an elephant country came to my notice. Their spoor might be seen in many places along the banks. About 3 P.M., on rounding a point, I (being as usual first) saw several elephants bathing in a shallow part of the river, close to an island covered with long grass. My heart leaped at the sight of an elephant once more! On examining the place with the glasses I discovered about ten more standing in the grass on the island, the tips of their heads and backs being alone visible. One enormous animal towering above the rest showed a good deal of the head and body. I was particularly struck with their immense ears. I got my guns ready, and was making for them, when a little breeze sprung up, and the *Search* rounded the point in full sail. Mr. Young, having seen the spoor along the bank, had sent one of his men to the mast-head to look out. The moment the fool saw the elephants he commenced shouting like a maniac, and, as a matter of course, the frightened animals were off across the river like a shot, and were instantly lost to sight in the long reeds.

Mr. Young came up, and taking his gun, wanted me to follow them, but knowing how far elephants go when frightened, I declined. He followed their tracks some distance, but saw nothing more of them, and on his return we continued our course.

In about half an hour after I saw one elephant standing to all appearance alone in the long reeds, close to the water's edge. We went ashore some distance below where the creature stood. Mr. Young had with him his large Enfield breech-loading wall piece, the projectile of which was iron coated with lead, and the charge of powder twelve drachms. This was carried behind him by a native, another bearing a tripod in which the gun had to be placed before firing. On landing we found the reeds and grasses about twelve feet high, extending along the bank, and some distance in from it. As we were cautiously going along we suddenly came on a fine bull standing alone within about seven yards of us. Mr. Young ordered up his tripod. This caused a considerable bustle, and the bull, suspicious of danger, began to move his ears. Then the gun turned out to be empty, and in loading it the noise made by shutting up the breech-piece again attracted the elephant's notice, and in another instant he was off. I was disgusted, and not seeing any chance of getting a shot while with the party, I moved away to the left, taking with me one man carrying a spare gun. I soon heard elephants moving ahead, but feared that the frightened bull had conveyed the alarm to the remainder of the herd. I hurried on, and reaching an open space of about two acres, where the grass was only about four

feet high, I stopped to listen, and then discovered that the elephants were in the long reeds between me and the river. While passing on to head them I heard a cap snap,—the big gun had missed fire! Two elephants came out directly opposite me into the open space, and I lay down. They stood and surveyed the country round, sniffing the air with uplifted trunks in every direction. Fortunately for me the wind was right, and in a few seconds they came on as straight as possible. Having always heard that the African elephant could not be killed by a single shot in the head—a subject on which I had my doubts—I determined to try the experiment for my own satisfaction the first opportunity that offered. I knew the guns were good, and I only wanted to get close enough to give them a fair trial.

When they had come within eighteen yards of me, both stopped, and had another look round and another sniff. I was almost tempted to fire at this distance, the larger elephant offering me a splendid temple shot, but on second consideration I resolved to wait. In another instant they came on again, still quite straight. The native, who up to this time had stood at my side trembling like an aspen leaf, now "skedaddled" for the long grass, taking my gun with him. Luckily, when he was perceived by the elephants they were within about seven yards of me. The moment they were alarmed they veered off to the left, but instantly taking the largest in the temple as he passed me within five yards, I fired the right barrel of "the gumtickler" (smooth bore No. 9, by Rigby, charge nine drachms, Curtis and Harvey),

and the elephant rolled over on his left side, that on which he was hit; the other instantly charging about seventy yards in the wrong direction. I at once reloaded and approached the fallen animal, which proved to be quite dead. On getting up on him to look round for the one that had made off, I fancied that he had pulled up in some long grass about a hundred yards off, and with uplifted trunk was looking back for his prostrate companion. My second gun was nowhere to be seen, but I at once commenced stalking the second elephant, and had got within from twenty to twenty-five yards of him unperceived, when "bang!" went Mr. Young's big gun, and away went the elephant straight from me with a shrill trumpet. The grass here was so long that I could not see more than a few yards round, but there could be no doubt as to the direction I ought to take, for the band of natives whom I had left in company with Mr. Young were yelling and roaring like demons. At first I feared an accident had happened, but the words "Waffa! waffa!" (dead! dead!) which they repeated with admiration, soon striking my ear amidst the din of voices, relieved my fears. On arriving at the spot, I found them rejoicing over the elephant *I* had killed, Mr. Young having discharged the wall-piece into its abdomen. Examination showed a good shot in the temple. The animal was a bull, and had perfect tusks, about four feet long. So far I had satisfactory proof that the African elephant may be shot in the brain through the temple. On cutting out the tusks, however, I found that they were differently placed from those in the head of the Indian

elephant, these tusks almost joining about six inches above the level of the eye, in the middle of the forehead, and thereby putting the shot between the eyes, which is certainly mortal to the Indian elephant, entirely out of the question. On examining this elephant's head, however, I could see no reason why they should not be killed by a shot behind the ear, or in the centre of the forehead, in a line between the ears (my favourite shots in India), provided the sportsman goes right up to them. We camped here for the night, in order to give the natives time to *eat the elephant.* The carcass was soon cut up, carried to camp, put on sticks over fires here and there, and roasted. There was feasting, singing, and dancing all night long, and the mosquitoes were innumerable.

We had now arrived at that part of the country held by the Manganjas, under a powerful chief called Mankokwe, and on the 16th (August) numbers of this tribe might be seen at different places along the river armed and equipped for war. They reported that the Makolólos (seventeen in number—men who had been brought from their own country and left at Chibisa by Livingstone) had induced the Ajawahs to join them, and were constantly fighting with Mankokwe, taking away their women, and burning their villages. They said, "See, we are all men, no wives."

That night we anchored by the bank close to one of their villages. It rained heavily, and everything was drenched. The following morning Mankokwe paid us a visit, and made vehement complaints against the Makololos. As we passed along through his country, we met several Manganja tribes assembled

on the banks ready for battle. They said they were there to *frighten* the Makololos, whom they daily expected; but all these savages were civil to us. Within a short distance of these people we met an armed party of Ajawahs, headed by one Makololo. Most of them carried guns. They said they were going to fight Mankokwe. However, they promised to follow us back to Chibisa instead.

On inquiring of the Makololos the cause of this war, we were informed that, at the invitation of Mankokwe, the Portuguese came down on the Makololos, burned their villages, and carried off the bullocks which had been given them by Livingstone, leaving them in charge of Mankokwe. The Makololo, hearing this, and knowing that their cattle were not far off, got the Ajawahs (a tribe who had just driven the Manganja before them from the very shores of Nyassa) to join them, attacked the nearest of Mankokwe's villages, and defeating the Manganja chief, burned the village, and carried off some women. However, the bullocks had been removed on their approach, and the Makololo had to return without them. Hence the present state of affairs. The Makololo say they will never leave the Manganja in peace till they bring them back their bullocks, when they will swear eternal friendship. This places Mankokwe in anything but an enviable position. With the Makololo and Ajawah to cause him perpetual worry on one side, he is at constant war with the rebel Metakenny on the other.

On the 16th August we landed at Chibisa, under the spot where the old mission station used to be.

When within about five miles of this place, we observed in the midst of a few Ajawahs assembled on the bank, a fine, well-built man, about six feet two inches high. He was covered with beads—one half of his head having them thickly interwoven with the hair—and carried a gun. I was ahead at the time, and was much surprised when he sung out as I sailed by "Good morning," in good English. I at once took the sail off and landed. The tall man said he was a Makololo, and his name Masiko. I never saw anything like his delight to see us. Mr. Young soon came up, and took him up to Chibisa in the iron boat. As we neared Chibisa, Makololos and Ajawahs crowded along the banks, beating their breasts with joy, and repeating what little English they could remember. To judge by the animation of their gestures, their joy at seeing us was sincere. Directly we landed we were surrounded by over five hundred natives, and not one was satisfied till he had shaken hands with us. As soon as I thought it was all over, for I was getting tired of the tedious ceremony, I went up to see the graves of Dr. Dickinson and Mr. Scudamore, who had died here. Everything was untouched. The timber which had once formed the enclosure was much decayed, and in some places completely rotted; but what time had spared remained uninjured by human hand. The poles of two crosses still stood erect, though almost rotted through; but the cross-bars lay on the ground in pieces, having yielded to the influence of time and weather.

While thus engaged, the news of our arrival had reached the village, and all the women and children

flocked down to welcome the English. The ceremony of shaking hands had again to be gone through, and I performed my part of it sitting on a fallen tree. It was gratifying to see the good name that our countrymen had left in this savage land. One poor woman came up to me and said she was the mother of Chimwallah (Chimwallah had been servant to one of the missionaries, and was taken by his master to England), and had come to hear tidings of her son, or to see if he was with us. On being told he had not come with us to Africa, she evinced much grief; but when she heard he was well and happy, and his photograph in English costume from London was shown her, her grief was turned to joy, and she made me promise to come to the village and see the house where Chimwallah used to live, a promise which I afterwards fulfilled.

The Makololo (whom Mr. Young had looked forward so eagerly to getting to accompany him to Nyassa) having all assembled, a solemn consultation was held in the boat, where they were informed of the cause of our visit, and asked to come with us. Headed by Moloka, who is now their chief, twelve of them agreed to accompany us, in consideration of the fabulous wages of eight pieces of cloth each for the job, three to be paid in advance. They were some time in doubts about undertaking the task, as they said the Mavite were gradually coming down from the north, and were now close to Matiti (a statement which proved false), where we intended taking our boats asunder, and would soon be at Chibisa. However, Mr. Young not only promised them new guns,

but also to leave a quantity of ammunition with the Makololo who remained behind, so that they need not fear the Mavite, who have no fire-arms. We then left Chibisa, and in four hours camped at Matiti, close to the foot of the cataracts, where the iron boat was taken asunder, and everything prepared for the overland march to Pamafunda. The cataracts extend over about thirty-five miles of latitude. The Makololos are kings of the country from Matiti to below Chibisa, occupying both sides of the river, and each individual one being chief of a village and of a large body of Ajawahs.

Shortly after arriving at Matiti, I visited Mr. Thornton's grave, which is situated beneath a large tree, easily distinguished by a wooden cross nailed on it. I then went on to the lower cataracts, which were scarcely worth seeing, owing to the scanty supply of water in the river. In a pool just below the falls was a large herd of hippopotami, three of which I killed in a short time. One sunk in deep water, but next morning it was bagged floating past our camp. Mr. Young deemed it advisable to leave here the two whale boats, with a large quantity of provisions, cloth, beads, and ammunition, under charge of Antonio and John Brown, with whom ten of the Shupanga men volunteered to stay, the remainder returning to their homes. All were anxious that we should take them with us to Nyassa, and seemed much hurt at being thus discarded. I ventured to suggest that as we knew them we should stick to them; but Mr. Young would not hear of it. This he subsequently regretted.

In consequence of several reports that the Mavite were near, we had a "look-out" all night. The Makololos promised to send as many men (Ajawahs) as we had need of, each one to receive four fathoms of cloth for carrying a load to Matiti; and on the 22nd (August) they began to arrive.

On the 23rd, we having everything ready to start, the Makololos arrived with a large number of porters. It was a busy afternoon, as each Makololo had to receive three pieces of cloth, and each Ajawah two fathoms, in advance. Mr. Young now lavished presents on the Makololo—a shirt, a fez, a new gun and bayonet, belts and pouches, ammunition, ammunition to send back to their friends, and a quantity of beads being given to each.

This proceeding was quite contrary to my ideas, and, as I fancied would be the case, had the effect of making these men think too much of themselves. It was ridiculous to see some of them, when "dressed up" for the first time, swaggering about in delight with themselves, and almost at their wit's end with pride. They were now too great swells to work, and when we were ready to start would carry nothing but their arms and accoutrements. I don't fancy Livingstone would have permitted this.

I was also anxious that we should bring all our provisions with us, in case of our being unable to return from the north of Nyassa before the rains, and running short, but it was not deemed advisable by the leader. During our stay at Matiti I instructed Reid, Buckley, and Stacy in the use of the Snider, and though they had never been used to fire-arms of any

kind, an hour's drill daily, including ball practice, gave them a fair idea. Reid and Stacy made some tolerably good shooting before we left.

On the morning of the 24th, according to my instructions, I led the way with a hundred and fifty of the porters up the country, Mr. Young, with the remainder of the party (about fifty) following some distance behind. Six Makololo in full tog accompanied me, the remainder keeping in the rear. Reid and Buckley were also attached to my party, for which I arranged the order of march as follows:—Buckley with two Makololo—himself carrying a Snider rifle—to bring up the rear; Reid—also carrying a Snider—and two Makololo about the centre; myself, two Makololo, and Chinsoro carrying a spare gun, as an advanced guard, about a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards ahead of the party. As we marched along through the forest I made a Makololo scout on either side keep a look-out for game as well as the Mavite.

We had not gone more than a couple of miles when I saw a herd of buffalo ahead, feeding quietly towards us. I sent back one of the Makololos to stop the head of the party, and taking Chinsoro and a spare gun, stalked to within fifty yards without being perceived by any of them. A fair bull now stood broadside on to me, intently gazing into the forest, perhaps having winded me, or heard some distant noise amongst the porters, for he stopped feeding, and listened attentively. In the centre of the herd a fine bull was scratching himself against a tree, but he was some distance off, and did not offer a good shot. So I

fired at the nearest behind the shoulder, and threw him in his tracks. Frightened at the report, the remainder of the herd fled, the old bull, sulky at being thus disturbed during his morning rub, trotting sluggishly along some yards in the rear. Having reloaded (breech-loader 10, Rigby), I ran after the buffaloes, and as they soon slackened their pace I was enabled to gain on them considerably. At last they stopped and turned round to look, packing themselves closely together. I was now within about sixty yards of them, and as the old bull turned round I fired at his shoulder, and he charged at once in a most determined way. When he was within about twenty yards of me I fired the second barrel at his head, which was lowered. He rolled over, and lay struggling on the ground. The herd, having seen their champion fall, divided into two lots, and were out of sight in an instant. I soon discovered that the bull was only stunned, and as he appeared to be recovering his senses quickly, I killed him with a shot at the back of the ear, fearing he might prove an ugly customer if once on his legs again. The first shot had passed close below the brain.

I then ordered up the party, and the buffaloes were cut up in a very short time, and every man carried what meat he could in addition to his load. This is a task which these savages willingly undertake, for it is wonderful how delighted they are at the thought of meat to eat. A quantity of meat being left for Mr. Young's party to take up, we then continued our march.

At 3.30 P.M. I crossed the Mokurumadsee river

(Great Water), and thinking that by the time Mr. Young would arrive it would be too late to go on further, bivouacked by the stream. While the natives were arranging the camp I strolled along the bank, and luckily killed a hippopotamus (cow), and returning through the jungle had a shot at a bushbock (Tagelaphus Sylvatica), which I wounded, but did not bag.

Next morning I marched at 7.45 A.M. Much of the road lay along the banks of the Shiré, now and then taking a twist through the hills to avoid a bend in the stream. I found the country totally devoid of inhabitants. On the hills at the opposite side of the river fires are to be seen every night—supposed to be kindled by the Mavite! We marched every morning early, halted under some large tree in the middle of the day for an hour or so, and in the evening in time to have camp arranged before dark. I killed two hippopotami at M'pemba, and one reedbock during the following morning's march.

26th August.—A long, hot, and tedious march, during which I saw no game except in the river, which swarms with hippopotami. I passed through a deal of very thorny scrub jungle by the river, and saw some old buffalo spoor. Towards evening some footprints on the newly-burned grass warned us that either friends or foes were near. We camped close to the river, the Makololos firing guns all night, they said to keep the Manganja and Mavite off!

Towards the close of this day's march, I crossed the Lesungwe river, which was nearly dry, and our camp was pitched close to the Sezane Falls. These

falls are much to be admired, even with the river in its present low state, the water passing through a narrow embrasure between two immense perpendicular cliffs, and breaking magnificently on the huge boulders of rock in the vortex beneath. When the river is flooded, it must be a splendid sight. The fall of the water is not more than about fifty feet, but hills covered with forest grace the scene to the water's edge.

Leaving Sezane early next morning, we entered a hilly country, thickly wooded and very rocky, which caused us to diminish our pace considerably, as the porters found much difficulty in getting some of the large sections of the boat, as well as other cumbersome loads, through the thick underwood, or up some of the steep and rocky ascents. During this day's march I saw a good deal of elephant spoor, some of which was not more than a day old. As I happened to be a long way ahead of Mr. Young, I got the battery ready, and making my party halt to rest, followed the tracks for some distance, in hopes of finding that the elephants had remained to feed in some of the beautiful gorges by the river, where the grass grows to the height of twenty feet, and large trees afford delicious shelter from the roasting sun; but I was not destined to be favoured by the smiles of fortune this time, for after a toilsome walk of from three to four miles, during which I had sent word to my party to follow on, I found that the herd, which must have been a large one, had crossed the river. While lamenting my fate over the last footprint by the water's edge, I had the mortification to see about

thirty elephants quietly crossing an open in the forest on the opposite side, about half a mile from the river. It was impossible to cross after them, as the water was deep, and sweeping past with the force of a torrent, while in the still pools alligators and hippopotami were disporting themselves. But disappointment is soon replaced by hope in a jungle where game is plentiful, and having smoked one pipe in melancholy, I again started on my way rejoicing.

During the remainder of the day's march we came on several small bands of Manganja, who were busy cultivating little gardens which they had cleared in the forest. The moment, however, they saw us they invariably threw away their bows and arrows, and disappeared in the wood with wonderful quickness; nor could I succeed in a single instance in bringing one of them to bay, though I was anxious to do so, in order to let them know that friends, not foes, were passing through their preserves.

In the afternoon, while walking along at the head of my party, I was startled by hearing a bullet ring through the air directly over my head, followed by the report of a gun. On looking round, I saw my porters throwing down their loads, and bolting in every direction. I could not imagine what was up. Reid, who was not far behind me, now closed up, and the Makololo looked to their guns. We fancied some hidden Manganja had treated us to the salute. Cries were soon heard, some two hundred yards back in the forest, of "Englaisee waffa!" (English dead!) and Reid and I returned, accompanied by four Makololos. On nearing the spot, I saw four natives carrying

Buckley, his head hanging down. I found him quite insensible, but seeing no blood, I proceeded to examine him, when I was informed that he had fallen into a covered elephant pit, and that as he fell his rifle had gone off. With the use of cold water, &c., I succeeded in bringing him to, and was glad to find that though he had been stunned by the fall, he was more frightened than hurt. I had passed the pitfall only a few minutes before, but I saw it at once, and avoided it. The hole, being now uncovered, turned out to be about twelve feet deep, and twenty feet by eight wide, water being lodged in the bottom. These pitfalls are often found near the villages of the Manganja, who always trap their game; while the Ajawahs kill them with guns or arrows. The natives would not be persuaded that Buckley was not dead, and when at last he became sensible, they firmly believed I had brought him to life again. One man asked me if I could make a black man who was killed in a pitfall "open his eyes again!"

As Buckley complained of having hurt his back, I ordered a halt by the river, and had some lunch under a large palm-tree. On the opposite side of the river was a neat little Manganja village, none of the inhabitants of which, however, were visible, the natives who lived there being so frightened at our appearance, that they had left their huts, and concealed themselves in the long grass, though the river lay between us, and we had no possibility of crossing. However, seeing we were only bent on refreshing ourselves, and that our only and constant demand was "cookoo maronda" (fowls to sell), one solitary indi-

vidual of the male sex thrust his head out of the reeds by the water's edge some fifty yards below us, and commenced a conversation, which ultimately ended in his bringing us some fowl and corn in a canoe. We were soon friends, and shortly after the opposite bank was occupied by a crowd of men, women, and children, staring at us as if we were gorillas.

About 3 P.M. I halted by the river, and bivouacked for the night. Taking the breech-loader, I strolled along the bank in the hopes of getting a shot at an antelope coming for his evening drink. On rounding a bend in the river I saw five hippopotami enjoying themselves in a shallow part of the stream some five hundred yards ahead, the tops of their heads and backs being alone visible. Having succeeded in getting close to the bank, and within twenty-five yards of the nearest, without being observed, I lay on my face and hands and watched them for some time as they played in the sun, every now and then disappearing entirely under water. One old cow never moved while I was there, though a young one, not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog, tormented her by its unceasing endeavours to get on to its mother's back, a feat which it succeeded in accomplishing after many vain attempts, during which I could not help admiring its perseverance. The bulls were amusing themselves by trying which could make the most hideous grunt, or blow the water highest through his nose. While watching them, the nearest (a bull) raised himself high in the water, and with his ears cocked just like those of a horse, looked full at me, or the little bush behind which I lay, grunting loudly

every minute. Knowing he was alarmed, I lost not a moment in bringing the rifle to bear on his forehead. The moment I fired, he quietly rolled over, and, to my delight, as he lay dead, part of his side was visible above water. I now knew that he was on a sand-bank, and hoped soon to have him ashore. The moment the remainder heard the report, they sank and disappeared; but just as I had re-loaded, one—a cow, I fancy—popped her head up for a look some thirty yards from me. I hit her at once, and she sank, with her mouth wide open, in deep water, and I never saw more of her. I now started towards camp, to get some men, and try to get out the bull. On my way back I heard the bark of a bush-bock, and made tracks in the direction, for though it was getting late, I determined to have a try for him. While approaching the part of the jungle where I had fancied the buck was, I heard a growl and a noise, which I knew at once to be the death shriek of some animal within a few yards of me. Forcing my way through some thick jungle, I entered a small open space in the forest, at one side of which I saw, within sixty yards of me, a leopard sucking the blood of a bush-bock he had just killed. Taking a steady aim at the brute behind the shoulder, as he stood over the antelope, I fired, and hit him; there was no mistake about that, for with a roar he reared up on his hind legs, receiving at the same moment another shot, which made him roll over and over on the ground. Quickly re-loading the breechloader, I walked up to him just as he breathed his last, and found him to be a fine male leopard, skin in beautiful bloom. The

first shot had gone clean through the back part of both shoulder blades; and the second, also passing through the body, was lodged on the same level, but about four inches further back. Close by lay the bush-bock, still warm, the proprietor of a fine pair of horns. This was certainly an unexpected piece of luck.

Shortly after this affair, leaving camp with about fifty natives, we directed our course first to the hippopotamus. On arriving at the spot we found him just as I had left him, except that a huge alligator lay on the carcass, and several others occasionally showed their heads above water. A few shots drove these brutes away, but nothing would induce one of the natives to enter the river. At last one of the Makololos and myself made an attempt, but we found there was a deep channel of the river between us and the bank on which the river horse lay; and when we were up to our arms in water, some of the men on the bank sung out that there were two alligators close to the carcass. The Makololo was out like a shot, and I was not far behind him. I now saw that there was no likelihood of getting this bull's fine head. If we had had a boat or a canoe it would have been an easy job, but situated as we were, there was nothing for it but to leave him there for those ugly hard-backed monsters who were swimming around him. It is a curious fact that whenever I have killed any game in the water, the alligators have been attracted to the spot within a few minutes, coming both up and down stream—a circumstance which I have noticed on several occasions. Though I was very sorry to have to leave this fine beast behind, I don't think I

felt the blow as severely as the natives, who had gone almost frantic with joy at the delightful idea of a hippopotamus for dinner. Even the unnatural appetite of the savages, however, would not induce them to make another effort to secure the body, so afraid are they of these alligators, who constantly carry off their women when drawing water from the river, and often the men themselves. We now made tracks for the leopard, which we found just as I had left it; and it and the bush-bock were carried into camp in triumph. Late at night some Manganja—armed to the teeth—visited us. They had heard shots fired, they said, and came to see what was "up." When they had satisfied themselves that we were English, they brought us fowls, &c., to buy.

Next day (28th August) we marched as usual at 6 A.M. The first five miles was over the same stony undulating ground, and afterwards we entered an extensive plain, on which the heat was very oppressive. During the day I saw a good deal of elephant spoor, though not fresh, and footprints of men were visible in many places on the ashes of the burned grass. Of course the Makololos said they were Mavite, and I took care that a sharp look out should be kept, and enforced silence amongst the porters when passing through different patches of forest.

On nearing Pamafunda, while I was some hundred yards ahead of my party, and accompanied by two Makololos, we observed footprints, which told us that we were close on the tracks of some natives. We were at this time in a beautiful forest—some of it very thick, and most of the grass burned. Taking the

Makololos with me, I followed up the tracks, and soon caught a glimpse of several natives walking quietly along in front of us, all carrying their bows and arrows, and some having guns as well. One of them, who was about a hundred yards in rear of the rest, we determined to stalk, fearing that if he saw us he would run away and spread an alarm. This we did, and the man knew nothing of our vicinity till we pounced upon him from behind a shrub, and Chippoo-toola, Malaurie, and myself held him tight. He at first fancied we were going to kill him, and roared so lustily that the party in front ran for their lives. We told this man who we were, and explained our intentions to him, but he would not believe us, till, looking up, he recognised in Malaurie an old friend. This was fortunate, for he now at once informed us that he was one of an Ajawah tribe living at Pama-funda, and he said he had known Malaurie when he was with Livingstone on the Shiré last. He then summoned some of his companions, who had con-cealed themselves in the jungle, and in less than ten minutes I was surrounded by nearly a hundred of them, who said they all knew the English, and were glad they had come back again. Word was sent to the chief, who was in the village about an hour's walk ahead, by the head man of the party.

We were now at the head of the Murchison Cataracts (the "Stones," as they are called by the natives), and close to Pamafunda, where our boat is to be again put together. The Ajawahs accompanied us to their village. Every now and then we met small parties who had heard of our arrival, and had come to meet and

welcome us. All shook hands with us. This is not a customary salutation among themselves, but they evidently knew it was an English token of friendship. On my arrival at the village I was cordially received by the chief, and I waited there till Mr. Young and his party came up. When they had rested a little we went on about half a mile, and pitched our camp near the river; huts were built and everything made comfortable before dark. This concluded the land work for the present, the thirty-five miles of latitude over which the Cataracts extend having been traversed in about four days and a half.

Pamafunda, where a village had once stood, is now merely common forest land. The river is broad and deep, with little current; and just at the head the rapids swarmed with hippopotami. The banks are low, and there is abundant spoor of elephants and buffaloes. As we had to spend a little time here getting the boat together, I looked forward to getting another shot.

CHAPTER III.

Chief of the Ajawah Tribe—Danger from the Mavite—Buckley sent back to Chibisa—Mr. Young's Directions to him—A Stroll in the Forest—Tracking a Wounded Buck—Stalking the Buffalo—The Bard's Praises of the Buffalo Hunter—Natives sleeping round their Fires—The Look-out—Moloka a Thorough Sportsman—Disaffection of the Makololos—My Advice to Mr. Young—Working at the Boats—Settling the Disputes of Savages—A Great Difficulty fortunately settled—Moloka's Invaluable Services—Launch of the *Search*—An Afternoon's Sport—Insolence of the Makololo—Village of Gegara—Ajawahs ready for Battle.

THE chief of the Ajawah tribe paid us a visit next morning, and told us that he and his people had come here in their flight from the Mavite, who were not far off on the opposite side of the river. He also reported that Gegara, a powerful Manganja chief, who holds much of the land on the western bank of the river, and lives at a village bearing his own name, about five miles north of Pamafunda, himself fearing the Mavite, had invited them to come down from the mountains on the east of the Shiré, where they are in force, promising them canoes to cross the river if they would assist him in the total extermination of the Ajawahs.

It is a curious fact that this marauding tribe of Zulu Kaffirs have never been known to cross a river. They have visited the western bank of the Zambesi, where they used to come for the purpose of receiving tribute from the Portuguese, but they never crossed the river. The tribe which is now on the hills to the east of the river have come from the north-west of Nyassa, round the north of the lake, and it is believed by the inhabitants of this part of the country that they are marching south with a view of being joined by their tribes on the western bank of the Zambesi, for the purpose of fighting the Portuguese at Senna or Tette. The fact of these people, who have never been known to cross a river, having come round Nyassa, leads me to suppose that there is no stream of any consequence running into or from the northern extremity of the lake.

The Manganjas are a subtle and treacherous tribe, and quite capable of giving an invitation, such as is reported, to the chief of the Mavite. They never fight if they can help it in the daytime, their usual system being to watch their foes to their place of sleep, and when all have retired to rest to attack them at a moment when they are least prepared for their presence, first setting fire to their huts, and killing them when trying to escape from the flames. This trait in their character is, to a certain extent, confirmed by the fact that they are not in the habit of hunting their game and killing it in a manly way; but many of them, on the contrary, are expert trappers.

The Ajawahs are a much more manly and warlike race, and dread the treachery of the Manganjas.

They always fight by daylight, their usual time for attacking a village being about three o'clock in the afternoon; and they are good hunters, using their rifles or bows and arrows with dexterity.

If these Mavite should make much way to the southward before we return, we may yet have work cut out for us with them, as all the people say that if they once caught sight of the boat they would never be satisfied till they had appropriated all our belongings to their own use, plunder being in every instance their primary object. However, if it does come to that, we must either run the gauntlet and try what effect our Snider and Rigby rifles will have on them; or else, should the risk appear too great, return to Nyassa, and make our way from thence to the coast. I now wished more than ever that the supplies and ammunition which had been left behind at Chibisa had been brought with us.

From hence Mr. Young sent Buckley back to Chibisa to take charge of the boats and goods left there to await our return. He was furnished with most distinct orders, which were written out for him by me and signed by Mr. Young—his principal directions being to see that neither of the boats was to be ever without one of the Krumen in charge; that both were to be moored in the centre of the stream, and never brought alongside the bank; that he himself was to visit them once a day; that he was to wait for us till the 28th November, and in the event of our not turning up by that time, to take the boats down to the Kongoni mouth, and there await the arrival of a man-of-war. Should such a vessel heave in sight, he was

to make every signal in his power to attract the attention of those on board, and then report himself to the commanding officer. Again, in case the Mavite should come down and threaten Chibisa, he was to take the boats down to the confluence of the Shiré with the Zambesi, wait there the prescribed time, and should we not arrive by that period, go on to the mouth of the river, as before explained; but he was not to be frightened or led into moving by any report amongst the natives of the approach of the Mavite, nor was he to stir till he had actually seen them himself. Should this occur he was to report the state of the country to the officer in command of the ship, as well as our intention of returning to Nyassa, and thence reaching the coast, should we find our retreat cut off to the south. His orders as to a fair allowance of spirit, provisions, cloth, &c., were also distinct.

So far we have not been able to ascertain anything about Livingstone, nor did we expect to have done so, though we have met many natives who once knew him personally. It is wonderful that we have been permitted, by the blessing of Providence, to travel so far in good health through a country the banks of whose rivers are strewn with the graves of our countrymen, all of whom have died from fever, or the effects of the climate in some way.

Chinsoro and Singerry attend prayers morning and evening, as did also the two Krumen, whom necessity compelled us to leave behind at Chibisa with the boats. I took rather a fancy to Antonio, who travelled always in my boat. He was a nice and willing boy, and I am sorry he was left behind.

It was not quite 4 P.M. when I left the men hard at work building our huts, and taking two Ajawahs and a spare gun, I strolled into the forest, in the hope of getting some meat both for ourselves and our men. Passing over a hill in the rear of our camp, I entered a stretch of undulating forest land, where the grass, standing some ten feet high, was only partially burned, and where it had escaped the fire. I soon saw tracks of buffaloes, though some days old, and the men who accompanied me said there were several herds of these animals about. I had not gone far when I saw some half-dozen water-buck walk out of a patch of long grass, and having taken a good look round, they commenced feeding on the young and green shoots of new grass that had sprung up from the old roots over a burned tract of some couple of acres. On examining them with a glass, I found that there was but one buck amongst them, and though his horns were not first-class, I determined to try my luck. A long stalk brought me to within a hundred and fifty yards, when, either by a shift of wind, or the unavoidable cracking of one of the numerous dry twigs with which the ground was covered, my presence was discovered by one of the does. She stood and gazed at me intently, and her example was soon followed by the other does. The buck alone continued to crop the grass, unconscious of danger, and as he offered a good broadside shot, and I knew they would all be off in another minute, I gave up all hope of getting closer, and taking a steady aim behind the shoulder, fired. He fell to the shot, but recovering himself again, quickly disappeared in the

jungle, running straight into the patch of long grass he had only left a few minutes before. On taking up his tracks, I had little difficulty in following them, as he bled profusely. Some ten minutes' walk brought me out of this grass into another place, where it had been burned, and crossing this the tracking became less easy. However, I was not destined to follow him far across it, for when I had gone about two hundred yards, I saw a herd of about thirty buffaloes standing round a large tree in the grass. No doubt they had been sleeping under its shade all day, and had only just risen. Leaving the tracks of the water-buck, I proceeded to stalk the buffaloes. When I had reached within about sixty yards of them, a shot (which was fired some distance off, as it afterwards turned out, by a Makololo, also in search of grub) alarmed the herd, and they were soon in flight. I then took a shot at the nearest as they passed, and luckily hit it in the spine, about the middle of the back, which caused it to fall on the spot. As I passed it, to follow up the herd, I gave it a finishing stroke behind the ear. It turned out to be a cow. I then continued the chase.

The buffaloes, having gone about three hundred yards, began to slacken their speed, and I was gaining on them fast, when they pulled up and turned round, packing themselves closely together, as they always do when danger is near. I now saw a fine bull in the midst of the group, and determined to have him. As he was, there was no chance of a shot, for his body was protected completely by the way he was wedged in with the rest; and as he held his

head high, and his nose raised almost to the level of his forehead, no shot at the head could be of any use. After looking at them for an instant, I ran straight at them, slanting as I went. With one consent they turned to fly, but as the old bull wheeled a bullet from Rigby 10 caught him a slight astonisher just behind the shoulder—distance twenty-seven yards—and the second barrel luckily hit a young bull in the neck, killing him dead on the spot. The old bull fell on his knees, then, recovering himself, rose and followed the herd, very much crippled. Here I found the great advantage of a breechloader, for having no necessity to stand to load, I was enabled to keep close to the bull. He soon began to lag behind the rest, and I saw it was all up with him. At last he pulled up altogether, and stood crippled under a large baobab-tree. Getting this tree, which measured fifty-seven feet in circumference round the trunk, between us, I crept up to it, the wind being favourable. I was now within some five yards of him, but the great baobab concealed him from sight. Peering quietly round the tree, I saw him standing three parts away from me, his tail almost within reach of my hand. In another instant a bullet had dislocated the vertebræ of the neck, where the spine joins the head, and the bull lay lifeless before me.

It was now quite dusk, and as I had already had a long day's march, and was rather tired, I took the tails of the bulls, and having retraced my steps to where the cow lay, performed the same operation on her. As the men were anxious to have the meat home at once, one of them remained on the scene of action,

while I with the other returned to camp, and sent out plenty of hands to assist in carrying home their supper. Not having brought any water with me, nor having calculated on such a long run, or such exciting sport, I was almost choked with thirst before I got back; and finding the rest of the party at tea, I soon disposed of a couple of large basins of it. And never did I enjoy a "cup of tea" more.

In the course of a couple of hours men began to arrive, some carrying the hind quarter of a buffalo, some large portions of flesh. At last came the heads, which were laid at the door of my hut; and dancing, singing, and gorging prevailed during the night, one of the men who carried my spare gun never ceasing to sing my praises all night long. "This man," he said, "doesn't fear the buffalo. When we felt inclined to run away he ran at them by himself, and all the buffaloes ran from him. We never had a man like this before, who would give us so much meat for one meal!" And then they would all sing a chorus about two buffaloes with long and strong horns being dead. This lasted all night.

Early next morning I started in the hope of finding the wounded buck, or of getting another shot. The sun had not yet risen when Moloka and I quietly left the camp and its sleeping inmates. The natives having satisfied their ravenous appetites, and exhausted their singing and dancing propensities, lay on the ground sleeping beside numerous small fires, over whose embers many a stout lump of buffalo meat transfixed with a bamboo stood drying. I could not help pitying these poor creatures, some of them not being in

possession of a yard of cloth about their persons. But the nights here are not cold, and a native always rests by a fire. This is often done more for the purpose of keeping off the beasts of the forest than of ensuring heat.

But all in camp were not enfolded in the arms of Morpheus. Under a large tree, some fifty yards from the hut of his companions, might be seen the crouching form of one of the Makololos. There he sat, "the look-out," with his highly prized old "Brown Bess" standing over him firmly grasped between his knees, the reflection of the blaze kindled for a moment by some passing breeze in an adjacent fire playing brightly on the bayonet above his head. He saw us go, but did not speak, and we did not interrupt his meditations, but passed on.

The scene, on arriving at the summit of the ridge of hills beneath which our camp stood, was magnificent. The Upper Shiré rolled peaceably past, little knowing how unmercifully its waters were to be broken and lashed into white foam by the rough rocks and roaring torrents of the Murchison Cataracts, to which they were now drawing close. The sun had just lifted his head above the range of Zomba (?), and though the valley was still in the shade of these mountains, the hill on which I stood was ablaze with that peculiar light seen when the sun is near the horizon, looming blood-red through a thick smoke, and the morning air was scented with the perfume of hundreds of sweet flowers.

I could not help sitting down, and, contrary to all sportsman's rules, lighting a pipe, to enjoy the scene.

As the sun rose above the smoke, so the light in the valley increased, till at last a clear and burning orb lit the whole picture. The camp was concealed from view by the large trees, but I could now see many native women busy at the river drawing water, or washing their cooking pots. The camp, which but twenty minutes since I had left so silent, was now all astir, and through my glass I could distinguish Reid looking about amongst the sections of the boat, evidently anxious to commence the task of putting her together.

That the early bird picks up the worm is an old saying, but this morning I lost my chance of a shot at an antelope through my delay on this hill, for on entering the forest on the other side I discovered, by the fresh footprints, that a large herd of waterbuck had passed by into the long grass a few moments before. No doubt the rays of the sun warned them that it was time to seek shelter for the day. I did not follow them, as I was anxious if possible to recover the buck I had wounded last night.

After some little difficulty I succeeded in finding his tracks, close to where I had left them to hunt the buffalo, and as there had been no rain during the night, or anything to obliterate his footprints, I was enabled to follow him up with hopes of success. While following the path he had chosen I found two or three places where he had lain for some time in the grass, and all were marked with blood. This increased my hopes, and the chase became even more exciting than if I had only fired the shot a few moments before.

Once more the recovery of this waterbuck was placed in jeopardy, for as I was stooping down examining the footprints where another antelope of the same species had joined those of the one I was following, I felt Moloka's hand on my shoulder, and looking round, found him crouching down, and pointing to a bushbock that was walking quietly along through the forest, about a hundred and fifty yards on my left, not feeding, but evidently seeking some safe place of repose for the day.

Leaving my hat to mark the spot, I followed this intruder on our labours, and soon got within some sixty yards of him; but as he was still walking along straight from me he did not offer a fair shot, and as I did not want to wound him, thereby incurring another case of "following up," I determined rather to let him go untouched than run a risk so unfavourable. Kneeling down, I gave a sharp but short whistle. This had the desired effect, and the bushbock pulled up short, and turning partly round, stood listening. In an instant the messenger of death had sped, and the antelope, shot through both lungs, ran a few yards with short, crippled bounds, and fell dead. Moloka, shouting "waffa!" (dead) laid down the gun he carried, and having pulled my knife from its sheath, cut off the head, and saying he would come by-and-by for the meat, requested me to return to the tracks of the waterbuck. This was just what I wanted. So, having cut some green branches, and placed them over the animal, to preserve it from the sun, which was now becoming powerful, we retraced our steps.

We had not far to go ere I discovered my hat, and

was once more at work. I soon entered some long grass, through which the tracking was easy, congealed blood being visible on both sides of the track, thereby proving that the ball had gone through the body of the stricken buck. This Moloka also remarked, and pointed out to me with delight, and we soon had the satisfaction to find the waterbuck dead. It was quite stiff, and must have died early in the night, for quantities of congealed blood stained its grassy couch.

Moloka is a thorough sportsman, his whole heart is in his work, and he cannot bear the idea of leaving a wounded animal in the jungle, as he says to feed the hyenas, jackals, and other beasts of prey that infest all the woods in this country. Taking the head of the waterbuck, I returned to camp, and enjoyed a good breakfast. Reid and Stacy were hard at work at the boat, and I hastened to assist them.

During the day several parties of Ajawahs arrived at our camp. They all said they were running from the Mavite, whom Gegara had invited to cross the river for the purpose of depopulating all this part of the country. These reports set the Makololos wavering. Some said they must return to their homes and defend them; and on being refused permission to leave us, they were inclined to be insolent, and all save Moloka were more or less cheeky. It was an anxious time Should the Makololos desert us, I don't know now we are to get up to the lake, as none of the people here will accompany us. However, as a last resource, we must send back for the Shupanga men, and this will entail the necessity of bringing up all the goods we have left behind also. All now wish

that we had brought these willing and hardworking Shupanga men with us instead of the uncertain and apparently independent swells, whose society we so eagerly sought and easily obtained.

I worked hard at the boat all day, and by dark several sections were put together. In the evening Mr. Young, who saw the state of affairs with as downcast an eye as any of us, called me to him, and stating that we were on the brink of being placed in a very serious position, asked me to consider the matter over, and give him my advice on the subject. After much consideration, I told him my idea was that it was better for us to take no notice whatever of anything the Makololos might say for a day or two. I felt certain that though they might desert us the night before we left the place for the lake, they would not leave before, and I advised that we should have a private conversation with Moloka, knowing the influence he had over the rest, and persuade him that the best thing they could do would be to stick to us, and send back word to their families to retreat with our boats to Shupanga, should the Mavite threaten them. We should give them an order on Buckley for a fresh supply of ammunition in case they were attacked; but if they deserted us, of course they could not expect to receive any assistance from us, so much having been given them already. Mr. Young feared they would desert at night, and take our guns with them, but I never entertained such an idea, knowing how they like the English, and fear their power. I also advised that these ideas should not be conveyed to Moloka that night.

Just before turning in, another large body of Ajawahs arrived at camp, armed to the teeth, with similar reports to those already afloat, and if possible excited to a greater pitch the disaffection which already prevailed among the Makololos, who never went to sleep, but sat up over their fires all night, their conversation occasionally bursting into loud and angry arguments. It was evident to me that there was a division among them, and this I hoped might yet turn in our favour. Mr. Young quite agreed with my ideas, and it was resolved that the propositions I had made should be put in force when practicable.

The following day, Reid, Stacy, and myself worked from dawn to dark at the boat, trying, if possible, to have her ready for launching before night. We none of us liked to have all her cargo lying about the ground as it was, our camp being thronged with these flying Ajawahs. When we left off work, though not finished, she was in a fair way to be launched early next day.

About four o'clock another crowd of Ajawahs arrived, and the Makololo became very excited, several swearing that they would not come at any price. One of them, Chippootoolah, a hard-working man, but a great ruffian, said to me "that the English were no good," that Mr. Young had taken away his wife, that now he had none, and he would not come with us. This was in allusion to a dispute between this Chippootoolah and an Ajawah about a woman, which was arranged by Mr. Young making the Makololo give up his claims to the woman. As

I always deem it the most admirable plan among savages who don't know the difference between right and wrong, to allow them to arrange their own quarrels, especially when in connexion with their women, and to forbear from all interference in matters of the kind myself, I declined to go into the case, and am not in a position to state the facts of which it was composed. However, it would be of little interest and no importance to any of my readers.

In the afternoon old Gegara came to visit us, with a strong escort, bringing a goat as a present. He told so many lies about the Mavite during his stay in camp, that we scarcely knew what to believe about them.

Gegara was an old man, of most licentious and truly savage appearance and manner. It was highly amusing to see him with Mr. Young's looking-glass (the only one we could muster among us), looking at himself and stroking his beard and moustache for nearly half an hour without ceasing. Then he would talk awhile; after which he invariably returned to the glass. He asked for grog, and was given some; then he wanted more, but this was refused. He said "he would take the glass;" this he was also informed could not be spared. However, he got a fair present of cloth and beads before he left.

During conversation he told us that there was an Englishman living higher up the river at a place called Mapoonda; that he had been there for some time; that he never took slaves, but released them; and that whenever the Arabs or Portuguese slavers saw him they ran away. This was curious. Could it be

Livingstone? But Gegara had already proved himself such a liar that but little faith could be placed in what he said.

Just before dusk, Moloka came and told us that the Makololos would come no further, and had made up their minds to return to Chibisa. This was an unpleasant piece of information. I told Mr. Young that now was the time for us to open the ball; so taking Moloka and an interpreter, we spoke to him by himself, as arranged. He said he would not leave us; but the other men had, after much consultation, agreed to give up their guns, &c., and return the following day. However, he promised to do all he could to bring them, and started off to their part of the camp for that purpose. In a few minutes all the Makololos might be seen in solemn consultation round their fire. Moloka appeared to be talking quietly to them; but Chippootoolah, Mobita, and one or two more who were smoking bang (hemp-seed, which they smoke till violent coughing is caused, and, as they say, "their heads begin to turn round," having more or less the effect of opium), were very noisy; while the remainder listened attentively, gazing intently into the speaker's face. I felt there was every reason for hope from the general aspect of the assembly; but Mr. Young looked upon the case as almost hopeless, and while they were busy considering their part of the question we were considering what we should do in case Moloka should be unsuccessful. We finally agreed to send for the Shupanga men, and all our hands left at Chibisa. Presently we saw Moloka stand up, for our eyes were never off the Makololo

fire. After saying a few words, which we were not sufficiently near to hear, he walked with a light step towards the fire round which our party sat. It was an exciting moment. Moloka reached us and stood by the fire without uttering a word. We scarcely dared to ask him what he had come to say. I waited for Mr. Young, and felt he was anxious I should break the ice. At last I asked, "Well, Moloka, what success?" Never shall I forget the exciting joy I for one experienced when he replied, in English, "The English are the fathers of the Makololos, and the children will follow their fathers and their chief and fight and die with them. When Mr. Young be ready to start?" The happy termination to this business, and the relief from the great suspense I had been suffering, caused by this good fellow's reply, aroused such an excited feeling of delight within me, that I found some difficulty in uttering the words "Bravo, Moloka!" as I shook him by the hand. Never did I turn in with a lighter heart.

Long before the sun rose next morning Reid and myself were up to our eyes in red-lead painting the seams of the boat, and we were soon after joined by Stacy, and at breakfast-time the hull of the *Search* was completed. A few minutes after eleven o'clock she was moved on to oars, placed on the ground, and then propelled by the hands of some forty natives. Her cable having been secured to a tree, she slid majestically into the water amidst hearty cheers. She then swung round with the current, and Reid, who jumped into her to ascertain if she leaked at all, having examined her closely, waved his cap in triumph over his

head as he shouted "All tight." Another hearty cheer responded to his welcome information.

No time was now lost in rigging her mast and sails, and then stowing her cargo; and at 2.30 P.M., on the 30th of August, the *Search*, with the British ensign at her peak end, lay by the bank, with all her belongings aboard save those who were about to entrust themselves to her care on the stormy lake of Nyassa.

Mr. Young now decided on not starting till next morning. I resolved, therefore, to take another stroll in the forest, and taking Moloka and a couple of guns left the scene of many hours' hard work. It was about 4.30 o'clock when we left camp, and taking a course to the northward of where I had hunted since my arrival here, we walked quietly along. A reed-buck *(eleotragus arundinaceus)* was soon startled from his lair by our approach, and rushed away with wonderful quickness. I took a snap shot at him as he went, but fancy I missed him, as he shewed no signs of being hit, nor did his tracks, which I followed up for some time, in any way indicate that my shot had taken effect. Moloka, who did not like to see a miss, looked downcast when I gave up the pursuit, and asked me how it happened that I let the cheeky little thing thus laugh at me; adding, "You must kill something this evening, as we have to start to-morrow and have no meat to eat to-night." We then continued our walk.

I soon hit on the fresh spoor of a solitary water-buck, and the appearance of the footprints showed he had been moving in a quick gallop. Though I knew he had been disturbed by my last shot, I resolv-

ed to track him up. I often find in tracking up a deer or an antelope in forest land, that I am led to the resort of others; and so it was in this case, for I was soon in view of a herd of buffaloes, about twenty in number, grazing in the forest towards the river. I at once stalked them, and as a dry watercourse ran within some sixty yards of the herd, I was soon making my way under cover of its steep banks over the boulders of rock in its bed. On reaching the spot I had fixed on, I raised my head and saw a cow buffalo feeding within easy shot, broadside on. I looked long, but could not see a bull among them worth troubling about, and as Moloka was anxious for meat I determined to shoot the cow. Fixing on the neck as the most likely spot in which to kill her at once, I took a steady aim and fired. She dropped like a stone, and the remainder of the herd were off in a minute. I did not fire at any of them as they went, not seeing a chance of killing; nor did I follow them up, as it was getting dusk, and we had strayed some distance from our home.

Moloka was now satisfied, and begged of me to return at once, so that he might bring some men for the meat. This I consented to do. On our way home, and about a mile from where the carcass of the buffalo lay, I was approaching, just at dark, a deep watercourse, when a fine lioness walked quietly up the side of the steep hill opposite. Though I found much difficulty in making out the sight of the rifle I let drive; she rolled over and over, growling horribly. Then she reared up and fell again. As soon as I could get the rifle steady on her I fired the other barrel, and evi-

dently hit her (though where I don't know), for she uttered a piercing roar, and scrambled slowly away up the hill. Taking the second gun from Moloka I descended the bank to the watercourse, crossed it, and ran up the hill as fast as I could, but could see nothing of the lioness. I then took up her tracks and found the ground covered with blood. Darkness now set in, and compelled me to return to camp, hoping to be able to recover the lioness next morning.

On my arrival in camp it turned out that the Makololo, who had been smoking bang all day, were once more wavering, but Moloka soon squared them again. Still these men were very uncertain. Indeed, it was not until the sun rose on us the following morning (31st), as we pulled up the river, that we knew whether they meant to accompany us or not. Fortunately they all came, and their doing so may be entirely attributed to Moloka, their chief, a man who has since proved himself in every way far superior to the rest.

It was scarcely five o'clock on the morning of the last day of August, when we left Pamafunda. I was much vexed at having to leave the wounded lioness, but it could not be helped. The river here widens gradually into a broad and deep stream, free from sandbanks, and with much less current than we have had up to the present.

Just as we were starting with more in the boat than it could carry with comfort, there being twelve Makololo, the two interpreters, and four Europeans, eighteen in all, three of the Makololo had the cheek to say that they each wished to bring a servant with

them, and actually obtained permission to do so, increasing our number to twenty-one. These so-called servants were Ajawahs, and during the time they were with us, worked well, and were afterwards rewarded by Mr. Young for their labour with some cloth and beads. I had always been told by Mr. Young, who spoke of these Makololos in the highest terms, that they were a fine, plucky, hardworking set of fellows, but I must confess to being sadly disappointed in them.

There being, unfortunately, no wind to start with from Pamafunda, we were obliged to have recourse to oars. The Makololos soon became lazy and tired of pulling, said their hands were sore, or suffered from frequent hunger; and as our boat was heavily laden, it required all hands to keep her moving in the right direction, against the current, when there was no wind to fill our sails. With the exception of Moloka, who is a fine sensible fellow, I became disgusted with the Makololos in a short time. The truth is, they were spoiled. They pulled when they chose, and rested on their oars when it seemed fit to them; and as Mr. Young was afraid of losing them by pitching into them, they were permitted to do just as they chose. I, being forbidden to speak to them, could scarcely stand it. At times we would find ourselves going astern with the stream, the men merely dipping their oars into the water, and though keeping admirable time, not pulling an ounce amongst them. The order might be heard, "Let go the anchor," and we would remain in mid-stream until these rascals thought fit to say "Tiende" (go on). In fact, they were the

masters. Many and many a time I wished for the Shupanga men, who had always worked so well with us, and were so anxious to accompany us to the Nyassa.

The Makololos, as I have said, were spoiled by over-kindness. I have invariably remarked that the more you bestow upon a black man, either in specie or kindness, the less he does for you, and the more dissatisfied he will be, and *vice versa*; added to all this, the wages these men were receiving were fabulous.

About four miles from Pamafunda we saw the village of Gegara, called after the chief; and just before reaching it we passed several Ajawahs marching ready for battle along the bank. They informed us they were going to take Gegara's canoes away, so that he might have no means of keeping his promise to the Mavite. They begged of us to assist them, but were told that we had come with peaceful intent towards all the country, and that, unless people attacked us, we would not fight with any one, at the same time that we perfectly understood the art of fighting. As we passed Gegara's village, the old rascal appeared on the bank with many of his people to have a good look at us, and more than likely in hopes of getting something more out of us. He invited us to go ashore, but we declined, and left him behind. Our sturdy crew got tired again very soon after we passed this village. Indeed, they informed us that we should have gone ashore to rest! Oh! for a breeze to take us out of the hands of these horrid humbugs!

At two o'clock Mr. Young ordered a halt for the day, as we were making scarcely any way at all. I

had been pulling for some time, but when these men saw that I was doing some good, they, instead of following the example I tried to set them, pulled less than before. We had taken about eight hours to get less than five miles from Pamafunda!

CHAPTER IV.

In Quest of Sport—Large Herd of Buffaloes—Unsatisfactory Conduct of the Makololo—A Walk in the Jungle—Large Herd of Antelopes—On the Spoor of Elephants—Night Alarm caused by a Hippopotamus—Piccaninnee's Qualifications—Our Slow progress—Volley at a Herd of Hippopotami—Natives Alarmed by our Firing—Night at the Village of Muchola—Pombe, or Native Beer—A Mark of Respect—Warlike Rumours—Elephant-stalking—On the Spoor of a Reed-bock—Intercourse with Natives—The Machingas—Variety of Male Head-dress—Astonishing the Natives—The Country near Lake Pamalombe.

AT three o'clock I left the boat, and as the land on the west bank was clothed with forest down to the river's bank, I took the gumtickler and Rigby rifle 10, and, accompanied by Moloka, went in quest of sport. Indeed, as the country bore all the appearance of elephant ground, I had some hopes of coming across some of these mighty animals. I had not gone far when I saw some pallah or rooye-bok (*apyceros melampus*), but as the ground was covered with buffalo spoor, I would not fire at them, though I passed three large herds feeding quietly within a couple of hundred yards of me. The jungle round was a compound of forest, with here and there tracks of dense underwood, and but little long grass; the forest

trees being finer than any I have yet seen, and not wearing that stunted appearance borne by those found where the country is yearly swept by jungle fires. I had been out little more than an hour when I saw the largest herd of buffalo it has ever been my chance to meet, quietly making their way towards the river. There must have been at least two hundred of them, large and small, and I could distinguish many calves among the herd.

Taking the gumtickler, as I always did for the first shot, I stalked carefully round to head them, as the wind would have proved unfavourable had I attempted to approach them from any other quarter. It was a beautiful evening, though very hot, and the sun was yet an hour and a half above the horizon.

Having taken up my position behind a thick shrub directly in front of the advancing column, I quietly awaited their approach. They were now about seventy yards off, and moving but slowly along; and as I peered through my cover, I could see one or two very fine bulls among them, though doubtless there were many more attached to the herd, but the advanced guard was entirely composed of cows and calves. On they came, closer and closer every minute. Moloka knelt steady as a rock by my side, with the Rigby 10 breechloader in his hand, I having plenty of ammunition for this weapon in the pouch on my belt. I whispered to Moloka, "I wish I had brought another gun." He replied instantly, not moving his eyes from the animals, now within forty yards of us—"Never mind—look plenty—see good bull—no want shoot piccaninnee" (little one), meaning I was

to bide my time and get a good bull. The leaders of the herd were now passing on either side of me, and when about twenty had gone by, some of them evidently winded me, for they stopped short and sniffed the air. (This was pointed out by Moloka.) I now perceived I was discovered; for the whole herd had come to a standstill. I knew there was not a moment to lose, so taking the nearest bull (though by no means the finest), which was about twenty yards to my left front, and among the centre squadrons of the herd, I let drive at his shoulder, first one barrel, and then the other.

The herd, thunderstruck by such an unearthly noise as the gumtickler created in their very centre, when nine drachms of Curtis and Harvey burst from each of the barrels, now divided into two lots and fled. Seizing the breechloader, I gave chase to those among which the wounded bull had taken his departure, and was following them at a brisk pace, and just able to keep them in sight, when the bull lagged behind the rest, then pulled up short, and when I had run to within ten yards of him, fell dead. I was now about one mile and a quarter from where the attack commenced, and knowing that the buffaloes would soon pull up, I did not even stop to look at the bull, but continued the chase. In the next fifty yards their pace slackened considerably, and putting on a spurt, I got to within some fifty yards of them just as they stopped. I then lay down flat by a small tuft of grass, as there was scarcely any undercover. As they turned round to look with uplifted noses, I saw a magnificent bull in the very midst of

them, but as there was no chance of a shot at him now, I took what I fancied to be an old bull (but which subsequently turned out to be an old cow), fired at the upper part of his breast as he stood straight on to me, and had the satisfaction to see him fall on the spot. Away went the herd again, and away I went after them, reloading the breechloader as I ran, not even looking at the fallen cow. I was determined to have the big bull, if possible.

This was a long chase, and I was well-nigh run out when the herd began to slacken its pace. They then pulled up to a walk, and I had got to within twenty yards of their rear, blowing like a porpoise, when with one consent they turned round. There was I standing out in bold relief for them, there being no underwood of any description around. Scarcely had they caught sight of me, before they wheeled, and were off again; but as they did so, I got a splendid shot at a cow within some twenty-five yards of me, as she stood rubbing her shins with her jaw. The shot taking effect just at the ear, she fell stone dead on the spot (as if she had been shot!).

Again the herd were in flight, and the severe exercise was evidently beginning to tell on them, as this time their pace was so reduced, that I had no difficulty in keeping pretty close to them, but nowhere could I see the large bull. I fancy he must either have been leading them, or have separated from them altogether.

They soon pulled up again, and a fine young bull walked angrily out from the herd, and stood bellowing with rage some fifteen yards on their left, and

about sixty yards from me, as I lay concealed behind an ant-hill. Rigby was soon at him, and brought him on his knees the first shot, but recovering himself, he charged deliberately at the smoke, and buried his horns deep in the hard clay of the ant-hill. I was stooping behind it, with the remaining barrel ready for his head the moment it should appear. Having waited a second or two, I looked round the side, and saw my friend some fifty yards off, throwing up earth with his horns. He was in a perfect fury. I looked round for Moloka, but he was nowhere to be seen—indeed, I had not noticed him since I shot the first buffalo. I now reloaded the rifle, and, not perceiving any better cover than my buffalo-proof ant-hill, which stood about eight feet high, and was nine feet in diameter at the base, determined that as long as the bull remained within range, or could be induced to charge, I would not quit it; so placing a spare cartridge between my teeth, I let drive at his shoulder, and again brought him to his knees. This time he did not charge, but recovering himself, walked round and round in a circle, and then stood still, his back crippled, and his head lowered. Having reloaded, I walked towards him, but though he must have seen me, he took no notice. I now saw it was all up with him. He was bleeding from the mouth and nose, and his flanks heaved with the last efforts to breathe. I stood within ten yards of him, about to put him out of pain by a *coup de grace*, when he rolled over on his side—the fourth buffalo I had killed out of the herd, two of them being bulls. I was completely run out and choked with thirst, and I knew I

should get nothing to drink nearer than the Shiré; so taking this bull's tail, I began my retreat. Just as I did so a shrill whistle burst upon my ears. I knew it was Moloka, and answered it, and a few minutes after he had rejoined me. He was wild with delight. A long thorn having pierced the sole of his foot and broken off, had detained him.

I now found, to my dismay, that during this run after the buffalo (about three miles) I had lost my hunting-knife from its sheath. It was a favourite knife, the handle having been made from the tusk of an elephant I killed in India, and the whole thing neatly turned out by Thornhill, Bond St., London. It was late when we reached the boat, and I was so choked with thirst that I could not speak till I had washed my mouth out with water.

Shortly after my success was reported in camp, a party of our hungry Makololos, accompanied by their "tigers," started for meat, and returned with as much of that article as they could carry, but without a single head. I was more disgusted than ever with them, and felt inclined to hand their meat over to the alligators; but as Mr. Young allows no one but himself to rebuke a Makololo, I was obliged to take no notice; and as he is not much given to sport, and therefore incapable of understanding a sportsman's feelings under such circumstances, he took no notice either. I am sorry to say I turned in for the night in anything but a sweet temper. Added to all this, the Makololo were again threatening to return. Sincerely do I trust that we may have a good breeze to-morrow. If we once had these men some distance up the river, I fancy they

would abandon all idea of leaving us. Sunrise next morning saw us under weigh, without a breath of air; Stacy, myself, and the Makololos hard at work with our oars. A quarter of an hour was quite enough for the latter, who at the expiration of that time exhibited signs of distress, or rather laziness. A nice breeze now sprung up, but unfortunately dead ahead. What dreadful luck!

We were now able to make little or no way. Nothing would induce these men to exert themselves. Never shall I forget their cheek, and the disgust I felt in submitting, as I was compelled to do, to being thus made game of. Doubtless many will say that the proper course was that which was pursued with the Makololos; but those who think so must be people totally ignorant of the character of the natives. I feel confident that had these men not been made too much of in the first instance, there would not have been this exhibition of independence, and subsequently had more firmness been adopted with them they would have understood that we were the masters, and would have been led easily, as natives are when made to feel the power and authority of their employers. As it was, things were now in a dreadful state. They did just as they liked, and could not but see that we were afraid to rebuke them. The wind still ahead soon freshened, and we began to make stern way.

Mr. Young now gave up the idea of doing anything more while this breeze was blowing, and saying, "Faulkner, you may put down your oar," told Reid, who always steered the *Search*, to run her in to the bank. This was done, and the Makololos chuck-

led over another victory. We had done about two miles in three hours. It was truly heartbreaking!

We halted about two hours, during which I took a long walk, accompanied by Reid, up the west bank, to ascertain if there was any possibility of tracking the boat (*i.e.*, towing her by a rope). This, however, turned out to be impracticable, owing to the high reeds with which the banks of the river were clad. When the wind at length abated we pulled away again. We had been getting along slowly for some time, when on rounding a sharp turn in the river, we made a fair wind of it, and setting sail, soon walked over a couple of miles. Another turn, however, brought us into the teeth of the wind again, and after spending a couple of hours pulling, or rather pretending to pull, half a mile, we anchored under the bank for the night. As far as my feelings went, thorough disgust was the most predominant sensation I experienced.

I now determined to seek at all events temporary peace of mind in the jungle, and taking as usual Moloka and the "Rigby pets," went for a stroll. The surrounding country was flat, patches of wood were scattered here and there, and quantities of long grass were growing over the open plains. During my walk several small river beds were crossed, but they were dry. Some of them must be considerable streams in the rainy season, and during that period doubtless carry large supplies of water from the adjacent mountains to the Shiré.

I had not wandered more than half a mile from the boat when I saw three kinds of antelope together in the centre of a bit of open ground. They were waterbuck *(kobus ellipsyprymnus)*, hartebeest *(alcephalus*

caäma), and riet or reedbock *(eleotragus arundinaceus)*. It was a beautiful sight to see them all, about a hundred in number, playing about in the evening sun; but I remarked that though they were all in close proximity to each other, the different families never mingled.

I was stalking them under somewhat favourable circumstances, when one of the Makololos discharged his gun near where the boat lay, and these wary creatures bolted for the long grass, and were soon lost to sight. I afterwards ascertained that this man had been sent out to shoot guinea fowl by Mr. Young, and his mission proved a success. However, a few minutes after the antelope had disappeared, I heard elephants ahead, but could not tell how far off. Having altered the charges in both guns, I made tracks in their direction, and soon came upon their first spoor, which I followed up at a brisk pace for an hour and a half, when I had the mortification to find that they had crossed the river, and were feeding amongst the long bamboos on the opposite side. Though I could not see them, the noise made by the herd satisfied me that they were not far from the water. Being unable to cross the river, I remained on the bank till dusk, in case any of them might recross, but none did. At first I thought of hastening back to the boat, about three miles distant, there crossing the river, and walking up to them, but Moloka and I both agreed it was too late.

We now returned by the river bank, and I reached the boat without having fired a shot. During the night the party sleeping on shore were frightened, and driven almost to their wits' end, by an old bull

hippopotamus, who was taking his customary nocturnal ramble along the bank, finding himself suddenly in the midst of a circle of sleeping Makololos. Their fires had long gone out, and as the night was pitch dark, he knew nothing of the trespassers on his ground till he was right among them. On making the discovery he uttered a loud grunt, which made the men jump up and run, and shout like maniacs. Then, plunging into the river close to the stern of the boat, he made its occupants start, seize their arms, and stand wondering what "was up." However, all was soon explained, and peace reigned among the travellers once more.

The following day was but little short of a repetition of what we had been going through since leaving Pamafunda. There was no wind to assist us all the morning, and the Makololos, save Moloka and Chippootoolah, were as usual disinclined to work. One of them, who boasts of the name of Piccaninnee (little one), and who is, without exception, the ugliest specimen of humanity it has ever been my lot to associate with—having knocked out his front teeth, as he says, to make himself handsome*—has never touched an oar since we started. He informed Mr. Young this morning that he did not know how to pull, and actually refused to take an oar and learn. Mr. Young then asked him what he *could* do. He replied, "Nothing!" He was then told to take the new "Brown Bess" he had been presented with, and fire at a hippopotamus, in order to ascertain how far he was

* A habit amongst the Makololos. They break them out with an axe or spear-head when young. The toothless breach is considered a great beauty.

skilled in the use of firearms. However, he made such a shocking exhibition, and displayed such thorough ignorance of the simplest method usually adopted in taking an aim and firing a shot, that at my desire he was finally deprived of the weapon, lest he might manage to shoot some of us by mistake.

After three hours' toil, during which time we scarcely managed to get over one solitary mile, a light but favourable breeze sprung up, which, after shoving us along about half a mile, died away again. As the bank here admitted of tracking, at Mr. Young's request I jumped ashore, and, taking the lead with the rope, managed, with the assistance of the crew, to pull the boat another mile up the river, when, in consequence of getting amongst reeds again, we were compelled to give it up and return to the oars. The Makololos, however, would *not* work, and as wind and current were against us, and we were making no progress, Mr. Young ordered a halt for luncheon. This work was truly wearisome.

While we were ashore the goat given us by Gegara was sentenced to death, and it was disgusting to see the manner in which the head butcher of our party conducted the execution. After many vain attempts to cut the poor beast's throat with a knife as blunt as it well could be, the goat broke away and ran in and out amongst us, bleeding from a jagged wound near the jaw. However, it was soon recaptured, when trying to make its way back to its native village, and I was obliged to lend the professor my knife to complete his work. I am sure that had the goat got clean away, and reached its home, it would, with the ghastly

appearance it bore, have frightened old Gegara himself. Two o'clock P.M. saw us again at the oars, and as the heat was very oppressive, I don't think any of us enjoyed the work.

On rounding a bend in the river I saw a large herd of hippopotami a little distance ahead. Some of them were lying half covered with water on a mud bank, while others floated close by in deep water. Though they were only a couple of hundred yards ahead, the boat could not be got up. Mr. Young, Moloka, and I, therefore, landed, and stalked to within a few yards of them. There was now not a breath of wind, and the silence which prevailed was only occasionally broken by a splash in the water, or the grunt of the river-horse. At last a volley pealed from the long reeds on the bank above the hippopotami, and two were killed, sinking in deep water, and dyeing the Shiré with their blood.

The air was now rent with yells and shouts of "Cooee! Cooee! N'konda! N'konda!" (war! war!) and at a point some distance ahead, where the river takes a sudden curve to the east, several canoes might be seen crossing in haste from a large island to the east bank of the river. From my position I could see no village, though I felt certain there must be one round the turn. The war-cry of the Manganja spread over the country on the opposite side of the river, and in many places groups of armed natives might be seen either crowning the tops of the high hills, or standing among the long reeds, their heads alone visible. We at once returned to the boat, which was some two hundred yards in our rear, and having made all

necessary arrangements in case of a row, continued our course up the river. It was quite evident to me that the salvo fired at the hippopotami had alarmed these people, who naturally fancied they were about to be attacked, and at once set to work to collect their tribe, and prepare for battle.

On rounding the bend in the river a light and favourable breeze sprang up, and sail was set. We now saw a neat village on the eastern bank, about half a mile ahead, but though I examined it closely with the glasses, not a soul was to be seen. Directly in front was a large island, well cultivated with corn and bananas, but it also seemed to be deserted. Our course was directed between the island and the bank on which the village stood. As we approached, the inhabitants of the village began to assemble, and the women might be seen clearing out and going into the jungle with all possible haste, while the men were preparing for battle.

When within a couple of hundred yards of the village, we discovered that the long grass and reeds on the east bank swarmed with natives all armed; their heads alone visible here and there. Moloka hailed them with the customary "Angelaisee! Angelaisee! Maronda! maronda!" which signifies, "English, English, and want to trade or buy." But they replied, "No, you are Ajawah! Why did you fire?" It was explained to them that we had fired at hippopotami, not knowing that we were so near a village, and did not intend to frighten them. They then ordered us to stop in the middle of the river, and not come nearer the bank, so the sail was taken off,

and the anchor being let go, we showed ourselves unarmed. It was some time before they were even partly satisfied that we were speaking truth, and we began to think that we should get nothing from them, when three men put off in a canoe, and having paddled round and round us more than once, kept at a respectful distance. We saw they had brought a fowl and some Indian corn with them; but they were evidently afraid to come nearer to us. However, we succeeded in persuading them that we were not foes, and at last the canoe came alongside, and we gave them a rope to make it fast. The three men were trembling from head to foot with fright, but on receiving a small quantity of cloth for their goods, and inspecting us closely, they sung out to their companions that "they need not run away;" and on being assured that there was going to be no "N'konda," the women might be seen returning from the bush. We then asked them to bring some more fowls and corn, and told them that we were going to halt for the night a very little further on.

This seemed a nice clean village, and the surrounding land was extensively cultivated with Indian corn, mapira, and tomatas. As we sailed up the river we perceived that numbers of both sexes had returned, and stood on the bank looking at us, and we were glad to feel that we had parted good friends.

About a mile higher up we found another small Manganja village, and as the people were not the least frightened at our approach, and seemed inclined to be friendly, we decided on spending the night there. The name of this village was Muchola. As soon as we

had landed, the inhabitants brought us fowl and flour, to sell; and here I first tasted the pombè, or native beer, which is made from different kinds of corn, that produced from the Indian corn being the most palatable.

As a rule, when we anchored for the night, the first work was to turn the boat into a large bed-room, for those who preferred it to sleeping on the shore. This was done by spreading the awning forward to the mast, levelling the bottom, and spreading the beds. Having completed this work, I took Sinjeery and went for a stroll into the village. It was very small, but decidedly neat and clean; and all the women wore the pelele, or lip-ring, which is only found amongst the Manganja tribes. Some fine buffalo and hartebeest heads lay about, and quantities of meat dried in the sun were seen in different parts of the village. One or two men had seen the English before, and all came to look at me without evincing the slightest fear or suspicion; and I need hardly say I underwent a close examination by both sexes. They informed me that there was abundance of game on the other side of the river. As it was late, however, when I had finished inspecting the place, I did not go out, but amused the natives for some time by playing the cornopean.

While wandering about I found myself suddenly in the presence of two women, who were standing outside a hut. The moment they saw me they knelt down, muttering something in a whining and unintelligible tone. This Sinjeery informed me was done to show respect. I then made him tell them to stand up, and not to be afraid. This they did at once, and

through Sinjeery I asked them a few questions regarding their village, &c., all of which they cheerfully answered, though still speaking with the same whine.

These people told me that the Mavite were far off on the hills to the east, and they knew nothing of their reported intention of crossing the Shiré. We could not, however, place much reliance on what they said, as if they had arranged to assist them across, or had entered into any treaty with them, they would not be the fools to tell us. The Makololo, who are ever dreaming of these marauders, told the Manganja here that if they were to bring the Mavite across, the English would come and kill them all; that there were plenty of English in the country now, and more coming. We left this village at dawn next morning, without a breath of air to help us, the Makololos doing their usual amount of hard work. A touch of fever and ague rendered me incapable of giving any assistance for some hours.

At one o'clock, just as all hands had gone ashore "to rest," elephants were heard in the distance, but in consequence of the marshy nature of the country round us, nothing could be seen any distance off through the long grass. However, within a hundred yards of us one solitary tree stood close to the river. Moloka and I were soon busy with the glasses from its topmost branches. We had not been long thus engaged when a small herd of elephants were seen moving quietly along, leaving the river, where they most likely had been bathing, *behind.* They were about three quarters of a mile ahead of us. The guns were now got ready, Mr. Young taking his wall-

piece and joining us. Having marked out, before leaving the tree, as pot to land at, we were soon pulling up the river, the Makololos, in their excitement at the idea of "meat," forgetting all about their sore hands and weary arms, and pulling well.

Having reached the spot fixed on we landed, and soon took up the elephant spoor. Within half a mile of the bank stood a large tree, the only one (with the exception of that which we had left) to be seen. Under this tree five elephants had taken up their post, and stood close together, intent upon sleeping through the hottest part of the day. When we were within fifty yards of them, we held a consultation as to our plan of attack, and it was decided that Mr. Young should open the ball with the wall-piece.

I now took the lead, closely followed by Mr. Young, behind whom was a man carrying the wall-piece, and Moloka with my spare guns. I succeeded in crawling through the long grass, unperceived, to within some fifteen yards of the elephants, and seeing I could get no closer, told Mr. Young he might begin. He got his gun into position by making a native kneel down in front of him, and laying it on his shoulder. One of the elephants offered a very good temple shot, and having pointed out the spot to Mr. Young, I pushed myself a little bit on one side, so as to be out of the way of the smoke from the first shot. After a few seconds' suspense bang went the wall-piece and away went the elephants, turning so quickly and moving with such activity that I was unable to get a shot at any of their heads, which I considered would have been attended with success; but

as I knew the one which had been fired at, I gave it both barrels of the gumtickler behind the shoulders as it went away. A noise resembling that made by a racket ball when "cut" hard and low immediately followed the report of the "footy grandy," as the natives had long since named the wall-piece (footy signifying "gun," and grandy "large"); but whether it had struck the elephant or the tree under which it stood I at first doubted, as the animals showed no signs of having been hit. Every one ran after them, no doubt in the expectation of seeing one of them drop, but they were soon out of sight, and we returned to the tree, where, on examining the spot, I picked up several pieces of the poor elephant's teeth, some of them a couple of inches in length and half that thickness.

Mr. Young now returned to the boat, and I followed.* As we approached the river Reid was to be seen at the masthead, still looking after the elephants. The afternoon was hot, with scarcely any wind, and I was suffering from a bad headache, the effect of the fever that was still hanging about me, no doubt increased by our late bad luck. At five o'clock we anchored by the west bank for the night, and as the country round was covered with a thick scrub, I strolled out, accompanied by Stacy and Moloka. During my walk I saw a number of reedbock, but all attempts to stalk them failed. However, just before dusk I saw another herd of the same antelope feeding close to some reeds by the river, and leaving Stacy, who had on a light coloured shirt, and Moloka behind, stalked to within a hundred and eighty

yards of them. I was soon perceived by these wary animals, and seeing no chance of getting any nearer, took a steady shot at the largest buck, and to my delight he turned over on his back the moment he was hit. I then called to the two men to come, as a buck was killed, but as they came running up, to my surprise the animal that had lain struggling on the ground for some seconds jumped up and ran away past me. I fired the remaining barrel at him at about a hundred yards, but missed him. Having reloaded, I followed up his spoor for some distance when I saw him standing broadside on about eighty yards off looking at me. In another instant he was dead, the ball passing through him just behind the shoulder. This buck had a good pair of horns, and being in excellent condition, afforded some very good grub. The firing of these shots had much increased my headache, and so great was the torture I suffered, that I was compelled to return and go to bed at once.

It was indeed cheering, when starting at dawn the following morning, to find we had a nice breeze in our favour. The long wished-for wind had really come at last. It was no doubt welcome to the Makololos, but doubly so to us. It lasted all day, enabling us to make a capital run. We soon left Kundoodzi behind, and by 5 P.M. were under Mount N'zongone. Here we were met by a large tribe assembled on the west bank, armed with guns, spears, bows and arrows, &c. They called on us to stop in the middle of the river, ordering us not to come near the bank. On being asked what they wanted, they

replied that they wished to look at us and to talk. We informed them that we were in a hurry and could not stop. They were also told we were English, but that had no effect, their answer being that they did not know the English. We assured them that we had not come to fight, but they would not believe it. As this conversation was drawing to a conclusion, the beautiful breeze we had enjoyed all day suddenly died away, and the sails hung. We first lost steerage way, then way altogether, and as we began to go astern, the oars were pulled, and we ran into the bank under where these men stood. As the boat came alongside, they all, with the exception of two men, ran away crying "N'kondâ! N'konda!" The two stout-hearted individuals who remained were afterwards rewarded with a piece of cloth for their bravery. The main body now assembled within two hundred yards, and stood looking at us for nearly an hour. Having satisfied themselves that we were making ourselves comfortable, and instead of attacking them, were preparing a bivouac for the night, —moreover, seeing two of their own number walking about amongst us in suits of new and expensive cloth—one by one they came to us, and about an hour and a half after our arrival I was standing in the midst of a mob of about two hundred of them exhibiting guns, pistols, &c., including myself. After a long inspection, they returned to their village, as they said, to tell the chief of our arrival.

Later in the evening, when we were about to turn in, four men arrived in camp, and laying down their arms as they approached the fire by which I was

smoking, asked for the chief of our party. I immediately sent to the boat for Mr. Young, and on his putting in an appearance, they stated that their chief, whose name was Maramia, on hearing of our arrival, had sent them to say that it was too late for him to come to see us that night, but that he would do so the first thing in the morning; also that he had prepared huts for us and our men, if we chose to come and spend the night in the village. This was certainly very civil, but the invitation was declined; and I have every reason to believe that we were well watched during the night, which was dark, for several times, on going a little distance from camp to listen for the sound of man or beast, I distinctly heard footsteps not far from me in the jungle. In consequence of this a good look-out was kept all night, but our rest was undisturbed. We were off early in the morning, and taking one of the natives with us as a guide, steered for the village of Moochikara, where Maramia lived and ruled—about a mile from where we slept last night.

A nice breeze again favoured us, and on rounding a bend in the river some ten minutes after we started, the village appeared in view on the west bank, which was crowded with above five hundred men, all armed with guns, amongst which I noticed many old double-barreled flint muskets. The village extended over half a mile of ground, and was by far the largest I had seen in the country. All this denoted that this tribe, who call themselves Machingas, is both powerful and warlike. They were decidedly finer men in every way than the Manganjas or Ajawahs.

Having reached the nearest spot to Maramia's hut, we landed in the midst of this mob of savages without arms, save our revolvers, which were concealed from sight. A messenger was now despatched to the chief to acquaint him of our arrival. This man soon returned, saying the chief was getting ready, and would be with us in a few minutes. Men, women, and children now packed themselves as close as they could around us, the smaller specimens of humanity being lifted on to the shoulders, and, in many places, the heads of their respective relations, that they also might have a view of the great wonder of the day, the white men. As I stood in their midst, subject to an investigation which was sometimes unpleasantly close—I allude to the feeling of my clothes and skin —I was surprised by the sea of heads around me, and though I was head and shoulders over the mob, I could not help fancying what a mite I was amongst such a crowd, and how very easily and quickly I could be disposed of, should they feel inclined to make an end of me. As the chief was long arranging his toilet, the crowd had plenty of time to glut their eyes on visitors who, judging from the fixed optics and open mouths around, must have struck them as being the "shades of their grandfathers," and I had also a good opportunity of studying their extraordinary physiognomies. There were amongst them many Manganja women, distinguishable by the pelele, or lip-ring; and to describe the different fashions or patterns into which the hair on the heads of the male sex was cut, would alone require a book. Some had half the head shaved, and the hair on the other half dressed so as to

look like spikes stuck into the head. Others had a regular helmet of beads, which were closely interwoven with the hair, while many had the whole head shaved clean. Generally speaking, the heads of the women were shaved bare, or their hair was kept closely cut, in many cases in a fashion having the appearance of crescents. Not a few permitted it to grow long and strung it with beads of all colours, while several suffered it to grow naturally. Anything like the amazement depicted on the countenances of these people, who had, as they told us, never seen a white man before, could scarcely be imagined.

Twenty minutes had passed, but Maramia had not turned up, so Mr. Young gave a man some cloth and beads as a present for the chief, with a message that we could not wait longer, and stepped into the boat, giving the order to make sail. But the natives would not hear of our going without seeing their chief, and commenced yelling. They said he was coming, and would be with us in a minute. So we landed again, and in another five minutes several men came clearing the way through the crowd, while close behind them Maramia and his counsellors followed. After walking up to us and shaking hands, they stood staring in silence for several minutes. The chief had evidently spent much time dressing himself. He wore a large Indian dressing-gown of blue cloth, richly embroidered with gold. Heavy necklaces of rupees and other foreign silver coins, as well as beads, decorated his neck, while heavy ivory rings covered his arms up to the elbows. In his right hand he carried a silk (Indian) pocket-handkerchief, and a pistol, while a

curved sword hung at his side. His head was bare, as were also his feet. His leading counsellor wore a similar robe, but of a bright yellow tint, and was decorated in the same style, though not, perhaps, so expensively, about the neck and arms.

At last Maramia broke the silence by asking whence we had come, and whither we were going; and we told him our mission. We then invited him to see the boat, and he inspected it closely, and was much astonished. Our Sniders, breech-loading double rifles, and revolvers, &c., had to be explained, and shots fired from them. The cornopean had to be played for nearly half an hour, and my part of the performance was wound up by having to burn the hands of some fifty natives with the glass from my binoculars. This completely stumped them. I was glad when it was over, and the things were put back into the boat. Maramia apologized for not having come to see us last night; and on asking who was the chief of our party, and being informed by Mr. Young that he was the man, he presented him with a lion skin, giving me some fowl, flour, and rice. He received, in addition to his former present, a red fez, which he seemed to prize, and asked us to remain a day with him for elephant hunting, but much as I should like to have done so, time would not permit. He was a fine intelligent man, and by far the best specimen of a native I had seen. Promising to stay and shoot elephants if possible on our return, we bid farewell to Maramia and his people, and pursued our way up the river, with a nice breeze in our favour. While the course of the river kept us in sight of the village, the

astonished natives might be seen standing just as we had left them, still "rooted to the spot." Maramia, as well as many of his tribe, informed me that they had been driven from the hills to their present abode by the Mavite.

We passed several hippopotami, who were astonished at our craft, but knowing we could not wait to recover any we might kill, we did not fire at them. About twelve o'clock, seeing several natives at work some little distance in from the west bank, I asked Mr. Young to put me ashore that I might talk to them, and he did so. The moment I landed (unarmed), accompanied by a couple of Makololos, the natives ran away in all directions. However, seeing they were not pursued, they soon pulled up and stood some way off looking at us. Holding up my *arms* to show them I was *unarmed*, I made Moloka tell them what our business was, and that there was no occasion for alarm. One or two now came to see us, and were soon joined by the remainder. These were Manganjas. They corroborated old Gegara's story about the white man at Mapoonda, and said he had been there "last month," a rather vague period, which might mean any time, but had now gone inland. However, he had left his boys behind, and they were now at Mapoonda. This was certainly curious. I scarcely doubted now that a white man had been down here, but I could not rest any hope at present on this being Livingstone.

A capital breeze having sprung up, we were anxious to take advantage of it, and proceeded on our voyage, but not before I had informed Mr. Young of the tidings collected from these men.

The country here is more interesting to travel through. A range of hills is to be seen on either side, and the undulating ground is in many places thickly wooded to the water's edge. On nearing Lake Pamalombe the land to the right becomes flatter, but the range on the left still continues with us. Abundance of game is reported all along here, from the elephant to the smallest antelope; but as we didn't stop till late, when we were blessed with anything like a fair wind, there was not much chance of sport. It was only when there was no wind, and we were unable to make way against the current, that there was any opportunity for shooting. Here the current is so very little as to be almost imperceptible.

About five o'clock we were challenged by a small party on the west bank, and on being answered with the usual "Maronda! maronda!" they invited us to come ashore, promising fowls and rice. We landed at once. As we approached the bank, close to where their village stood amongst a grove of magnificent trees, the women ran away, but the men received us without betraying any fear; and as the water was too shallow for our boat to be brought sufficiently near for us to land without getting wet, they came and carried Mr. Young and myself ashore on their shoulders, and subsequently placed a canoe at our disposal. They informed us that we were within a very short distance of Lake Pamalombe, which they call "Piccaninnee Nyassa" (Little Nyassa or Sea). We were soon good friends, and arranged to spend the night here. The women and children came back, and brought us some very good fish. These people

were the most sociable and friendly we had yet met, and the most willing to give any information. They said they knew nothing of the white man reported at Mapoonda. The river here is broad and deep, and there is an extensive sandy beach under the village, where numbers of fish are caught daily in nets. Seeing the natives walking in and out of the water, I asked, "Are there no alligators?" The reply was, "Plenty, but they have so much fish here they won't touch men." In a few minutes I was enjoying a swim, accompanied by Reid, but none of the other men would venture in. Here, as in most places, the cornopean was a great source of amusement, and I played up at the village after dinner.

CHAPTER V.

In Lake Pamalombe—Again in the Shiré—Two Saucy Tribes of Machingas—Entrance into Lake Nyassa—Storm in the Lake—Terror of the Makololo—The Right Man in the Right Place—Charming Little Bay—Native Fishermen—Important Information—A Mongrel Arab—Further Information respecting Livingstone—Karongo—An Even Swop—Large Native Village—Room in which Livingstone had slept—Course taken by him—His Portrait recognised—In the Footsteps of the Great Traveller—Visit of an Ajawah Chief—Interest taken by the Natives in the Success of the Expedition—A Place of Skulls.

AT 10 A.M. on the morning of the 6th September, we sailed into Lake Pamalombe, and a stiff breeze from the south-east carried us quickly on. Unfortunately the confluence of the Shiré was not struck, and fancying he must have kept too much to the east, Mr. Young coasted along to the west. We soon found ourselves with a lee shore and freshening breeze near a small village. The anchor was now let go within a hundred yards of the natives, who assembled on the beach to see us.

The wind was so high, that though we could easily be heard on shore, as we asked them to point out the

place where the river flowed into the lake, we were unable to hear their replies. Wind and sea were increasing rapidly, and beginning to fear our anchor would not hold, we determined to beat back without further delay. Heavy rollers were every now and then coming in, and the lake presented a very dirty appearance to windward. Two canoes put off and attempted to reach us, but were compelled to return half full of water before they had got half way.

We had just commenced getting up the anchor, when we perceived that a large canoe had been procured, and that two men were coming off in her. The seas broke over the little craft, and I thought she must go down; but while one of these plucky fellows shoved her along, the other kept baling her out, and they ultimately succeeded in reaching us. Having then made fast alongside, they pointed out a mountain under which they said we should find the mouth of the river. This hill bore east by south. A small quantity of cloth was given as a reward to these men, and they seemed grateful.

Sail was made, and after a long beat back against quite as much wind as we could stand with two reefs, and being thoroughly drenched by the seas, we entered the Shiré once more, having found its confluence with the lake about a hundred yards to the east of where we had first changed our course to the westward. It was provoking to find that we had been within that distance of the river some hours ago. Once in the Shiré, reefs were shaken out, and we flew along with a fair wind and smooth water towards Lake Nyassa. When nearing that inland sea we met two tribes

of Machingas, who, being all armed with guns, were decidedly inclined to be saucy.

The first lot, who were assembled on the west bank, and numbered about a hundred men, ordered us to stop; but Mr. Young refused, saying he was in a hurry. They seemed very angry, and told us that we might consider ourselves lucky that there were so few of them there, as if the remainder of "the boys," who were absent with their chief, were present, they would take the boat from us. We took no notice of them, but passed on, and, with the exception of shouting and gesticulating, they did not interfere.

The second tribe we met a couple of miles further on. They consisted of about three hundred men, and were much more determined than those who preceded them. As we approached they assembled on the bank, armed with guns of all sorts, and told us to stop. Mr. Young declined doing so, and made Chinsoro tell them we were English. They replied that they did not believe it, and said we had come to fight, and we should stop till they examined us. Again Mr. Young refused to do so, though I urged strongly the propriety of complying with their request. Seeing we took no notice of their peremptory orders, they became very much excited, and some of them, shouting "N'konda! n'konda!" rushed along the bank, performing the most extraordinary gesticulations, while others were busy arming themselves, and manning several of some fifty canoes that were moored under the bank. Moloka, who understood the conversation going on amongst them, said to me in his broken English, "Get English guns ready" (alluding to the four Sniders, in which he had

implicit faith), "these people no good,—Machinga speak fight—get guns quick!"

I now loaded the four Sniders, and handed one with some ammunition to Reid, who was as usual at the helm. Seeing that if the boat was not stopped we were almost certain to come to blows, as these men could propel their canoes at double the pace we were going—at the same time feeling certain that the natives only wanted to assure themselves that we were not foes—I again requested Mr. Young to stop; and on his refusing, I took off my shirt, and stood up in the middle of the boat to let them see I was a white man. They were now, however, evidently enraged at our continuing our course right through their place, under their very noses, and contrary to their wishes or orders, and had become very excited.

Perceiving a number of canoes full of armed men shoving off, I pointed it out to the leader, and again requested that the boat might be stopped, to which he now consented, and in less than a minute we were at anchor, and the sail off. I made Moloka tell them that they might send one canoe to inspect us, but if they sent any more we should fire on them; that we did not want to fight, being their friends, but would not allow ourselves to be surrounded by the number of canoes then pushing up the river. They stopped, and after a minute's consultation a large canoe, with seven armed men in it, hastened to us. Our arms, which were ready loaded, were concealed from sight by order, with the exception of the Snider I held in my hand, and the revolver in my belt. They paddled to within ten yards of us, and then round the

boat, asking many questions, the leading ones, as they came from the interpreter's mouth, being such as these, "What business is this? Why do you want to go by without wishing us good morning, if you are not our enemies? Why did you not ask us if we had anything to sell, or if we wanted to buy anything from you?" They were told through Moloka that we were in a hurry, but would soon be returning, when we would visit them. Mr. Young then gave them a piece of cloth, and they appearing satisfied, told us "we might go," and paddled off themselves. I was glad we had got off without fighting, though had blows been provoked, as they most certainly would have been had Mr. Young held on his course, we were not unprepared.

The sun was just disappearing behind "Kirk's Range" as we sailed into Lake Nyassa. It was a beautiful evening, with a light breeze from the south-east. Far ahead, bearing north-north-west, and just lifting its crest above the horizon, Boazuru Island appeared in sight, and thither we steered our course. An hour and a half saw us rounding the east point of the island, and we soon found a sheltered spot on the lee side, where we landed about nine o'clock, having made a capital day's run of about thirty miles of latitude. This island is composed of huge boulders of rock massed together, the highest part being about seventy feet above the level of the lake. The top is covered with a thick scrub underwood and a few stunted trees. Its length is about half a mile, and its breadth half that distance.

On taking a walk over it after landing, I found it uninhabited. Though places where fires had been

showed that it was sometimes visited by the lake men, there was no cultivation of any kind. We took up our residence on it for the night.

As our object was to get to the north end of the lake with the least possible delay, it was decided that next day we should try and reach the Arab crossing place marked on Livingstone's map as being near Mount Ngombo, in latitude 13° 50′ south, and distant about thirty miles, nearly due north. There we hoped to hear something of the state of the country. The Makololo protested against going up the eastern shore at all, saying that when they were on the lake with Livingstone he went up the other side, because he knew it was the best. However, after a considerable amount of talk, they said "all right."

At dawn the following morning we were under weigh and steering for Ngombo. The wind was from the south-west, but light, when we left Boazuru, and we were getting along nicely till about 9 A.M., when the breeze freshened, and the waters of the lake, hitherto calm, became troubled. Still we carried on our course. The wind soon increased to a storm, a tremendous sea running. The Makololo and boys in the boat became sea-sick and frightened. Happily there was no work for them to do, or they would have proved of but little use. In fact, as things were, they were better out of the way; but I must confess it disgusted me to see them lie down in the boat and cover their heads with everything they could get hold of, saying, "We are going to die, and don't want to look at death." They were, indeed, dreadfully frightened;

though, if the truth was known, they were not the only ones who felt the pangs of terror.

Mr. Young now ordered Reid, who steered the boat throughout this gale, to let her run before it. We were rapidly making a lee shore, and the tremendous rollers and surf that lined the beach warned us to keep away. In vain we sought a place of refuge—none was to be found. About eight miles to the north an abrupt point rose from the lake, and having examined the coast between us and it carefully with the glasses, and seeing no other spot where there was any likelihood of being able to find shelter, we directed our course thither.

On bringing the boat up, the seas came rolling almost abeam of us. The whole lake was now a mass of white foam, and no one could help feeling that any one of the hoary-headed seas breaking over us would have sent us to the bottom; but though they broke all round, none had as yet entered the boat. For three hours Mr. Young stood by the mast, looking alternately at the lake and heavens. Our awning being half up, Reid was unable to see when it was necessary to "bring her up" to ride over a large wave. I therefore sat at the mouth of the awning and told him when these monsters, which came in twos and threes every five minutes, were approaching. Several seas broke over the quarter of the boat, but were kept out, being thrown off by the stout awning. At last a heavy wave struck her abeam, and knocked me over, drenching Reid right aft, and half filling us with water. There was but one bucket in the

boat. A beautiful pump, which we had got from the *Petrel*, had been left behind, strongly against my wishes and request. Stacy, who was always a willing fellow, commenced baling out; and having thrown off my coat, which was saturated, I assisted him. We worked hard, I using my hat and he the bucket, and *vice versa*. Had such another sea come on board before the boat was baled, we must have been swamped. Everyone was drenched save Mr. Young, who was forward by the mast. The alarm gave the finishing stroke to the Makololos, who were certain all was over. It required the greatest skill and attention to steer the boat without taking in any more water; and there is little doubt that had the man at the helm been any other than a cool, steady, and experienced hand, we might never have returned to tell the story. But Reid was there, and he was "the right man in the right place." About one o'clock the wind began to abate, and both storm and sea went down as rapidly as they had risen.

On rounding the point we turned into a nice little bay, with a beautiful sandy beach, a spot where there would have been shelter from any storm coming from the southward. What would we not have given for it any time during the last few hours! Here we landed, and as everything in the after part of the boat was drenched, clothes, bedding, and pieces of cloth soon covered the beach, being spread out to dry. I feel certain that each of us thanked Providence from the bottom of our hearts, as jumping from the boat we experienced the delightful sensation generally felt in the soles of the feet when they touch *terra firma*

once more, after a "narrow shave at sea." Though the *Search* behaved well, every one agred that an open boat like her was not safe on the lake.

This sandy beach extended two miles to the northward, and was covered with shells, specimens of which I was busy collecting, when, suddenly raising my head, I saw a native some distance off walking our way. On our approaching him, he ran away; but a couple of Makololo, after a short parley, brought him back. He was a Manganja, and though a little frightened at first, soon talked freely with us. He had never seen a white man before, nor had he ever heard of one being on the lake. From him we found out that the Arab crossing-place was at the other side of a point visible about ten miles ahead. Mr. Young gave him some cloth for the information, and we were off again.

The lake, that but an hour since had more the appearance of a field of snow than anything else, was now quiet and of a deep indigo tint. The wind was light, and it was a most enjoyable evening. A few miles from where we had left the solitary lake man, we saw several men on the beautiful sandy beach of another charming little bay. We examined them with the glasses, and observing that they were fishermen arranging their nets, we bore in to them. Our approach created no alarm amongst the party, who went on with their work as if they did not even see us landing within a hundred yards of them. Mr. Young, Chinsoro, and myself walked up to them and opened a conversation. All but one man, who was evidently their spokesman, continued their work as if no one had arrived. This man told the following

curious story, which was taken down by me on the spot as it came from the lips of the interpreter; and from the close cross-examination he underwent, Mr. Young and myself were quite satisfied that he was telling the truth. He said that a man calling himself an Englishman had arrived here at the end of the winter from Mataka, which he pointed out as being in a north-easterly direction; that he had gone up to a village called Pemanyinnee, where Karongo was chief, and from which the Arabs used to cross the lake when they went to buy people, with the intention of getting a boat to put him across the lake; but failing to get one he had returned, remained a few days, and had then gone on to Makata and Mapoonda, villages further south.

When asked to describe him, the man said he wore blue serge trousers and a flannel shirt, the same as Mr. Young had on him, and a cap with a peak to it. He was an older man than Mr. Young, had some white hairs on his head, wore no hair on his jaws, but had some on his upper lip. He always let go any slaves he came across, and never bought any people himself. He was then shewn Livingstone's photograph, and at once said, "That's him." He further stated that the white man carried a breech-loading rifle, a gun, and a revolver, all of which he distinctly described. On seeing my Rigby he said the white man's gun opened just like that. He had many boxes with him; two of them small. In one he kept something with which he looked at the sun, and the other contained a bottle of white water that did not wet the finger when put into it. I at once knew this

could be nothing but the sextant and artificial horizon, the mercury in the latter containing the "white water." On producing my instruments he recognised them at once, and on my handing him the sextant he amused us much by his attempts to shew how the white man looked at the sun. This was indeed extraordinary, and I felt certain it must have been Livingstone. Who else could it have been?

We then examined him, and several other men who were there, as to who accompanied the white man; and I must say I was greatly struck by the interest the people of this place took in our inquiries, sparing themselves no trouble to get us all possible information, and constantly sending to the village for some one of their number who was supposed to be able to take up the scent when those present came to a check. They said there were two boys with the Englishman, who spoke the same language as he did, as well as the Manganja or Ajawah; their names were Waiko and Juma. Now, as both Mr. Young and Reid knew two boys called respectively Waikatani and Juma, who were with Livingstone formerly, they asked which of the boys was the tallest? The answer was, Waikatani; and this Mr. Young stated to be a fact. He said several men carried the white man's boxes, and that a big man called Moosa was head man. This big man spoke the Arab language. He further gave the description of a man that would answer to the havildar of sepoys who accompanied Livingstone. His hair was long and black, the top of his head was shaved, and there was beard on his chin. He could not remember any more names, nor could

any of those present; but those they had mentioned were without a doubt correct, and the evidence of each individual was given in a straightforward way, without promptings from any one. It was stated by some of them that the Englishman was the only one who wore boots; and one man gave an amusing description of the traveller's mosquito curtains, saying "he had with him a house of thin cloth, inside which he put his bed to keep the roozoos (mosquitoes) out." All said he had a dog called Chitanee.

The name of this village is Parrapoochee or Pamquala, and it is situated close to the beach in lat. 34° 52′ south; long. 13° 29′ east.

Satisfied with what we had heard, we resolved to sail up to the Arab crossing-place next day, and see what information could be gleaned there. In the evening the fishermen made a good haul, and presented us with some delicious fish, weighing about three quarters of a pound, with as good a flavour as a Dublin-bay herring. As usual, the women came down to inspect us when they saw we were on good terms with their lords and masters.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and there was scarce a breath of air to cause a ripple on the then peaceful waters of Nyassa. As I lay on that lovely beach of silver sand enjoying a pipe of good tobacco, and thinking over the mercy bestowed upon our party by Providence that very day, Reid came and sat down beside me. It was soon evident that similar thoughts had been running in his head, for his first words were, in his own broad Scotch, "Eh! mon, but the Lord was guid to us a' this day!" Long did we sit and en-

joy the lovely night, and talk the whole day's work over after everyone else had turned in. There was no malaria here, nor did mosquitoes drive one to the very portals of madness or desperation. It was indeed thoroughly enjoyable, and it was late when we went to rest.

After an early breakfast the following morning, we sailed with a fair wind up to Pemanyinnee, which I found in lat. 13° 15′ south, long. 34° 47′ east. Here again was another of those beautiful bays, with the same silvery beach as at Pamquala. A small river runs into the lake from the hills during the rains, but at present there is no current at all, and but little water. The village huts line both banks, and it is evidently an extensive settlement.

Having sailed past the mouth of the river, we bore on to the bay. A few natives collected on the shore as we approached, but they were unarmed, and we landed amongst them. These men exhibited no fear, though they were anxious to know whence we had come, and what was our business. Their chief being asked for, they stated that he was away in the mountains shooting, and would be back soon. A kind of mongrel Arab presented himself, endeavouring to pass himself off as a true-bred follower of Mohammed by approaching us with the customary "Salaam Allicum" of the Bedouins. I, being the only one of our number who understood the meaning of this salutation, replied, "Allicum salaam," whereupon the individual in question shook me warmly by the hand. I may here mention that whenever one Arab

enters the "douar"* or "goorbie"† of another, as he goes in he addresses the inmates with the salutation, "Salaam Allicum," whereupon the senior of those within bids him "Allicum salaam." This mode of salutation is precisely the same as that with which an Irishman enters a friend's cabin, "God save all here," invariably answered with "God save you kindly." This man stated that the Arab traders in human flesh were at the other side of the lake with their dhows, and that they would not be back till next moon; and assuming an attitude which no doubt he fancied gave him an air of importance, he endeavoured to astound us, as well as shake our nervous systems, by informing us that *he* had been left in charge during his master's absence. The cause of our visit having been explained to him, he seemed to take an interest in the subject—saying he knew nothing of the white man we spoke of himself, not having been here long, but he had heard the people in the village talking often about one. He then sent for several men who he thought could tell us something. Two soon answered his summons, one of them a very intelligent youth of about twenty years. He said a white man had been here about a year ago; that he had come from Pamquala, and endeavoured to get a boat from the Arabs in which to cross the lake; but as all the boats were away at the time, he returned to Pamquala. Here exactly the same description was given of Livingstone as that which we had received at Pamquala, with the exception that they only remembered the name of the smaller boy, Juma.

* A hut built of timber and thatched. † A kind of tent.

They knew the big man, Moosa, and described him, also the Indian sepoys, and the ten Johanna men. All certified to a dog called "Chitanee" having been with the party. My astronomical instruments or breechloaders were nothing new to them, for they had seen the same with "our brother." Two or three watched me taking the altitude of the sun at noon, and all the while kept remarking, "That was how he did it." I then got Livingstone's photograph, which was in Mr. Young's desk, and placing it in the middle of a *carte de visite* book of my own, which contained some twenty-five photos, handed it to the boy I had picked out as being the most intelligent, asking him to look for the man in the book—indeed, from all he told us, he must have been almost constantly in the company of the travellers during their stay here. He at once commenced turning over the pages, overlooked by half a dozen others. One of the bystanders pointed out the likeness of a friend of mine, saying that was he, but the boy who held the book in his hand contradicted him sharply, and continued to turn over the pages till he came to Livingstone's picture. Scarcely had he set eyes on it, when, with a triumphant and self-confident air, he handed me the book with his left hand, the first finger of his right pressed hard on Livingstone's head. I was delighted at this myself, but if I felt it, I certainly did not display the amount of joy the boy did when informed that I had said he was right. He danced and jumped about, clapping his hands with delight for some minutes, to the great amusement of us all.

While this was going on, having perceived several fishermen engaged a little way off hauling in nets, I strolled down to watch them. They succeeded in catching a large quantity of small fish, about the size of a half-pound perch, and not unlike that fish in shape. Most of them were of a beautiful blue colour, while many were red from the mouth to half an inch behind the gills, the rest bright blue. They presented me with one, the largest they had caught. On returning, I found that the chief, Karongo, had arrived, and was inspecting the boat. He was a little man, his countenance bearing decidedly a bad caste, and he seemed suspicious, and very curious to see and know everything. His whole contour gave me the idea of a man well practised in every art of vice and villainy. However, he told the same story we had already heard, further stating that the white man had given him a spoon, which he sent for at once. The messenger soon returned with it, and there could be no doubt of its being of English manufacture. Mr. Young asked him to give it to him, but the chief refused, and said that he must have two fathoms of cloth and some beads in lieu of it. This demand was too exorbitant to be complied with. However, he was shown a better, newer, and, what Karongo seemed to prize most, a brighter spoon, and an even "swop" was made. He told us that the white man had remained a few days in his village, and asked us to walk up and see the room in which he had slept, and where and how he had tied up the cloth house (mosquito curtains.)

Mr. Young, Sinjerry, and myself accompanied him

to the village, which extends over a square mile at least, being by far the largest native settlement I have seen in Africa. It consists of large mud huts, neatly thatched, some having three and even four rooms, and the whole place was remarkable for its cleanliness. The river divides the village into two parts, the huts on the north side being much larger and altogether more comfortable than those on the south. In perhaps the largest hut in the village, one which contained four rooms, each room having a wooden door, a thing I had never seen in any native village before, the apartment in which Livingstone had slept was pointed out, and the exact manner in which he had tied up his mosquito curtains described. I examined all the walls, and every inch of the door, in the hope of finding some trace of a pencil, or something to shew as evidence of the fact that Livingstone had been there, but nothing was to be seen. Still I could not bring myself to doubt these men's statements.

One man brought a piece of cloth which he said was all that was left of two fathoms with which Livingstone had presented him, and the chief stated that the white man had given him some brown paper he had taken off some parcels, but it was all gone. We sat, smoked, and talked under the verandah of this hut for some time, when Karongo asked us to go and look at his cattle. We went, and in a yard strongly fenced he showed us seven beautiful little cows and a bull. They were perfect pictures, being in splendid condition, and not unlike the Brahminee Bull of India. He promised also to send us some milk in the morning. During our return to the boat Karongo told us that the white

man had come from Mataka, by Pamquala, the former being a large village, and having a powerful chief of the same name, and situated about five days' (five days and a night) journey from here, bearing north-east. This statement was corroborated by several others. All well knew a village and chief call Makata, which was much further south, not far from the lake, and thither they said Livingstone had gone.

I was now convinced that this white man was no other than Livingstone; and the places Mataka, Makata, and Mapoonda having been placed by Moosa in exactly the same rotation to the north and north-east of Nyassa, left no doubt on my mind that the great traveller had struck down from somewhere near N'gomano, with the intention of crossing the lake at Pemanyinnee; but having failed in procuring a boat, had gone round the southern end of the lake—Moosa simply mistaking north for south. In all probability his compass was out of order!—or perhaps, as I am inclined to believe, he was not an experienced observer.

I think it most probable that Livingstone alone knew where he was going, and why he did not cross the north end of the lake, as no doubt he intended when he started on his journey. That he came to Pemanyinnee by Mataka and Pamquala, and subsequently went south to Makata and Mapoonda, I have no doubt; and as the latter place extends from the north-west shores of Lake Pamalombe to the exit of the Shiré from Lake Nyassa, I am inclined to think that the crossing of a lake described by Professor Moosa as the north of Nyassa, might have been

the north of Pamalombe, on the extreme south of Nyassa.

In a letter from Dr. Kirk to Sir Roderick Murchison, dated Zanzibar, the 9th Dec., 1866, he states that "Livingstone's letters and despatches were entrusted to the chief Mataka, to be given to the first caravan," and that "these important documents have not yet been recovered;" and in another letter to Dr. Seward, acting-Consul at Zanzibar, and dated 20th Dec., 1866, he writes as follows:—"The recovery of the later despaches of Dr. Livingtone, written at Mataka, is imperative, as they will give a clue to the proposed course of action."

We were now, by native report, within about fifty or sixty miles of this very place, and our next object was to obtain these despatches, as they would clear up the whole mystery of the north, and it certainly seemed most advisable to hear what the chief Mataka had to say.

While lying on the beach after dinner, in reply to a question put by me on the subject, Mr. Young signified his intention of sending a native party to try and get these despatches, while he in the meantime would sail across the lake to Chinsamba in quest of news. I strongly urged that the party should be accompanied by, and under the command of, a European, and volunteered my services, but the leader did not deem it advisable that I should go, saying that he wished me to go with him to the other side of the lake. A party was then told off, consisting of three or four natives, under command of two Makololos, and accompanied by Sinjerry. They started next morning before sun-

rise, their orders being to get the despatches and any information they could, and rejoin us at Pamquala in ten days. After breakfast Mr. Young informed me that he had changed his mind with regard to crossing the lake, and would instead go back to Pamquala, and there await the return of the party.

About eleven o'clock Karongo came down to the boat, bringing a fine tusk for sale. He was not satisfied till he had seen everything belonging to us. In the evening Reid, Stacy, and myself took a swim in the lake, which I thoroughly enjoyed. It is a great blessing to be able to get a swim up here. I shall never forget how dreadfully tantalising it was on the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, when I would have given anything for a plunge into their waters, as day by day they flowed past, to be deterred from doing so by the unpleasant knowledge that, once in, the alligators would immediately appropriate my body to their own use.

It blew hard all the afternoon from the south-west, and we congratulated ourselves that we were in a snug harbour. During our stay here a man who had heard of the inquiries we were making came from an adjacent village, bringing with him a looking-glass, which he stated had been given him by a white man about a year since. He underwent a long examination, and told the same story as the rest, almost word for word, giving an exact description of Livingstone's dress, &c. I asked him, if he saw the man again, whether he would know him or not. He replied, "Oh, yes." I then handed him my book,

which still contained Livingstone's photo amongst the others, and told him to look well at all, and point him out, as he was there. He turned over several pages carefully, examining them closely, and the instant he came to that on which Livingstone was he put his finger on it and said, "There he is—that's the man that gave me the glass." No evidence could be stronger than this. There is no doubt that Livingstone has been here. Mr. Young informed me that when he formerly served under Livingstone, he (Livingstone) had with him a number of glasses similar to the one now produced. This glass was easily purchased for a small bit of cloth.

The following day (10th September) Mr. Young returned to Pamquala, while I followed the route by land that Livingstone had taken from here. Between Pemanyinnee and Pamquala the route is excessively hilly and stony, and there are several small villages, the only two of any consequence being Chennawappee and Makokoro. Through all these villages the white man had passed twice, and but little fear was exhibited at my approach to any of them. At Chennawappee an old man gave me an empty cartridge-case that had been given him by the white man, and which he now used as a snuff-box, and he gave just the same description of Livingstone as the men at Pemanyinnee. At Makokoro, a little further on, a similar story was told, and one of the villagers brought me a spoon, which he said had been given to him. This spoon was marked "Patent." Another man presented me with several delicious bananas and some pombé, which I enjoyed, as the day was very

hot, and the walk had up to the present been rough and hilly.

I reached Pamquala after sunset, without seeing a single sign of any kind of game, rather tired, and found that Makingeera, an Ajawah chief from the mountains, had come to pay us a visit. He said he had seen our boat on the lake the day we came here, and he was sure we would have been drowned. He is a fine, tall, well-built man, but never have I seen one so timid. My guns made him open his mouth till I thought he never would shut it again; and when the cornopean was brought to bear on him, it was almost too much for him. He jumped up, as if to run away, his mouth wider open than ever, but several men who had heard it before told him it would not hurt him, and persuaded him to listen. As, however, he did not seem to care about it, I stopped, and handed it to him to examine, but nothing would induce this warrior to touch even with the end of his fingers either the cornet or guns. Makingeera was presented with a red fez, and a handkerchief of the same colour, and he seemed excessively proud of his present. He sat with us till late, and before leaving promised to come again, and bring a bullock as a present to us before we left.

An extensive fishery is carried on in this bay, the nets used being about a hundred yards long and six feet deep, with a two-inch mesh. They make their nets in exactly the same way we do, and use a similar needle. During our stay Reid made them a capital needle on our principle, and it was highly commended by the fishermen, who are always busy either

fishing, or repairing their nets, or making new ones. The fish, though bony, are very good, and quite a treat. Here we soon opened an extensive market, and after a "feeler," provisions were brought in abundance.

During the two days we remained here the women came down in force two or three times to visit us, and did not exhibit the least fear. Most of them wore the Manganja lip-ring, and there were many very good-looking girls amongst them.

The first evening a large hippopotamus came to visit us, lying off the shore about two hundred yards. He had evidently fixed on the mouth of a small stream that runs into the lake here, dividing the village of Pamquala in the same way as the river already described at Pemanyinnee, as his place of landing when darkness should have set in. I had arranged to sit up and lie in wait for him, and as the moon would be favourable, I had every hope of success. However, just at dusk several canoes came out of the river, and commenced preparing for a haul for fish; and the river-horse, seeing he was likely to be disturbed, moved away to seek some more secluded spot.

We had a few mosquitoes here at night. The day before we left a man came from an adjacent village with a knife, marked "Warranted to strike fire," which he said had been given him by a white man about a year ago. This man, who told us that he had heard we were making inquiries about "our brother," and had in consequence come to tell us that he had seen him, gave just the same description of

Livingstone as that already received. We were also visited by no fewer than three chiefs, who stated they had come from a distance, having heard of our arrival. One brought a razor, and another an English prayer-book, which the white man had given them when they came to visit him here. Every leaf of the book was carefully examined, but there was not a trace of a pen or pencil in it. I was quite struck by the amount of interest all the natives displayed on hearing our story, and none spared themselves trouble in any way to get us all the information they could.

I had great fears for the ultimate success of the party sent to Mataka, and these fears were not without ground, knowing as I did that laziness, and even want of pluck, characterized them. The latter was too plainly shown when they dared not face danger in the storm. The former I knew to be a leading trait in their character, simply from daily ocular demonstration—and this was the chief cause of my having been so anxious to accompany them myself. Unfortunately I was not far wrong, for on the 13th September they rejoined us, having been away less than five days. We had just finished an early dinner when the party was seen approaching. I felt no excitement about them, as I was certain that by their returning so soon they had been unsuccessful. When close to us I perceived that they had been over-indulging in pombé. Mr. Young asked, "Well? All right?" The leading Makololo simply replied, "No," in English. Mr. Young seemed much annoyed and disappointed, but I expected nothing else.

They then stated that, when they had gone two days' journey towards Mataka, they were stopped by a body of Ajawah when close to their village. These men, after "trying to take their guns from them," brought them before their chief. On being interrogated by him, they said that they belonged to an English party, and stated the business they were on; but the chief would not believe them, saying, "No! where is Chitanee? If you were from the English, you would have Chitanee with you." The chief ordered them to return, saying he would not let them pass through the country, as he knew they came to fight. They were then shown out of the village, and permitted to return without molestation. The party had been given a good supply of ammunition, cloth, &c., besides presents for Mataka; but though they had not accomplished the journey they returned penniless. All was gone.

They were soon surrounded by their friends in our party, and as warm a greeting took place as if they had been absent for years. I could plainly see, as I watched them that night over their fires, that there was humbug in the wind, and I made up my mind that the whole thing was a farce. I now suggested that I should be permitted to start with the same men the following morning, and endeavour to obtain Livingstone's despatches; but it was not thought practicable by the leader, and next day we got under weigh early, steering south-west for Chinsamba, where we hoped to hear something from the Arabs who were said to be there waiting for favourable winds to cross the lake. Just before starting a

very fine and fat goat was purchased for the small amount of two fathoms of cloth, value one and sixpence. A slight breeze from the south-east took us along for a couple of miles, when it died off completely, and "pull away" was again the order of the day. Sadly and slowly the Makololos took up their oars. It was dead calm, a heavy swell rolling up from the south-west, and our sturdy crew were just on the brink of giving in, when the wind came up from the same quarter dead against us. The men said they could not pull the boat against it, and rested on their oars. Fortunately for us, just as Mr. Young began to think of returning to Pamquala, the wind veered to the north, and we were enabled to make sail again, and hold on our course. The wind gradually coming round to the north-west, and freshening into a nice sailing breeze, we were once more flying along. The *Search* always sailed well in a breeze.

We soon left Pamquala far behind, and the tops of the mountains on the opposite side of the lake appeared above the horizon. We made Chinsamba about noon—as marked on Livingstone's map. On drawing near the shore, which was composed of a beautiful sandy beach, such as those already described, we saw three natives watching us from the water's edge, and steered straight for them. At first they seemed frightened, and commenced steadily retreating towards the jungle, which came down to within a hundred yards of the water; but on our hailing them through Moloka, and informing them who we were, and what we wanted, they stood their ground and

conversed freely with us. They informed us that this was the place where Chinsamba, a Manganja chief, had once lived, but that he had been driven away by the Ajawahs some time, and the place bore the name no longer. They pointed to the spot where his village had stood, but there was not a vestige of anything to be seen now. They stated that they had heard that a white man had passed into the interior about a year ago, and that he had come from the southern end of the lake. These men, who were Ajawahs, had not seen him, they had only heard of him. On being asked questions regarding the whereabouts of Marenga, they said there was a great chief of that name further south, but that it would take us many days to get there. The latter statement we knew could not possibly be correct. Having got all the information that was to be gained, we coasted along close in shore, on the look-out both for natives, and for a place to spend the night at, as it was growing late. Shortly after leaving Chinsamba nine canoes hove in sight, making straight for us along the shore. We passed close to them, and saw that each canoe was heavily laden. On being asked where they came from, they replied "Marenga," where they stated they had been to buy mapira (a kind of corn). They said Marenga was not far off, but they would not stop to talk to us, being in too great a hurry.

About 4.30 we anchored about a mile to the north of the mouth of the river Lintipe, almost abreast of the islands Mamkoma and Molere, which were not far off. As the place seemed quite deserted, I went ashore and stretched my limbs while dinner was being

prepared. While engaged with that important meal, a hippopotamus came close to us and had a good look at the boat, but as he was in deep water I left him alone. The repast being over, I again took a stroll with Moloka along the shore. A fine sandy beach ran down to the mouth of the river Lintipe. Forest land, with much thick underwood, covered the country to within a hundred yards of the shore.

This place was simply covered with human skulls and bones, bleached and white. I fear the poor Manganja suffered here. It was curious to see Moloka studying the different skulls. He would not touch them, but often he might be heard remarking, "This head Manganja," or "This head Ajawah," or "That head woman." Though I could discern but little difference myself, he seemed quite familiar with the shape of the different skulls. The general appearance of the place showed that there had once been a village here, but there was nothing left save the mud floor of one or two huts. It was indeed a sad sight.

I sat up late, hoping the hippopotamus would come ashore to feed; but I fancy the fires on shore frightened the wary monster, for he moved slowly away to the north. Shortly after we had started next morning, a canoe came out of the Lintipe with three men in it, and four more soon appeared, walking close to them along the shore. As they were coming our way, we kept in close to speak to them. Seeing our movements, the three men in the canoe beached their craft and stood with the others watching us. We hove to within about fifty yards of them, and asked them to come and talk to us, telling them

we were English. They would not believe us for some time, but a little persuasion had the effect of bringing two of them off in the canoe, and one of them took a piece of cloth from Mr. Young's hands, more like a frightened dog who was determined to have a mouthful, even though from the hand of a much-dreaded master, than like a human being. This gave them confidence, and they soon conversed without fear. In answer to numerous questions put to them, they stated that they had seen a white man pass about a year ago (before the rains). He had a dog and several men with him; and they gave the same description of Livingstone's dress as that given by the Manganja at the other side of the lake. They said he had gone far into the interior of the country, to Babisa. They told us to go to their village some distance ahead, where we should find some men who had been with the white man and carried his things. We endeavoured to get one of them to accompany us there in our boat, but without success. However, they said they would go round the shore and be there as soon as ourselves. We then left, but never again did we see these men.

CHAPTER VI.

A Surly Party of Natives—Fishermen intent on their Occupation—Traces of Livingstone at Pakaooma—Story of his Death ridiculed by Natives—Slaughter of the Manganjas—A Storm on the Lake—The *Search* dragging her anchor—Out in search of Elephants—Fears of my Guide's Treachery—Elephants in the Reeds—Elephant Steaks—Challenged at the Entrance of a Native Village—Attempt to discover the River Lekue—Marenga and a few of his Wives—His Account of Livingstone's Visit and his Desertion by his Followers—A Native Concert—A Squall—Moloka's Lecture—A Sleeping Alligator.

HALF an hour's coasting brought us abreast of a considerable village, about two miles south of the Lintipe. On the beach there were numbers of men, women, and children. They seemed a little frightened at our approach, and packed themselves into groups; but we passed by, bidding them good morning, and landed some hundred yards beyond them. Mr. Young, myself, and Sinjeery then walked quietly towards them. They were all armed with bows and arrows. On landing amongst armed men, I always had my revolver concealed about me. In answer to our inquiries for the chief, they said he was not there, that he had gone to Marenga. They were Ajawahs, and had many Manganja women

amongst them, as well as a few men of the same tribe—doubtless prisoners of war, and, in fact, simply slaves. These people had heard that a white man had passed, about a year ago, to the north-west, but they had not seen him. They did not seem inclined to give us much information, and were decidedly surly. So we did not waste much time talking to them.

A little further on six men were found repairing a canoe on the beach, but they would give us no information whatever. Again under weigh, sailing with a nice light breeze from the east, along the coast, we soon came in sight of a party of seven fishermen. Having run the boat ashore within a hundred yards of them, Mr. Young, Moloka, Sinjerry, and myself approached them unarmed. They did not seem to take the slightest notice of us, going on with their work, and just as we reached them they hauled in a fine lot of fish. They were so intent on their occupation that we could get nothing out of them till they had completed the stringing of the last fish. Then they informed us that the name of this village was Pamquinda, but that their own village, which was called Pakaooma, was five days' march from here, bearing north-west by north, half west, and that they had come here for a little time to fish. They said they were Ajawahs, and that a white man had passed about a year ago through their village, accompanied by seven men, a boy, and a dog. He had slept one night at Pakaooma, and the following day several of them had assisted to carry his things a day's march to a village called Maleeway farther

north. He gave the common account of Livingstone, describing his guns, dress, &c., just as the other natives had. They had since heard that he was at Babisa, which they said was three moons' (or months) march from here. We told them that we had heard in England that he had been killed by the Mavite near a place called Maksura, and we had come to find out if the report was true or false. They all burst out laughing, and said, "No, no, he did not go near the Mavite; he is gone to Babisa. He came from Karrymaksura, which is away there (pointing to the south-south-west), and we carried his boxes to Maleeway (here the speaker pointed out two other men and himself), and he gave us plenty of cloth and a spoon." We asked for the latter article, but it had been left behind, lest it should be lost.

We now had no doubts that Livingstone had passed through this country in safety, and we knew that the Johanna men must have left him before he reached these men's village, as he had only, according to their account, seven men and a boy left of the original party of twenty-three with which he left Mataka. (See Dr. Kirk's letter). These people positively stated that the chief Karrymaksura had been driven away and compelled to seek shelter in the hills, since the white man had been there.

When Livingstone was formerly on the west shore of this lake, the southern and south-western borders of it were held by Manganja tribes, and he always found a welcome among them. Now all this country is ruled by the Ajawahs, who have driven the Manganjas away from their homes. It is a sad

sight to see every spot where a Manganja village had once stood, now strewn with their skulls and bones; and it seems wonderful that the Almighty should have seen fit to permit such wholesale slaughter as must have taken place along the south-western shores of this beautiful lake.

In the evening it came on to blow from the south-east, and as we were on a lee shore, we had to pull the *Search* out some hundred yards, where she was anchored in about four fathoms. Mr. Young, Reid, Stacy, and myself remained on board, the Makololos and their servants having obtained permission to dine and sleep ashore. About seven o'clock the wind began to increase, and large rollers came bounding in. The *Search*, which was too deep, took a good deal of water over her bows. At nine o'clock it was blowing a gale, and I remarked to Mr. Young that we were dragging our anchor. This I perceived by the fires on shore appearing nearer every minute. We soon found that we were gradually being driven ashore, and as there was a heavy sea rolling in and breaking on the beach, we were in great danger of losing the boat. We were in only two fathoms, and these soon were reduced to less than one. All hands were called from the shore, and it was found that the only thing to be done was to take the cargo out of the boat, so that she should not have any weight in her when she struck, and then to beach her.

Jumping over the side of the boat, accompanied by Reid, I found myself almost up to my shoulders in the water, and we at once commenced carrying the boxes, &c., ashore, assisted by some of the Makololos, while the

remainder of them endeavoured to keep the boat up to her anchor, and thereby prevent her striking before we had cleared her. This was a dirty job, as, when wading in with a heavy load on my head, I was more than once almost capsized by the rollers, and one of the men was actually sent head over heels with a large case of brandy, and buried in the surf. However, as I luckily happened to be returning to the boat at the time, having deposited my load on the beach, I was enabled to assist successfully in saving the case. This work lasted for nearly half an hour, and by the time the *Search* touched the bottom in about three feet of water, the men being unable to keep her any longer afloat against the wind and sea, which seemed increasing rapidly, there was scarcely anything in her. After an hour's hard, cold, and wet work, she was high and dry. I lost no time in getting into my blanket tent, and refreshing the inner man with a little brandy. The cargo was then neatly stowed together and a watch set—and once more I surrendered myself to Morpheus.

It blew hard all night, and in the morning the wind shifted to the south-west, and blew almost as hard as ever. In the morning Mr. Young informed me that we should remain as we were till the gale was over. As I was very tired after the night's work, I made up my mind to have a good sleep; and about 8 A.M., having finished breakfast, I spread my waterproof sheet under a large tree in a sheltered spot, and having a gun-case for a pillow, lay down for that purpose. However, I was not destined to enjoy much rest yet, for scarcely had I made myself

snug when a native came and asked me if I would go and shoot elephants, stating that he could shew some not far off. There was but one answer to this question, and in a few minutes guns, &c., were ready; and putting one biscuit in my shirt-pocket, I started, as usual accompanied by Moloka and Chinsoro. As I hoped to be back early, I took nothing else to eat.

The first part of our walk lay across a plain about three miles broad, as flat as a billiard-table, with here and there small patches of scrub and long grass. Over all this there was not a sign of any kind of game; but at the far side was a low ridge, thickly wooded, about a mile in breadth. Through this we also passed without seeing even the track of a deer. We then entered a regular prairie, covered with long grass, and about five or six miles across, and, to my surprise, the track we chose led right through the centre of it, on to another wooded ridge which was just descernible at the opposite side. I now began to think there was something wrong going on. Why should this man have come of his own accord to ask me to go shooting? Why should he take me such a distance from the party, after having positively assured me it was only a little way, and that we should be back before sunset? We were ten or twelve miles from the boat, and Moloka begged of me to return, saying, "Ajawah no good." I asked my guide what he meant, and whither he was going. Pointing to the trees in front, he said, "Behind those there is a small river, and along the river there are quantities of reeds and bamboos, and elephants are always among them."

I determined at any risk to see it out, and told him to go on. After a long and hot walk over this vast plain, we reached the trees, and soon passed through them. Here another plain presented itself, only half the extent of the one we had just traversed, and at the other side of it was a similar belt of trees. I felt inclined to lose all confidence in my guide, and pitch into him; but seeing dissatisfaction depicted on my countenance as I asked Moloka in English where this man was taking us to, he relieved my anxiety by informing me that the trees we saw were on the bank of the river, and the bamboos, where the elephants fed, were on the other side. Beginning to feel the effects of hunger, I ate the only biscuit I had with me. Another quarter of an hour brought us to the edge of the belt of trees at the other side of which we were to find the river. Close to these trees my guide pointed out to me the ruin of a village, where he said Chinsamba used to live, but whence he had been driven away to the mountains. Many skulls lay about, witnesses to the truth of this statement. This village turned out to be Chinsamba's, as marked on Livingstone's map in latitude 13° 50′ south, longitude 34° 14′ east, and close to the river Lintipe. Entering this row of fine trees, I suddenly found myself on the river's bank, about forty feet above the water, the river being about a hundred yards broad. I ascertained in crossing it that the average depth at this place was two feet, and the current strong. It must be a considerable stream in the rains. True enough there was a dense marsh

of reeds and bamboo cane on the opposite side, growing to the height of fifteen feet.

The men were tired and thirsty when we reached the river. Having taken a good drink myself, I sat down and smoked a pipe under the shade of a large tree, while Moloka, Chinsoro, and my guide bathed and rested. We were now at least twenty miles in a straight line from Pamquinda, and the sun had passed the meridian at least a couple of hours. Moloka said that if we were to cross the river after elephants, we should not get back before morning; and we had nothing to eat. However, I determined on walking a little way along the bank, knowing that if there were any elephants about, they would have been down to drink, and unless I should find fresh spoor within half an hour, I decided to return. I then walked about half a mile up the river, but no spoor of elephants was to be seen, so I turned back. Moloka was very indignant, and abused the Ajawah to his heart's content. Still the man would not give in, saying if we would only cross the river and go with him into the reeds, he should soon show us elephants. I was almost inclined to comply with his request, he was so earnest in his entreaties and so positive of success, but Moloka was strongly against it.

As we stood talking the matter over, a distant noise burst upon our ears, which made each of us exclaim—"What's that?" I replied, "Elephant." Moloka said, "No, moomani" (man). But the Ajawah said it was elephants. In breathless silence we listened for about five minutes, when the noise was

repeated. There now was no doubt as to what it was. There *were* elephants in the reeds, though some distance off, and the Ajawah had proved he was no humbug. He exhibited his delight by having a quiet dance to himself, singing all the while in a low tone. In the meantime, after looking to the guns, I asked, "Are there no trees on the other side?" The answer was, "No, all reeds and bamboos." In another minute we were wading the river. Soon after entering these dense reeds I found the fresh spoor and followed it up. Most of this place was so thick, that had it not been for the elephants having made a path, we could not have got through it; but as we were on the right road, it did not matter.

I soon ascertained that the herd was not many minutes before us. Their tracks took us down to the river, where it was evident they had been drinking; and then crossing it, they had gone along the bank for some little distance, but finding the country on this side too much exposed, had recrossed to the reeds again. The line they took was straight away from the river, and of course, as far as we were concerned, straight away from home. I began to think about no dinner, no bed, &c., but I kept those unpleasant thoughts to myself. I was in hopes that when we did come up with the herd, it would be in some more favourable ground; and so it was, for as we left the rank vegetation which is to be found along the banks of rivers behind, the green reeds began to disappear, and we were soon sufficiently far from the influence of the water to be amongst dry reeds and long grass, through which it was much

easier to see as well as walk. At last the elephants were heard by all of us, quite close, and appeared to be moving quietly along, crushing the dry reeds under their ponderous feet as they went. A little nearer, and the backs of some of the hindmost were to be seen.

I saw, however, no chance of getting a shot at them —at least till they got into some grass, as I could not pass on to head them while in these strong reeds. At last the whole herd pulled up short, and as I heard several of them sniffing the air through their trunks, my heart sank within me, for I felt I was discovered, and the chance of a shot gone. Fearing they would be off in a minute, I hastened up to them as they stood. I was standing within twenty yards of them, and could see the backs of many through the reeds, when one of their number turned sharply round, and approached us quietly with his trunk up. In an instant I was flat on the ground, beckoning to Moloka and the men to imitate my example, which they quickly did. On came the elephant, his trunk still up, and feeling about. I knew it was useless to fire ; and I could not imagine what was going to happen. It would not do to let him walk quietly over us, and still to fire at him then would be without any hopes of success, with the almost certainty of being followed by a charge, which I did not particularly care about in this kind of jungle, where one could scarcely move. However, while I spent a second or two looking at both sides of the question, the elephant pulled up, standing straight on to me, not more than eight yards off, every now and then feeling about with his trunk, and then letting it hang.

I was lying flat on the ground, and though I might have fired at him, I could not have killed him, as I should either have shot into the solid bone between the base of the tusks, or else into the forehead; the latter would necessarily pass far above the brain at that angle. I thought of waiting, in the hope that he would turn, and offer a temple shot, but doubted that would prove effectual from where I was. Seeing there was but one thing for it, I jumped to my feet. As I did so, the monster threw back his huge ears, but ere he had time to move a limb the right barrel of the gumtickler had penetrated his brain through the forehead, and he fell to rise no more. The remainder of the herd bolted at once, several of them trumpeting loudly, accompanied by Moloka. I gave chase, but from the rough nature of the ground I saw it was useless.

This was all very well. There was a fine pair of tusks to be cut out and carried home, but it was near sundown, and we were more than twenty miles from home. Having had nothing to eat since 7 A.M. but a single biscuit, I was uncommonly hungry. We were soon at work with the axe cutting out the tusks, and while we were thus engaged, the Ajawah, who was almost frantic with delight, made a fire, and having cut a choice bit from the trunk of the fallen elephant, stuck it on a stick close over the fire to roast. This bit, which, he said, was the best part of the elephant, and consequently the part always given to the chief when one of these animals is killed, I was informed was for me. He then placed several more

steaks in a similar position, and came to assist in cutting out the tusks.

It would have been a difficult thing, had I been given the piece of elephant which was presently placed at my disposal—of which, being very hungry, I partook—and told I should have nothing else to eat till it was finished, to say how long it would have taken me to consume it. About a square inch cut off with my hunting-knife employed me for fully half an hour, and I don't think I ever succeeded in masticating any portion of it properly. It was after sunset when we left the carcass of the elephant, carrying his tusks with us, and after crossing the river, my now worthy guide informed me that we were to go home by a shorter road. I was sorry, I said, for this, as on the way here we had passed through one or two neat Ajawah villages, where I had seen many Manganja women, who were doubtless slaves, either spinning or weaving cotton, and as they had all been civil as I passed through, I had hoped to have been able to procure some grub before reaching the boat. "Oh!" said he, "there are villages this way too;" and so we went on. I was now carrying the gum-tickler and the heavy Rigby 10, Moloka carrying two other guns, and Chinsoro and the guide the tusks. It was bright moonlight as we approached a large village, and were challenged by several men who stood close to a hut. A number turned out armed with guns, &c., and I took up my position by a large tree which happened to be close by at the time. Moloka told them that I was an Englishman; but they said, "No; you fellows have been fighting

to-day—we heard shots." Leaving my guns against the tree, and taking Chinsoro with me, I advanced unarmed about forty yards towards them, and asked them to come and talk with me, saying that I had been shooting elephants, not men. Upon this Moloka, whom I had told to stand by the guns, held up one tusk. Several of them then approached, bringing their arms with them. I made Chinsoro tell them that I had left my guns behind, and come to talk to them, therefore they should meet me unarmed. They at once laid down all arms, and a number of them collected round me. They were Ajawahs, and were very civil, one man saying, "You have been hunting all day, and must be hungry—come to my hut." Confessing I was very hungry, I yet refused to accompany this good-hearted savage, on the plea that I could not leave my men, but if he would bring me something to the tree to eat I said I would show them all the guns, &c. He was off with a bound, and Chinsoro and I returned to the tree, accompanied by forty or fifty men, to whom Moloka preached a regular sermon, his text being, "This man killed the elephant to whom these tusks belonged with one shot."

Soon my kind friend returned, bringing me some roast fish and pombé, which I need hardy say I thoroughly enjoyed. Refreshments of a similar kind were also brought for the men with me. I had nothing to offer in return but a few charges of powder, which were as thankfully received as if every grain had been a gold sovereign. We then bid them good-bye, and started on our way as fresh as

when we left the shore of the lake in the morning. Many skulls and human bones were seen close to the path outside this village.

After a long walk I reached the boat a little after midnight. I found that Mr. Young had restowed her, and she was riding at anchor about two hundred yards from the shore. The Makololos were all asleep round their fires when we arrived; and as Mr. Young, Reid, and Stacy were on board, I made up my mind to spend the night by them. We were soon at work cooking. The Makololos told me that the storm ceased about noon, and that they had been busy all the afternoon loading the boat and hauling her off.

It was a lovely night as I sat cooking my supper, a bright moon shining, and scarcely a breath to move the water of the lake; but hardly had I finished eating and had lighted a pipe, when a fresh breeze springing up from the south-west, I saw too plainly that we were likely to have a repetition of last night's work. The wind freshened with wonderful rapidity, and in less than an hour after my return it was blowing another gale, heavy seas as usual rolling in and breaking on the beach. The moon was shining brightly, and the lake looked magnificent. Suspecting what was coming, I was preparing for it, when a voice from the *Search* called, "All hands to clear the boat." She was again dragging her anchor. Taking the men who were on shore with me, I waded out till the water was up to my shoulders, but the *Search* was still out of reach. The sea was rolling in heavily, every now and then lifting me from the bottom, and two of

the Makololos were swimming at my side. I sung out to Mr. Young that we would return till she had drifted sufficiently close for us to reach her, but he replied that he was taking up the anchor, and going to let her run in, so we stood our ground. When she came within reach the anchor was again dropped, and though it then held her, it was deemed advisable to clear her out and beach her again, especially as the barometer was falling fast and the wind increasing. Reid was soon in the water along with us; indeed, whenever or wherever there was hard work to be done, he was always there. In about an hour she was clear and beached, and during this time I was scarcely a minute out of the water. It was a hard termination to what had already been a hard day's work. Extra grog was served out when the work was done, and I lay down tired and weary on the beach, rolled up in my blankets and waterproof sheet, and slept soundly till daylight.

This gale continued all next day, and compelled us to remain where we were. I spent the afternoon cleaning up guns, &c. About midnight the storm abated, and at 7 A.M. it was tolerably fine, though there was still a stiff breeze and heavy swell. As the barometer had gone up considerably, and the wind was becoming gradually lighter, we determined to start, and by the time everything was ready there was but little wind. We sailed about 9.30., or ten o'clock. About noon the wind shifted to east by north, and a nice breeze bore us along towards the marsh. We were anxious to find the mouth of the River Lekue as marked on Livingstone's map, but just after entering

that part of the lake where the shore is clad with long reeds to the water's edge, the wind failed us, and it became a dead calm. After a long pull, and vainly endeavouring to find a beach for the night, we were compelled to bivouac on the marsh. Mr. Young, Reid, Stacy, and myself slept in the boat, but the Makololos and boys had to sleep ashore, as we could not well manage with twenty-one on board.

The mosquitoes here were nearly as bad as on the Shiré, so we hauled off a little for the night, to get away from the reeds; but even at that distance from the shore they were almost intolerable. There were several shoals of hippopotami round us, making a hideous row all night, evidently at a loss to know who and what we were who thus rudely intruded on their usually quiet resort. The night was calm, and the beating of drums might be heard in the distance till an early hour in the morning, when we got under weigh.

Determined to have another try to find the Lekue, we sailed up and down the marsh, but without success. At last a solitary canoe appeared in sight. Aided by my glasses I discovered that there were six men in it, and Mr. Young ordered Reid to bear down on it. The men did not seem alarmed at our approach, and were civil. In answer to our inquiries they pointed out the direction of Marenga, and thither we steered our course. On our way I perceived the mouth of the Lekue, for which we had been looking too much to the northward.

Shortly after passing that river a large village appeared a little distance in from the shore, and we

fancied it must be Marenga. The shore itself swarmed with natives, who were armed with guns, or bows and arrows, their numbers showing that the tribe was powerful. We steered straight for them. On coming within hailing distance Moloka sung out that we were English. Then the word "Angelaisee! Angelaisee!" might be heard passing from mouth to mouth, as one and all laid down their arms and came to welcome us. When the boat touched the shore they swarmed round us saying, "The English are good! The English are our friends!"

They told us that this village belonged to Marenga, their chief, but that the village at which he resided was a little way further on, and close to the water. On being asked, two men willingly jumped into the boat, in order to direct our canoe to the right place. As we coasted on, we could see crowds running along the shore, and distinctly heard them shouting "Angelaisee! Angelaisee!" A little more than a mile from where we took in these men we landed at a large village, and were soon surrounded by a considerable mob.

Being informed that Marenga lived here, a messenger was dispatched to acquaint the chief of our arrival. He soon returned, accompanied by one of Marenga's wives, who told us she had been sent to escort us to the presence of her husband. On the outskirts of this village, which was very extensive, was the enclosure occupied by the chief. Within it were some six huts, and one or two large trees. Under one of these trees, reclining on a mat, and using one of his wives as a pillow, while thirty-nine more sat

closely packed around him, lay Marenga, very drunk. He gave us a hearty welcome, shaking us long and violently by the hands. He is a man about six feet in height, and stout, with a debauched and bloated appearance, and covered with scurvy. Having arranged a mat for us, and seeing that we were comfortable, Marenga's first question was, "Where is your brother that was here last year?" He was told that we had come to look for him, and should be obliged if he would tell us all he knew about him. He said he would, but he must have some pombé first, as he had much to tell. Having changed the wife against whom he was leaning for another, apparently a stronger one, a large pot of pombé was brought to him, and held by one of his wives, who sat by his side while he drank the beer through a bamboo about one foot and a half long. Invariably, whenever he took a pull, which was generally a long one, one or other of his forty wives tickled his chest and stomach, ceasing the operation only when he took the bamboo from his mouth.

"I have come," said he, "down here with a few of my wives only for a couple of moons for change of air. The Nyassa agrees with me; these people all round here belong to me, but my principal residence is a day's journey from here. This," said he, pointing to a large hut within the enclosure—"this is mine, and those other huts belong to my wives." This was his favourite watering-place, and he had only brought a *few* of his wives to keep him company.

He now took another pull of the pombé, and having had one more tickle, commenced his story the liquor

seeming to take more effect on the muscles of his jaws or the string of his tongue than on his brain; for though he knew perfectly well what he wanted to say, he found great difficulty in expressing himself, and when the power of articulation occasionally forsook him, he made the most extraordinary grimaces. He said that Livingstone, whom he had seen some years ago, when he had a boat on the lake, had been here last year; that he had come from Mapoonda, where he left one of his boys—he had several men with him—and stayed one day. Marenga had lent four canoes, in which Livingstone, some of his boys, and the dog were ferried across the marshy end of this bay into which the Lekue runs. The other men, who said they were Arabs, with one called Moosa as head man, had walked round.

The next day, or the day after that, Moosa and five men came back to the chief; but Marenga did not see them, they having remained in another part of the village. Moosa told the chief that the Englishman had brought them from their country at the sea to carry his things, but that as he was now taking them into a country where the Mavite would kill them all, they had decided amongst themselves to desert him. Marenga gave them a house for the night, and next morning they left, but he could not say whither they went.

There can be no doubt that this was the place where these cowardly rascals deserted their leader.

Marenga said his men (one of whom he produced, and this man corroborated the statement) went five

days' journey with Livingstone, viz., one to Karrymaksura, and four to Pasombe, where they left him well, all having received their cloth. It will be remembered that Moosa reported the murder as having happened the day they left Maksura. Marenga had since heard that Livingstone had reached a place called Connigipoonda, some distance from Pasombe. It was now plain enough; the route Livingstone had taken from Ngomano was by Mataka, Pamquala, Pemanyinnee, Mataka, Mapoonda, and Marenga. The men from the cutter had escorted him five days' journey to Pasombe, which would not probably be more than fifty miles, and at Pamquinda we had seen the men who took him from Pasombe a day's march to Maleeway. Marenga had heard of him being at Connigipoonda, somewhere beyond Pasombe, and probably some distance. He stated that he never cautioned Livingstone not to advance, or warned him of the Mavite, who, he says, are some distance to the north of Kotakota Bay. He also told us that Karrymaksura had been driven away since by the Ajawahs, and was some distance off in the mountains. He next showed us some cloth and cartridge-cases which Livingstone had given him. They proved to be exactly the same as those we had seen on the other side of the lake. A few minutes after he remembered some medicine he had received from Livingstone, and asked us if we would like to see it. On being answered in the affirmative, he sent one of his wives for the parcel, and she soon returned with several packages of different powders made up in paper, which turned out to be pages from "The Nautical

Almanack for 1866." This fixed the date beyond a doubt.

Marenga now took a long pull at the pombé, and underwent another operation. Mr. Young then presented him with some cloth, beads, and a red cap, which delighted him beyond measure; and, having first carefully examined the articles and placed the cap on his head, he called on his wives to thank us. This they did by clapping their hands, and making a shrill noise with their mouths, wagging their tongues at a tremendous pace. This row was continued for several minutes, and amused us much. We invited him to come and see the boat, and he accepted our invitation. Taking Mr. Young's arm on one side and mine on the other, this Babisa chief staggered along, laughing and joking all the way. We looked like a couple of "the force" taking home a drunken man. Six of his wives, by order, accompanied him to the boat, and when we reached her these ladies took their lord and master in their arms, and lifted him over the gunwale, while two who followed him sat down in the bows. Guns, pistols, &c.—in fact everything in the boat—had to be shown to the chief, and those articles which he admired most he did not hesitate to ask for. He took a great fancy to my cornet and double rifle, and it was some time before I succeeded in assuring him that he was not likely to get either. Being particularly struck by some towels that were lying out, he had the cheek to put them round his neck and make them his own. However, we were not to be done, and made him put them back.

While Marenga sat in the boat hundreds were crammed all round up to their waists in water, and the shore was crowded. Standing up he called for silence, and in an instant every voice was hushed, while, with difficulty preserving his equilibrium, in which he was assisted by his two wives, he thus addressed his sooty audience—

"The English are good; they are my friends and yours; they never put the stick (alluding to the slave stick) on the necks of my people as the Arabs do."

This speech was followed by a loud and prolonged clapping of hands. Marenga was then lifted out of the boat as tenderly and carefully as he had been put into it, and we all walked towards the village. Seven cows were driven up to the chief, and he showed them to us, saying, "These are mine; choose whichever one you like, and make one of your men shoot it for you."

Moloka, who was beside me, asked the chief if he should shoot the cow; and being told to do so, went to the boat for his gun, and in a few minutes the fattest of Marenga's cattle was shot. The chief expressed his satisfaction at the clever way in which Moloka did his part, having killed the cow by a shot in the brain. Perpetual drumming, singing, and dancing were kept up here during the chief's stay, the men performing one half of the day and the women the other. It was kept up in the same way all through the night. These were the drums we heard last night while in the marsh. The drums are formed of a hollow cylinder of wood, from two to three feet long, and from one to two feet in diameter, covered with skin, the

favourite skin being the split ear of an elephant. They are made of different sizes, and have consequently different tones, and are beaten with the palm of the hand, both hands being used. The drum is supported between the knees, one end resting on the ground. It is wonderful the time these people keep, and the different tunes they play. Here they had from fifteen to twenty going together.

In the evening I attended the concert. The women were performing, and I was much amused. By particular desire I brought the cornopean, and played a few airs for them. They were very careful that when they played two tunes without stopping for me, I should in my turn play the same number for them.

This is the Babisa tribe, and they are certainly the finest men and women I have seen in the country. Many of the young women are fairly good-looking, and they were all more sociable and agreeable than any we had been amongst, being very jolly, and having an abundance of high spirits.

Sleep at night was quite out of the question, on account of the row ashore, which never ceased till morning.

So far, no doubt can be entertained concerning the safety of Livingstone, and the lies told by those dastardly and degraded Johanna men.

We left Marenga on the afternoon of the 20th September. A light but changeable breeze took us along our course for an hour, steering for Cape Maclear. At the termination of that time a dead calm followed, which lasted about half an hour, when

hoary-headed seas were seen to the south-east, and it was evident that something stiff was coming up. Everything was snug when this sudden squall, which came hissing on with white horses in its wake, struck us. It soon increased, and, with the exception of having a lee shore, everything seemed to predict a repetition of what we had gone through but a few days since. The coast was rocky, and in most places precipitous. It was resolved to make for one of the points of Cape Maclear about five miles ahead, and try to get shelter there, but failing this, to run to the lee side of Tumbi or Domwe Island, till the approaching storm should have blown over.

On rounding the point, which we experienced some difficulty in weathering, a high sea running at the time, a beautiful little harbour, with a sandy beach of about a hundred yards, presented itself. Great rocks on both sides of the beach, jutting out some distance to sea, formed a natural harbour that the cleverest engineers would have found it difficult to match. Outside of this the sea was raging, within it was smooth as a pond. The sudden appearance of this charming little spot, as we flew round the rocky point, which from its contour, as well as that of the coast we were making, gave no hope of shelter, elicited a hearty cheer from all on board. So we put in here, and though it was blowing hard, the atmosphere was clear, and the sun shining on us; the high mountains at our back affording perfect shelter from the wind that roared above their heads and ours. Everyone set to work to make himself at home till a fair wind should again favour us,

and I, as usual whenever there was time, went for a stroll in the adjacent jungles.

Running parallel to the shore there is a flat tract of ground about half a mile broad, reaching to the base of the hills, and covered with light forest. As I walked alone down this I found several open glades, in which the grass had been burned, the young shoots affording the favourite food of the antelope in this country. The hills, as I neared them in my wanderings, seemed to be formed of immense masses of detached rock, in the fissures of which small trees and thick underwood were nourished. As it was late I did not ascend the hills, but contented myself with exploring the flats. On entering one of the glades, where the new grass stood about a foot high, I saw two gazelles feeding at the far end, and in the centre. I stalked to the edge of the wood, within a hundred and fifty yards of them, and finding I could get no nearer, sat down to watch them. They were feeding past me, and I was struck with the unsuspicious way in which they trod the open. Often have I watched an old stag feeding under similar circumstances, but how different was his manner! He would take a bite or two, and then look all round him and listen before again tasting the delicious morsel, always on the *qui vive*, as

> "Proudly then his neck he bent
> To cross the grassy mound,
> Yet still a watchful ear he lent
> To every passing sound."

These beautiful specimens of the small African antelopes took their customary feed without fear of interruption.

The yelp of the hound, or the sharp crack of the hunter's rifle, never disturbs the usually wary animals that are the sole inhabitants of these woods. Finding that they were increasing the distance between us, and knowing that our party were relying upon my rifle for fresh meat, I determined to risk a shot. So, taking a steady aim, I fired at the hindermost, as it offered the best mark at the time. The bullet from Rigby 10 sped true, and the gazelle fell dead. Its mate, startled by the report of the rifle, a sound it had in all probability never heard before, ran a few yards; but finding its companion was not following, pulled up again, and stood gazing intently at the smoke. The rifle was soon levelled, and having put up the two hundred yards sight, I drew a fine bead and fired. As if untouched, the antelope ran straight towards me. I fancied I had made a clean miss, and hurried to place a fresh cartridge in the breech of my rifle, but there were still a hundred long yards between us, when the gazelle staggered and fell. On examination I found that the ball had entered the chest, and passed out behind the right shoulder. It seemed a miracle to me that any animal of so diminutive a size could have gone so far with such a wound. Carrying it over, I placed it alongside the first I had killed, and found that the ball had passed through both shoulder-blades of the latter.

Leaving them, I continued my walk, but had not gone far when, crossing a spot where the ashes of some lately-burned grass covered the ground, I saw the fresh footsteps of two men. Their tracks led towards the hills, and I observed by the appearance of the

marks that they had been running, probably frightened by my gun. At once conceiving the idea of catching them, and if possible making them carry home my gazelles, I followed up their spoor as if they had been game, through the woods and up the hills. When I got amongst the large blocks of rock I lost the tracks, and commenced a retreat; but when near the foot of the hill I heard a cough a little in front of me, and peering through the forest saw two natives sitting on a rock, with both bows and arrows. I approached them cautiously, and they did not see me till within some forty yards of them. The moment they perceived me they both jumped to their feet, but seeing I was alone, stood their ground. I felt a little uncomfortable as I saw them fiddling with their bows and arrows, and resolved that in case they should attempt fitting an arrow to the bow, they should not have the first shot. I stood still when within thirty yards of them, when they said something which I could not understand. I told them I was an Englishman, but they made no reply. I then said, "Nyama waffa" (game, or, literally, meat, is dead). As they seemed a little nervous, I laid down my rifle and approached them. When I had got within fifteen yards, they moved off the rock, and as they seemed inclined to bolt, I stood still, and saying, "Zacoonoo, zacoonoo" (Come here, come here), turned towards where I had left the rifle. They pointed to me to go on, and as I did so they followed.

While walking along to where I had left the gazelles, with these men about twenty yards behind me—for I looked back every five yards, to see

what they were about, and to beckon them on —a reedbock was startled out of some long grass close to their feet, and as he ran away I took a shot at him, and had the good luck to kill him, rolling him over like a hare. Both men rushed on him immediately and took him up. I never saw anything like the way they stared at and examined me when I came near. As I approached them I clapped my hands, according to their custom, and they replied in the same way. I now knew there was nothing to fear, and promising them saloo (cloth), beckoned them to follow me. We soon arrived at the spot where the two gazelles lay, and in a few minutes the two men were dancing and singing round them like maniacs. Again I made them understand that if they would help to carry the nyama home they would be paid, and I was soon wending my way to camp with a gazelle and rifle on my own back, the men carrying the other gazelle and reedbock between them. My arrival was signalized by a general rejoicing, but Moloka gave me a long lecture on the danger of traversing these jungles alone, or without a man well acquainted with the language. He said these people would not only take your gun, but even the clothes off you, and if you attempted to object they would not hesitate to kill you. However, he concluded his remarks by saying, "it was well done." It blew hard all night, and the following day. Towards evening I took another stroll, but without success, only seeing a gazelle a long way off, and failing to come to terms with it. However, between Marenga's cow and the relay of antelope, all in camp were gorged, so I did not fret much about it.

I saw during my walk a large quantity of guinea-fowl, and plenty of old buffalo spoor, but none fresh. They had evidently been there during the rains. Returning by the shore I observed a dark object a long way ahead on the white sand, and on examining it with the glass found it was a huge alligator. He was lying asleep, with his mouth wide open, within a few feet of the water's edge. I tried to stalk him, but failed, as, hearing the crack of a twig which I carelessly trod upon, he plunged into the water with wonderful vivacity and disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

At Anchor—The Lake in a Storm—Beautiful Antelope—Village of Pampemba—Out in search of Sport—The Koodoo—Mr. Young's Want of Sympathy with the Sportsman—Again in the Shiré—Regret at leaving Lake Nyassa—Mapoonda—Visit of the Chief's Mother—Further Information respecting Livingstone—Falsehood of the Johanna-men's Story—A Curious Character—Medicine Charms—A Charmed Way of Loading—Kindness and Hospitality of the Old Hunter and his Wives—Pamalombe Lake—Hearty Reception from Old Friends—Zebras and Pallahs—Exciting Buffalo Chase—Arrival at Maramia.

AT night the wind shifted to the westward, and blew harder than ever, compelling us to clear and beach the boat again. This was done under precisely the same circumstances as those already described at Pamquinda, with the exception that a large alligator had not made his appearance in the vicinity of the latter place. However, as alligators have abundance of fish in the lake, and therefore don't eat men, we gave my friend but little thought. The next morning was lovely, and the wind having returned to the south-east, we were once more in perfect shelter, but it was still blowing hard. However, the boat was again launched and stowed, and Mr. Young said he would

take me to the point of Cape Maclear, where the Island Domwe almost joins the mainland, and wait there while I walked round the shore. Malourie (one of the Makololos) accompanied me; but game seemed to have deserted this part entirely during the summer. There was nothing to be seen.

Arriving at the end of the sandy beach, the point of Cape Maclear rose abruptly from the lake to a height of some hundred feet. I endeavoured to reach the top in order to get a reading of one aneroid, while I left the other below, but it was quite impossible. I never saw such huge masses of rock piled up in the way they are here. I only succeeded in reaching an altitude of six hundred feet, when I could get no further, and had to return. From where I did get to, the view of Nyassa was magnificent. Directly under me, bearing north, and to the west, the water was smooth and blue; while to the south-east the lake bore a totally different appearance. Its waters, driven by a fierce south-east wind, were breaking with fury along the western shore, and dashing the spray to a great height against the precipitous cliffs, which I perceived plainly with the naked eye to the southward of my position. I saw the *Search* sailing quietly along, till, passing between the island and mainland, she rounded the cape, and suddenly finding herself in a high sea, and with a head wind, put back for shelter, and anchored in a small nook close under where I stood.

I now returned to the boat. In the afternoon the gale went suddenly down, and a fair wind from the north-west springing as suddenly up, we were off in an

instant. Sailing through a narrow space between the rocks of the island and those of the mainland, we rounded Cape Maclear, when the wind, ever changeable, again shifted to the south-east, and came up rather fresh. With the glasses I observed a nice harbour and sandy beach among the rocks, about five miles ahead, and it was determined to reach it if possible, knowing that if it came on too heavy we could easily run back to certain shelter. However, the breeze remaining steady, four hours' beating brought us to the end of our day's work.

This succession of harbours is really wonderful, and certainly convenient. From one or two things we picked up or saw at most of them, we perceived that they were used for fishing-places by the natives; but since we left Marenga we have seen no sign of a human being, save the two men described. We observed also the remains of an old fishing-net, a canoe, and in one instance a hut; but none of these had been used for a year, if not more. Have the poor Manganja been driven away from hence also?

I took my customary walk in the evening, but saw nothing save some monkeys, though from numerous old tracks of elephants it was evident that they visited these parts at certain seasons.

The next morning was rough in the extreme, and a heavy gale prevented us starting at an early hour. On the south side of our harbour was a point from the extremity of which an abrupt cliff rose to the height of two hundred feet, and seeing no hope of a start before noon, I determined on endeavouring to reach its summit. After a toilsome, clambering walk

of more than an hour, I found myself on its most lofty pinnacle, almost directly over the water. The scene was charming. The high wind had cleared away all the smoke and haze from the hills on the opposite shore, and they stood out in bold relief against the azure sky. Far to the southward the rock-bound island of Boazuru rose alone in the lake, defying all the fury of the raging waters, as, recoiling from the stout barrier opposed to them, they sent their white spray high in the air; and beyond the island the broad arm of the lake from which the Shiré flows might be seen. To the north and south the lake itself was one mass of foam, and the wind being from the south-east, the great swells came hissing along, dashing with fury against the base of the cliff, and seeming to vie with each other as to which should first climb its almost perpendicular side, and kiss my feet. But in the midst of all this turbulence and agitation peace reigned supreme—in one quiet spot, at least. The very rock on which I was standing was the outmost guard of the breakwater, which shielded a little bay from the angry wind and seas. Turning thither, all was calm indeed. The blue water, with the *Search* sleeping on its bosom, was without a ripple, save when every now and then a gust, cannoning from hill to hill, rushed down a gorge, and disturbed the surface of the lake for a moment. Further to the northward the majestic promontory of Cape Maclear opposed the onset of the storm, and firm and calm itself, looked down in rebuke on the rude invaders that were recklessly dashing themselves against its base. The whole scene was truly

splendid, and I could not help regretting that in a day or two we were to leave this beautiful lake, perhaps for ever.

Having enjoyed myself admiring the picture for nearly an hour, I descended the hill by another route; but I experienced, if possible, more difficulty ere I reached the bottom than I had in the ascent. Shortly after I had regained the flat and wooded tract beneath, a bush-bock rushed from grass about three feet high, through which I was steering my course for the boat, and I luckily killed him, the ball entering the loin, and passing out through the opposite side. I was soon in camp, and Moloka and a couple of men returned with me for the buck, and brought him home.

About noon the storm began to decrease rapidly, and all were talking of a start. Grub was hastily cooked, and directly it was over we were off with but little wind—a heavy swell, the natural effect of the recent gale, pitching us about. However, there was no broken water, and it did us no harm.

As we sailed along, we passed one or two other bays, similar to that we had left, and on the sandy beach of one were two herds of waterbuck. I should have liked to have landed and tried my luck, but time would not permit. At three o'clock it was dead calm, and the Makololos were again at the oars. After a couple of hours' pull we were abreast of another bay and beach, and as there was no appearance of a good landing-place further on, we landed, and prepared the bivouac.

Shortly after landing I took Malourie and a spare

gun, and went in quest of sport. The hills have left us now, and the country is flat for miles inland, with here and there small patches of wood and an odd swamp. I had walked a long way without seeing anything, and as it was getting late, was about returning, when I saw a beautiful antelope feeding near a narrow strip of swamp. A careful stalk brought me to within sixty yards of him, and I fired the rifle, but to my surprise the animal ran away apparently untouched. He entered the swamp, and was lost to sight in the long reeds; but he soon reappeared on the opposite side, and pulled up to look round. I considered the distance to be about two hundred yards, and adjusting the sight of my rifle to that range, took a steady shot, and to my delight, and the astonishment of the Makololo who accompanied me, he fell in his tracks. On examining the antelope, I found the first shot had hit him with good elevation, but too far back, while the last had passed through both shoulders. He was in splendid condition, and a distinctly different animal from any I had hitherto seen; height at shoulder three feet four inches, spiral horns twenty-one inches, slightly curved forward, skin of a greyish colour, and covered with white spots, belly white.

It was now late, so taking the head I returned to camp, and started early next morning for the skin and meat. On my return with these, I was thoroughly disgusted to find that one of the Makololos had knocked off the horns from the head, thus spoiling this beautiful specimen of what I was inclined to believe would have turned out a new antelope. Shortly

after my return we sailed. As the wind was ahead, we had a slow, beating run, reaching a village called Pambemba, in another sheltered bay, at 4.30 P.M. This village is nearly opposite Boazuru Island. Crowds immediately came to see us, but none showed any signs of fear. All were civil, and brought us rice, fowls, Indian corn, and pombé for sale. Though we ourselves appeared to be nothing new to the people, it was not so with our boat and arms, about which they exhibited the usual amount of curiosity and surprise. The cornopean, too, was a great source of amusement to the astonished natives. The chief soon came to us, and told us that he had seen a white man about a year ago at Mapoonda, where he had been staying on a visit with that chief. He was unable, however, to give us much information about him. He stated, in answer to my inquiries, that there was plenty of game in these parts, including elephants, buffalo, and antelope. On receiving this information, I got the guns ready, and taking Moloka and a guide provided by the chief, started for the jungles in rear of the village. As we went along, my guide informed me that the elephant ground was a long way off, and that it was too late now to go there, but that he thought he could show me some ngoma, which the natives call the koodoo (*strepsiuras kudu*), before dark. After crossing, in rear of the village, about half a mile of ground, which was cultivated with Indian corn and cotton, we entered a stunted forest, where the footprints of different kinds of antelope were to be seen almost at every step, showing an abundance of those animals. Prominent amongst

these was that of the koodoo, by far the most noble and beautiful, though by no means the largest antelope in Africa; and it was not long before I found myself unexpectedly within a hundred and twenty yards of five of them. One was a fine buck, who, with his grey hide beautifully striped with white, and his large spiral horns, stood in the midst of four females, all ranging full on in line, and gazing intently in the direction from which I was coming. We saw each other almost at the same instant, and one of the does turned sharply round and disappeared. It was all but a matter of a second to draw a bead on the chest of the fine buck and fire. He fell where he stood; and as the others turned to fly, I took a snap-shot at one of them, but it ran away as if untouched.

I was much pleased at obtaining this fine specimen of a male koodoo, as I had looked forward with more anxiety to killing these animals than almost any other in Africa. Having cut off the head, I handed it over to the native who accompanied me, and followed up the track of the female. A walk of a few yards showed she had been hit. Large red drops of blood lay in her wake, and we hurried on. I soon observed her walking quietly along about fifty yards in front of me, and it required the greatest caution to keep within that distance of her unperceived, till she should turn one way or the other, and offer a more favourable shot. At last she did pull up, turning broadside on to me, but with all the cunning of these wary animals guarding her entire shoulder with a stout tree close to which she stood. I took a steady aim at

the ear, a measure I should have hesitated to adopt had the head borne a fine pair of horns instead of an ugly pair of ears, and fired. Rigby again did its work, and the doe bit the dust. On examination I found that the bullet had gone through the head, literally smashing the skull to pieces. My sole object in killing this animal was that I might have specimens of the skin of both sexes.

As it was now growing dark, I found it necessary to leave the skins where they were till morning, and accordingly returned. Within a hundred yards of where I had killed the last animal, a bush-bock ran past me at a distance of seventy yards, but I missed him, the ball passing over his back in a good line. On my way to the boat, and not very far from the village, I saw the fresh spoor of elephants and buffalo, but it was too late to dream of trying to follow them up that night.

On reaching home I was informed that an early start was in contemplation for the following morning, a guide to Mapoonda having been provided by the chief. I asked for a day, as I fancied we had plenty of time, and I knew elephants were not far; but it could not be spared. I then reduced my application to half that time, in order to fetch the koodoo skins; but that request could not be complied with either. I discovered on this occasion that a man who is not a sportsman himself must not be expected to sympathise with lovers of the chase; and I must confess I retired to rest a little, if not very much annoyed. I tried to get some of the men to come with me for the koodoo skins during the night, but as they

would not do so without orders, I had to give up the idea.

Though we were to have sailed at 4.30 A.M., for certain, it was 7.30 before all were in the boat and off. A nice breeze from the east by south took us along for a couple of hours, but at 9.30 the oars were again at work. A few minutes after 10 A.M. we entered the Shiré. As we left that beautiful Lake Nyassa, the Makololos cheered heartily, and bid it good-bye, saying they didn't want to see it any more; and they were joined by some in the boat in this display of joy. My feelings were those of deep regret at having seen so little of it, and I was sorry to bid it farewell without completing the discovery of its northern limits. As it disappeared from my gaze, I made a firm resolution to return, if possible, at some future period.

A short distance from the mouth of the river, an extensive village on the west bank was pointed out by our guide as Mapoonda—only one of many belonging to the chief of that name, who, he said, was very powerful. The banks were crowded with natives, but further than that our approach created no sensation. Doubtless they had all seen us go by when on our way to the lake, but we had not stopped here before. On landing we asked for the chief, and were informed that he was absent, having gone, about four months ago, with four large tusks to buy cloth from the Arabs. A man, however, who seemed to have some influence over the natives, and was evidently their spokesman, said that Mapoonda's mother lived in a village a little way off, and he volunteered to

go and tell her of our arrival, adding that, though she was an old woman, she would be sure to come and see us. He was instructed to go, and in about an hour, during which time I amused myself with the crowd of curious darkies, the chief's mother arrived, waited upon by fifteen women. She was old, infirm, and much bent, walking with the assistance of a stick. The old lady brought us a present, consisting of several baskets of flour and two large pots of pombé, in return for which she was presented with a quantity of beads, and some pieces of cloth of various colours, and received them with much gratitude.

Having heard the cause of our visit, she expressed her regret at the temporary absence of her son, and told us that a white man (giving the usual description of Livingstone) had been here about a year since, and remained some days with the chief. She said that he had a dog with him, which had two tails. This amused us much, but she was positive it was true, saying she had seen it several times, and she called on her women to corroborate her statement, which they did, all swearing to the two-tailed dog! She gave a similar description of the men who accompanied Livingstone to that we had obtained in other villages, and stated that one of his boys had been left behind by his master in consequence of his having sore feet. This boy's name was Waikatani, and he had accompanied Mapoonda on his journey. Some books and other articles had been left in her charge by him; and promising to procure these for our inspection, a messenger was sent for them.

Livingstone, she said, had gone to Marenga. When told of his reported murder, she laughed at the idea, saying such an act could not have been perpetrated without coming to the ears of her son, who was a powerful chief, and would have at once gone to war with any tribe guilty even of insult to the white man, who was very good and a great friend of her son's. The Johanna men had returned and passed through her village. When told that these men had reported that Mapoonda had taken their guns from them, she seemed very angry, denied that such a thing had been done, and called them "lying cowards;" evincing much indignation that such a charge should be brought against her son. The messenger soon returned and brought with him a book called "First Footsteps of Knowledge," on the fly-leaf of which was written, "This book belongs to Waikatani—Bombay, December, 1864;" on another page, "Waikatani from Dr. Wilson."

There could be no doubt of the veracity of the old lady's statements, but fearing we did not believe her, she again called upon her ladies in waiting for corroboration, and they all went through the performance of swearing to their truth. This was done by kissing the ground, rubbing themselves with clay, and beating their breasts and heads for a considerable time. She then retired with her train, saying she would return to-morrow. The only thing remaining now was to ascertain the exact spot where Livingstone crossed the Shiré. All agreed it was not here, as he had come to this village along the west bank.

About five o'clock I started, accompanied by Chin-

soro, for a short ramble, in the hope of getting a shot at some kind of antelope, as the men in the village said there were plenty of nyama (literally meat, but used by the natives for all small antelopes). In rear of the village, and running parallel to the river, is a flat plain covered with long grass, about half a mile in breadth, where it is joined by the low thick forests which run down from the hills. My route lay across this plain, and I had scarcely gone half way over it, when hearing footsteps hurrying after me, I looked round, and saw an extraordinary figure in the shape of a native sportsman striding over the ground, evidently in haste to overtake me. I waited for him, and as he came up, making all sorts of strange grimaces, and bowing and scraping, I could not help laughing heartily at the unexpected apparition. He was about six feet four inches in height, his limbs and neck, which were long and thin, giving him a ridiculously lanky appearance. A high fez, so old and greasy that one never could have believed that its colour had once been red, adorned his head, and he carried a rusty gun about six feet long. Many belts, pouches, bags, and knives of different sizes encircled his waist, and his powder-horn hung from his neck. His face, breast, arms, and back were scarred in an extraordinary manner. Around his wrists he wore several rings of what appeared to be some root recently dug from the ground, and the stock of his gun was so covered with the same article, that it was a mystery to me how he could shoot with it. I found, on putting this trusty weapon to my shoulder, that I could not bring my eye to

bear on the barrels, but the crane-like neck of my friend doubtless easily overcame that difficulty. Almost my first question was, "What are these things for?" I was informed that they were "medicine;" those on the gun guaranteeing straight shooting, while what he wore on his face and neck shielded him from the paw of the angry lion or the tusks of a furious elephant. He expressed his surprise that I ventured among the denizens of the forest without these charms.

He also lost no time in informing me that he was a great hunter, and that the lever, or buffalo, invariably ran from him. This I could quite understand, as his personal appearance was not sufficiently prepossessing to warrant their courting his society. He had heard, he said, that I was a great hunter, who had killed many elephants and buffaloes, and he had come from his village, where he was chief, to see me, and hunt with me if I would permit him. Of course I could not refuse such a condescension on his part, and having told him I should feel honoured by his society, he untied one of his bags and drew therefrom half a dozen eggs, which he begged I would accept, assuring me at the same time that they were fresh. He then gave a "tooee," loud enough to drive all the game in terror from the surrounding hills, and immediately a creature almost entirely composed of legs and arms rose like a "Jack-in-the-box" amongst the long reeds some hundred yards behind, and with a few strides, during which, from his peculiar gait, it would be hard to say whether he was walking on his legs or arms, came up to us. The hunter intro-

duced him to me as his son, and a large leather bag which he carried on his shoulder was speedily opened, revealing a dozen more eggs and several heads of Indian corn, which were added to the elaborate present I had already received. The only thing I happened to have with me wherewith to repay his kindness was what I felt certain my new friend would value most. So, taking my powder-horn, I measured him a dozen charges, and these were quickly transferred to a neatly-carved cylindrical wooden box, one of two that hung from his neck. I never saw a man so grateful for anything. "Cloth," he said, "is no use to me; but oongar! oongar! (powder! powder!) is hard to get." He asked me to come the following day and drink pombé with him, when he would give me some more eggs. "Now," said he, "the nyama are feeding, so let us go on. I will show some, and my wives want meat." And having ordered the urchin home, he took the lead, beckoning me to follow.

We soon entered the thick jungle at the far side of the plain, and passing through it some distance, arrived at the edge of an open space. This glade appeared to be about half a mile in length, and a little less in breadth. I stood for a minute or two carefully scanning the ground, and as I did so several antelopes walked out of the forest on the opposite side, and commenced feeding quietly towards me. On examining them with the glass, I saw they were pallahs *(œpyceros melampus)*, and the herd, led by a fine buck, were evidently feeding across this open ground towards the river. I resolved to lie in wait for

them, though my friend strongly urged that I should go round to the other side at once. I felt certain that they were going to drink at the river, and concealed myself in a favourable position, as they walked quietly along towards me. They soon formed Indian file, led by the buck, which was the only one among seven. When this handsome animal was within forty yards of me, I raised my rifle and covered his chest; but as I did so a hand was gently laid on my shoulder, and looking round, I saw the hunter full length on the ground at my back. He motioned to me not to fire, evidently afraid I should miss such a long shot. Just as he did so the buck pulled up, and stood looking straight at the bush behind which I was concealed. The does then came up one by one on either side of him, all their heads erect, and their ears cocked. Seeing I was discovered, or at least suspected, I lost no time in taking a steady aim and firing. The buck fell on the spot, and as the does turned to run I took a shot at the nearest, and evidently hit her, for she staggered two or three times as she went away. I soon found blood on her tracks, and the moment this was perceived by my friend he started off on the spoor at racing speed, yelling and shouting like a demon. I left the chase to him and returned to the buck. He was quite dead, and I have seldom seen a handsomer animal for his size. Height at withers three feet one inch; horns slighly lyrate, and nineteen inches long; colour bay, belly white, and in beautiful condition.

While examining him I heard a bang some distance off. This was instantly followed by another

series of yelling, and I made up my mind that the hunter chief had bagged the wounded doe. While skinning the buck, and when I had nearly completed that work, another shot burst upon my ears, and again the wild yells of this half man half demon followed the report: he seemed closer now than when he fired last. I finished my work, and after waiting some minutes in the hope that he would return, I gave a shrill whistle. Scarcely had I taken my fingers from my mouth when bang went another shot in the jungle, within a hundred yards of me; this not followed by the usual yells, but by a series of "cooees!" and an odd whistle. There was no doubt that the game was bagged. I was soon on the spot, and found, as I expected, he had killed the doe.

It was now nearly dark, and taking as much meat as we could, we turned towards camp. On the way home I questioned my fellow-sportsman on the extraordinarily noisy way he followed up his wounded game; and he informed me that whenever he wounded an animal, he always ran and shouted after it to make it go quickly, and if it was badly wounded it would soon become tired and lie down, and he never lost sight of the footprints. He only shouted a little at first, and then followed it up quietly. This seemed a very plausible idea, and in this instance it certainly had proved successful. "You must come," he said, "and shoot elephants to-morrow. It's a long way, but we are sure to find." This I promised to do, and I kept my word. By agreement I called at his village, about a mile and a half north of Mapoonda, at daylight. He was ready, and, ac-

cording to promise, presented me with eggs and pombé. Having introduced me to three of his wives, he brought out his long gun and loaded it. Holding the barrel in his left hand, he placed the muzzle at the back of his neck, and, having curled his right several times round his head, placed the charge in while the gun was in that position. This, he informed me, was a charmed way of loading, and that unless his "footy" (gun) was thus loaded, it invariably missed the mark! He could not understand why I did not load in the same manner, and he brought me several charms, which he requested me to put round my gun for the day, as the "jovo" (elephant) was a great and fierce animal. These, however, I declined.

After a long and hot day's work, during which we walked to Pambemba and back without seeing any fresh spoor of elephant or buffalo, when close to my guide's village, where I had an invitation to "a drum," we came upon a solitary water-buck feeding close to the river along whose banks we were returning. The hunter, at my request, stalked him. It was worth watching this wily sportsman as he crawled like a snake through the long grass. He got within some fifteen yards of the buck, after as clever a stalk as I have ever seen, and shot him dead in the head. I never saw anything like his pride at the performance, but he attributed his success solely to the "medicine." "No animals," said he, "ever run away from this," pointing to some of the stuff on his wrists, "and no gun can kill without these," alluding to the roots on the stock. Saying he would return

for the meat with his son when the moon had risen, he led the way home.

After sixteen hours' walking, I found myself once more in this jolly fellow's village. Nothing could exceed his kindness, and his wives paid me the greatest attention—arranging a new mat for me to sit on, bringing me pombé and fried fish, and subsequently fire for the pipe. He lived within a neat enclosure in the centre of his village. All the people came to see me, and have a good stare; but as I was very tired, and anxious to get home, I fear I did not amuse them much. Telling the chief I would give him a canister of powder in the morning, I bid him good-bye. "No," said he, "you must not go by yourself. It is dark; there are leopards" (called by these people nyaloogwe) "and lions in the woods, and you have no medicine on your gun." I tried to persuade him that I did not in the least fear returning alone, but it was of no avail, so shouldering his trusty piece, he led the way. On arriving at the boat, I gave him the powder I had promised, and nothing could exceed his gratitude. He said this would have been an ample present had he showed me the elephants, but now he did not deserve it, and having made me promise to return again, when he assured me there would be plenty of elephants, he went away. I quite took a fancy to this curious character, and regretted having to leave him.

We did not sail before noon next day, and as it was a dead calm, the Makololos had their work cut out. However, there is some current here to assist them. Pamalombe Lake was entered at 4 P.M., and we were

compelled to pull the whole way down it, as there was not a breath of air. After some difficulty in hitting off the mouth of the river, we again entered the Shiré. It was now pitch dark, save when the atmosphere was lighted up with some jungle fire. Knowing that the little fishing-village at which we spent a night on our way up was not far off, I played a tune or two on the cornopean. At the termination of one of them I was answered by a hearty cheer from many mouths not far ahead. Our old friends knew us, and there was little doubt that we should receive a hearty welcome for the night. As we drew near the spot, they lighted torches to guide us, and soon we were at anchor, the same old canoe being provided for our use to take us to and from the boat. The natives said they knew the music, and were glad we had got back. I had to play for them a long time. These people were really glad to see us again, and made many eager inquiries regarding our journey. They told us that the Mavite had been down to Maramia's shortly after we passed, and saying they had seen a boat go up the river, they asked that chief who and what we were. Maramia, they said, told them we were Portuguese, "to frighten them." This story, however, subsequently turned out to be false.

Early next morning we were off, without a breath of air, the Makololos just managing to keep steerage way on the boat. This was the 28th September, and as I knew the man-of-war could not arrive at the mouth of the river before the beginning of November, I made up my mind to leave the Expedition, and walk down, hoping to get some good sport. I com-

municated my ideas to Mr. Young, and asked him to let me have some cloth and beads to barter for provisions with the natives, as well as to pay porters from village to village. In reply, he told me that he meant to spend the night at Maramia's, and he would see what could be spared when he arrived there.

Taking two of the Makololos, I got out of the boat, and as it was early in the day, started to walk to Maramia's, hoping to get a shot on the way. The country on the west bank of the river seemed a vast plain as far as the eye could reach, but as it was a hazy day, I could not see far enough to be certain of its features beyond four miles. We passed through several patches of forest during the walk, and in each of these herds of pallah and bushbock were started from their mid-day slumbers; but as I had a long walk before me, I determined that nothing but buffalo or elephants should tempt me to delay. Besides, game is so plentiful all through this part of the country, that I felt certain I should have no difficulty in getting a shot towards evening, when near my destination. As I walked at a brisk pace over plain and through forest, I saw many tracks of buffalo and some elephant spoor, shewing that these animals had been down to the river during the previous night, but had gone into some remote and in all probability secluded jungles for the day. Several natives whom I met told me that the "jovo" drank at the river every night, driving away the buffalo, who were always there earlier. Sometimes they would go away early during the night, but at other times they would stay till morning, when they might be often seen

crossing the open plain in large herds. On one occasion some fresh elephant spoor almost tempted me to follow it up, but as I knew Mr. Young would be off early next morning, I relinquished the idea, and made up my mind to get to the boat as soon as possible, in order to have everything I wanted in readiness for the walk down to the mouth of the river. The day was very hot, and about three o'clock my men asked for a halt to rest. This was granted, and soon fires were made, and some meat brought by them from the boat was quickly roasted and dispatched. They now said they were tired and should have a sleep; so looking at my watch, I gave them half an hour for that purpose, and as we were in a patch of forest, I strolled about with my rifle.

Shortly after I left the party I saw a large herd of zebras, and stalked to within a hundred and twenty yards of them. These beautiful creatures were grazing in an open space in the sun, so I sat down to watch them. They knew nothing of my presence, and I might have easily killed any one of them, but I let them be; though had a fine pair of horns adorning the head of even the most graceful antelope stood before me, I would not have trusted myself to exercise so much forbearance. Two were busy biting each other's necks, while the remainder of the herd either grazed quietly around, or stood looking at two of their number that were chasing each other round the spot, their beautifully striped and sleek skins shining brightly in the sun. Time was pressing, and as I had to leave them, I put my fingers to my mouth, and gave a short shrill whistle. In an instant the whole of the startled

herd ran together, and with head erect and ears cocked stood in line, staring straight at the bush behind which I was concealed. Another whistle and they were off, galloping gracefully and speedily across the open plain to the forest on the opposite side, which they entered and were lost to sight.

I now made tracks for my party, as the time I had given them was nigh run out. Seven pallahs stood wondering at my sudden and novel appearance under a large baobab tree in the forest as I was hurrying back. They had seen me first, so I knew all chance of getting nearer to them was gone. I discerned an unusually fine buck in their midst, but he, too, was looking at me. I knelt down, knowing that were I to advance another yard they would be off at full speed, while by my remaining perfectly motionless, I fancied they would stare at me for some time, and then, if they suspected any danger, would move quietly off. It turned out as I expected. I had not been on my knees two minutes when the very buck I wanted to kill walked quietly out of the herd and moved slowly away, followed by the remainder of his family in single file. When he was about a hundred yards off, I determined to try my luck, and, taking a steady aim, fired. The buck fell to the shot, and the rest of the herd disappeared in an instant. On examination, I found that Rigby 10 had sent its heavy ball clean through both shoulder blades. I never had a rifle that shot so well or so hard as this. It invariably knocks out of time at once any animal that has the misfortune to come within its reach. I cut off this fine head, and placing it on my shoulder, continued

my walk. On my return I found my men ready to start, they having been roused by the shot. They tried hard to get permission to go and fetch some meat, but I refused, promising to shoot them some more before night; and as I told them the one I had just killed was an old buck, and had no mafoota (fat), which statement was to a great extent corroborated by the size of his horns, they said, "Tiende, tiende" (go on—go on), and were off.

Half an hour's walk brought me out of this strip of forest, and again I found myself traversing an extensive plain. Here the grass had been burned, and the waterbuck, pallahs, reedbock, and gazelles might be seen wherever I looked, as far as the eye could reach. I never saw such quantities of game anywhere. Stalking was quite out of the question, as there was not a bush to be seen, and all these animals were wary. Though the Makololo tried hard to get me to risk some long shots, or to endeavour to approach some fine buck, I did not yield to their entreaties, but continued my course. Shortly another belt of wood appeared ahead of us, and I fancied Máramia's could not be far in rear of it. I was walking along the river's bank, and close to a native village, when I climbed to the top of a high "ant-hill," and surveyed the surrounding country with the binoculars. The plain was almost crossed, and an extensive forest, covering the country to the water's edge, was but a mile ahead. Everywhere, as I looked over the plain, herds of antelope were to be seen. The glasses now showed me that there were many hartebeest among their number.

While thus engaged Moloka, who had mounted

another ant-hill, attracted my attention, beckoning me to come to him. I was soon at his side, and pointing to a black mass on the plain, apparently within a few yards of the verge of the forest, he said, "That jovo." However, I soon discovered that they were not elephants, but buffalo, and there seemed to be at least a hundred of them. There was no excuse for me now. It was on our way, and I had promised to kill meat. But how were they to be approached? Certainly not by crossing the plain, as I should soon be discovered, and they would be off; and it would have taken an hour or more to make a circuit of this open space and reach the forest. The idea struck me that if I could obtain a canoe at the village, I might get below them in a few minutes, and as the bank was high, should run no risk of being discovered. I communicated this idea to Moloka, and he simply replied, "Good! good! Come quick! Suppose we catch canoe!"

We were soon in the village. Many of the people, who had been watching our movements for some time, mèt us and said we were welcome. They told us the boat had gone down long since, but though they had asked them to stop they had not done so. As I had no time for talking, I asked for a canoe, which was at once placed at my disposal for two charges of gunpowder, and the promise of some meat should I succeed in killing a buffalo. Two men, probably the owners of the craft, volunteered to accompany me. I must confess I did not feel at all comfortable in this native "man-of-war." It was very long, narrow, and giddy. However, there was nothing else for it, so

having got the guns and everything ready for an engagement with the buffaloes, I placed the shooting irons in the bottom, and then sat down myself. We were off in an instant, these men sending the canoe along like lightning.

Having reached the forest tract, I was landed, and keeping up a little so as to make the wind more favourable, started for the edge of the wood, where I hoped to find my friends. Moloka alone was permitted to accompany me, carrying the breech-loader and a spare gun, while I, as usual, determined to open the ball with the gumtickler. On nearing the outside trees I had the gratification to hear a short bellow. Moloka and I looked at each other, both knowing what it was. In a few seconds more I stood by a stout tree within two yards of the open plain, and within seventy yards of this splendid herd of buffalo. Most of them were lying down, while some stood sleepily, or nipped the green shoots of grass around. As I looked at them two or three more lay down. They were evidently afraid to go far from the forest till the sun was lower.

It was now about five o'clock, and as I had no time to spare, I determined to commence hostilities at once. The largest bull was lying down in the middle of the herd, but several very fair ones were scattered about. I was just going to fire at one which was within something like eighty yards of me, and offered a fair shot, when the same animal charged a young and much smaller bull, nearly knocking him over. Nothing daunted the "young 'un" came quickly to the scratch, and both stood with heads lowered within

twenty yards of each other, neither moving a muscle. Simultaneously they charged again, and the shock must have been tremendous, as their foreheads, clad with horny armour, crashed together, for the young bull fell back on his haunches, recoiling from the blow, while the larger staggered back a yard or two.

I was determined to see this splendid fight out at any price. Several of the herd seemed to take intense interest in it, and stood at a respectful distance, looking at these gladiators of the forest, but the majority of them heeded not the squabble. Time after time they charged each other with determined ferocity, and each charge brought the smaller to the ground. I never saw anything like his pluck. In their last collision, which was not so violent as those that preceded it, they locked their horns; a position in which the small bull had no chance. He was violently driven back, still opposing his adversary, into the midst of the herd, where it seemed to me that some of the old hands tried to put a stop to such a display of bad feeling among their number.

"Shoot that 'nyati grandy'" (big buffalo), said Moloka, pointing to a very fair bull which I had not seen before, as it walked out from the herd and stood broadside on about seventy yards from me. He was answered by a roar from the gum-tickler, and the startled herd came on full tilt, some straight at us, and others on either side, seeking their forest haunts, and but little knowing in what direction the shot was fired or that they were running into the jaws of danger. Moloka hugged the tree, but showed no symptoms of decamping. A cow which was racing

straight on to us was stopped by the second barrel of the gumtickler with a bullet in the forehead just below the horn, and she fell dead, another tumbling over her, as if she had also been shot; but quickly recovering herself, she was making away to my left, when the right barrel of Rigby 10 "hove her to." She stopped, and spun round, not knowing what had happened. The instant she was steady I fired the remaining barrel at her neck, close to the head, and she fell dead. Moloka quickly placed the third gun in my hands, but nothing was to be seen save the two dead buffaloes, one in front, about twelve yards from me, and the other on my left, about twenty.

But what had become of the bull? I knew I hit him, but from the instant I pulled the trigger I had not seen him, and he had not fallen in sight. The herd had gone, scattering themselves all over the place, and I had no idea which side to look for his tracks. The men from the canoe meantime came running up, and commenced dancing round the fallen game. I made Moloka tell them of the wounded bull, and we all scattered about in search of anything that might lead us to discover which way he had gone. I returned to the spot in which he stood when I fired at him, and tracked him distinctly into the forest, but there was not a sign of blood, and his marks were soon obliterated by the hoof-prints of some dozen others. Just then, however, when the case seemed almost hopeless, I observed a small speck of blood on a dry leaf, and a little further on quantities of it on a tree against which the beast had rubbed as he passed. A soft whistle brought Moloka to my side, and having

re-loaded the gumtickler, and seen that the other guns were ready, I ordered the men to amuse themselves in cutting up a buffalo as noiselessly as possible, while Moloka and I followed after the wounded bull. The tracking was difficult at first, in consequence of the number of tracks, but I soon discovered that he had left the herd and taken a line of his own. This was a good sign. The road he took led us into some very thick underwood, and we went slowly and cautiously along.

A smart and sudden rush within twenty yards of me was the only notice I got of one of the most furious charges I have ever seen. In his wild onset I could not discern head from tail. As if instinctively the gumtickler once more roared, and the bull rolled over, heels over head, coming down with a tremendous thump on the ground. Moloka said he was not dead, and recommended caution in approaching him. He was completely hidden from my sight by the underwood where he lay. Though I felt sure he had fallen to rise no more, by the manner in which he turned over, I had not the remotest idea where I had hit him. I could not recollect having seen his head when I fired, but only a huge black mass coming straight at me. I knew, however, I had fired at the nearest visible point. Quickly re-loading, I stood ready for several minutes, and hearing no movement on the part of the fallen bull, nor indeed any noise save the distant, discordant yells of the savages at their work of butchery, I approached the spot where he lay. He was quite dead, lying with his tail in the direction in which he had been charging but

a few minutes since. The first work was to find the bullet-hole. There was one large wound visible in his side, but I knew it was the first shot. I found that the shot which killed him had struck him on the upper part of the neck, a little more than half way between the head and shoulders. A search for the bullet followed, and bits of it were taken from the dislocated vertebræ. This was a finer bull than I had fancied, and it was indeed a lucky shot. Moloka shouted "Zacoono!" (come here), and I whistled for my men. They were soon up, and the head of the bull and the tails of the three buffaloes were taken by them. They loaded themselves also with as much meat as they could carry, the remainder of the dainty morsels, save a couple of marrow bones which I carried for myself, being placed at the disposal of the good villagers who had provided the canoe.

I reached a small deep river at the back of Maramia's about eight o'clock, and being ferried across by some of his men in one of their rickety crafts, arrived at the boat, which was anchored some distance below that chief's village, a little after nine, having had a long walk; but as the sport had been good, I can hardly say I felt fatigued.

CHAPTER VIII.

Providing the Natives with Meat—Moloka, Chinsoro, and Native Sportsmen—On the Spoor of Elephants—Sufferings from Thirst—Bowled over—Accident to Gumtickler—Successful Sport—Fine Gemsbock—A Scene of Wild Life—Surgical Operation on a Wounded Boy—Walk to Pamafunda—I leave the Expedition—Again after Elephants—Renewed Sufferings from Thirst—In a Native Village—An Effective Shot—Dinner prepared by Chinsoro—Death of a Fine Elephant.

MR. YOUNG informed me that he would remain here all next day, as Maramia had promised to bring some tusks for sale; and while I was cooking my marrow bones at the fire, a native came up, and said that he and his brother, having heard that the white chief (Foomy) who had killed so many elephants and buffalo had returned, wanted to take him out early next morning, as their families had no meat. I consented to accompany them the following day in search of elephants or buffalo, which they said were to be found some way off, and after dinner set to work cleaning guns and making all the necessary preparations for a long day's shooting.

As we had always a number of live fowl in the boat, and the cocks crew regularly, there was no necessity of being "called" in the early morning. The

first crow of one of these birds at the dawning of the 29th September, roused me from sleep, and in a few minutes I was on the bank. The moon was still shining on the sleeping forms of the Makololo, and Chinsoro, who was to come with me, was busy at a fire making coffee. Having called Moloka, I was soon ready, and ere I had finished my coffee and eggs, three of Maramia's men made their appearance, and said it was time to start. As these natives told me that from the time we left the river till we returned we should find no water, four bottles were filled for my use, while they carried some for themselves in a goat-skin. We left camp without even awaking any of the remainder of our party.

As we walked along through the forest, before there was yet light to see far, my principal guide informed me that there were plenty of waterbuck, &c., in these parts; but I told him that, as we were going to look for larger game, it would not do to fire at these, as my guns made so much noise, that one shot would disturb the forests for miles. In reply, he said, "The elephants are a long way off; you may shoot nyama" (small game—meat) "without danger of frightening them." So I promised to try.

Shortly after daylight had dawned, while walking through a light part of the forest, I saw a herd of waterbuck about a hundred and fifty yards ahead of me, feeding within sixty yards of a large ant-hill.

Telling the men to sit down, I took the Rigby 10, and commenced stalking them, making the ant-hill act as a screen between us. There was

no fear of being seen, and as the wind was favourable it appeared that the only thing which could frustrate success would be any noise made on the way. I managed to reach the ant-hill without being suspected, crawling the greater part of the way on my hands and knees. On peeping carefully over the side, I saw eight waterbuck within fifty yards of me, feeding unsuspiciously along. One fine buck led the herd, and I lost not a moment in bringing the rifle to bear on him. I fired, and as I did so the handsome beast reared gracefully up and fell back dead, shot through the heart. I could easily have killed another as they went away, but as this was the only male amongst them, I did not fire. The men now came up, and Maramia's people in particular signified their satisfaction at the performance. The dead waterbuck was covered up with branches, to preserve it from the scorching noonday sun, and left till we should return in the evening.

It was a charming morning as I trod my way through these lovely jungles, accompanied by my old friend, Moloka, the good boy Chinsoro, and these three thorough savages—men who seemed as keen on sport as myself; and I must say I felt an unusual amount of confidence in getting good sport during the day from their straightforward, open-handed manner. "If," said they, "we don't show you elephants, we won't take any cloth,"—and I know they meant it. About 10 A.M. the sun became very hot—only eighty-five in the shade—and I found it necessary to make frequent calls on my bottles of water. We entered some thick forest-land, through which I had not gone

far, when a fine solitary bull buffalo galloped past me. The gumtickler was on my shoulder, and I could not help throwing it up to fire, but it was scarcely levelled when the hand of my guide struck the barrels down, telling me I must not fire, as we were near the elephant-ground, and I would frighten them away. Thus this fine bull escaped unharmed. As we passed through the forest I saw a herd of water-buck, some female koodoos, two herds of hartebeest, and several gazelles, but I was not tempted by any of them.

The country soon became more undulating, and the forest less dense. As I passed across a little valley I had the satisfaction to see the fresh spoor of what at first appeared to be an elephant, but subsequently proved to be the footprints of a small herd. The reason of this delusion was that when elephants are travelling they generally walk in single file, the leader carefully surveying the ground with his trunk before each step, and those behind him treading exactly in his footsteps. Of course we were off on the tracks at once, though my guide informed me that they had gone a long way. This he said he knew from the direction they had taken. After following this apparently single track for a couple of miles, I came to where the herd had scattered about and fed on some young trees, which they had completely destroyed, many being torn up by the roots, and cleared of every leaf, and in some instances bark also. I continued in the track of this herd till noon, when the heat was so intense, that we sat down to rest under the shade of a large tree. The thermo-

meter at the end of half an hour showed 109° in the shade, and here I finished my third bottle of water, and had a good pull out of the last. My men, too, finished all theirs. When I stood up and said it was time to go on, they seemed inclined to return, saying the elephants had gone a long way, and we should all die of thirst, and perhaps have to sleep out. I told Moloka that I was determined to go on, and asked him what he would do. His reply was, "If master go, Moloka go—by-and-by master die, then Moloka die too. Moloka no want go boaty and tell Mr. Young he leave English Lion dead." (He always called both Reid and myself English lions, on account of our beards.) On my asking Chinsoro if he could do without water till night, he said he did not know, but he would try. Then, without saying a word to the other three, I took up the spoor and went on, and they followed without a murmur.

After half an hour's hard walking, during which some of the tracking was difficult, owing to the stony nature of the ground, we left the forest and entered a prairie of long grass, standing in many places over fifteen feet high, with a solitary tree here and there. As we got further into it the grass became less thick, and was so dry and brittle that I almost feared to fire a shot, lest it should take fire and force us out, or maybe burn us to death. Suddenly and unexpectedly a loud trumpet burst upon my ears, and all the natives stopping short, whispered "Jovo!—jovo!" The elephants were evidently not far ahead, and as there was a high tree close to us at the time, I went to it, and soon saw from its topmost

branches a herd of five about two hundred yards ahead, standing in a ring within a few yards of each other, as if they had made up their minds to spend the day there. There was no tree near them —nothing but long grass. But now another sight met my eyes. Through the midst of this extensive prairie, and not more than five hundred yards beyond where these animals stood, a broad river had run. It was all but dry at present, but here and there I could observe little patches of water. This was indeed a godsend. I was already suffering from thirst, and I knew my men were in the same state. To this day the sight of that water seems to me like a dream! There was but half a bottle—scarcely half a bottle—left, which must inevitably have been divided between six thirsty souls. Now there was abundance. Having determined to say nothing of this discovery till the chase was over, and signalling to the men that I saw the elephants, I descended from my observatory, and having looked to the guns, took the breechloader Rigby 10 in my own hands, and gave Moloka the gumtickler, telling him to keep close to me, and on no account to fire himself. One of the other guns was carried by Chinsoro, and a fourth by one of Maramia's men, who would accompany me, though I asked him and his two companions to remain at the tree.

Taking the lead, I approached the elephants, Moloka at my heels. There was not a breath of air, so I went straight at them. Soon their dusky forms appeared through the long grass, and in a minute or two I was within eight yards of one. Observing

that they were standing in a crescent, and that the right hand one was the one to which I was so close, I went down on my hands and knees, and moved cautiously a few yards to my left. Looking round as I did so, I observed Moloka like a snake in my wake, but Chinsoro and the other man had disappeared. My other two guns were gone! However, there was no room for retreat. I knew Moloka had the infallible gumtickler, and I felt I could depend on him. Surely the man who but a short time since had said, "If master die Moloka die too," would not desert me now! Slowly raising my head, I at once saw the state of things. Within fourteen yards of my right stood one of the herd, three parts on to me. Another was a few yards on his right, and within the same distance. Two were standing straight on to me, about fifteen yards off, and directly in front, while the fifth was within twelve yards of my left, with its back towards me. Raising myself quickly to my full height, I dropped the elephant on my extreme right with the temple shot, and the second barrel played a similar game with the one next him. In an instant the faithful Moloka thrust the gumtickler into my hands. At that moment the elephant on my extreme left, thunderstruck at the sudden row, turned round to see what was the cause of it. The gumtickler roared, and the huge beast fell, shot in the brain through the forehead, a little below the level of the ear. Moving, as I lowered the gun, to get clear of the smoke from such a large charge, which hung in the still atmosphere, I perceived one of the two elephants which I knew were in front of me, in full

charge with coiled trunk. I knew I had but one shot left, and I determined to let him get close before firing. However, I overshot the mark a little, for as I fired, having aimed at the forehead, straight for the brain, I was suddenly sent head over heels, and the gun flew from my hands. For a moment I fancied all was up, but as soon as I could recover myself I sat up, and saw the monster prostrate within a couple of yards of me, his tusks buried deep in the soil.

I often still laugh when I remember how I examined my legs and arms, especially my right arm, to see if there were any broken bones; but, thank goodness! all proved sound. Moloka assisted to lift me on my legs again, having previously picked up the gun; but, alas! the stock of the favourite was smashed in two.

On going up to the animal I found the bullet hole in the right place, and about two inches above it the gauge of the gumtickler was stamped on his forehead, the hair as well as the skin being fairly cut against the muzzle of the great gun by the force of the blow. I discovered that I had let him come too close, having probably misjudged the impetus of his charge, and that ere I had time to lower the gun he fell, though dead, against it, and thus bowled me over, and broke my favourite weapon. It was a narrow shave indeed, but I was gradually becoming accustomed to accidents of this sort.

Moloka actually cried over the broken stock! I soon found that I was unable to lift my right arm above my head, and that I had sustained one or two other slight bruises.

The remaining elephant luckily bolted straight

away, trumpeting loudly as he went, and had I been able to put another gun to my shoulder I think I should have followed him, in the hope of his pulling up for some of his companions, though I fear my chance of success would have been but a poor one.

When the other men came up, they went almost mad with excitement, though none but Moloka saw the fight. In explanation of his disappearance, Chinsoro said the other men made him go back, and they said Chinsoro was to blame. Two of Maramia's men set to work to drink the elephants' blood, asserting they would be dead in a few minutes, but I quickly stopped them, saying there was plenty of water (madsee) close to us. At first they would not believe me, but when I told them I had seen it from the tree, they said, "Shew it quickly, or we shall die." I was very nearly choking myself, and asked for the bottle, but it was empty, the man who carried it having doubtless helped himself. It was intensely hot, and I really don't know how I, for one, should ever have got home alive had not Providence brought this stream to my notice. The grass was so long to its very edge that we might have been walking within twenty yards of it without being aware of its existence. We were soon on its banks, and all drank copiously. The sandy bed of the stream was about fifty yards wide, and there was only a little water in one or two places, and that almost too hot to drink. However, having satisfied the first cravings of thirst, we dug, or rather scraped, deep holes in the sand, and a good supply was thus procured to fill ourselves, our bottles, and goat-skin. We then returned to the elephants, and cut off their tails as testimonies of our prowess when

we returned to camp. It was five o'clock when we left the spot and commenced retracing our steps, and as I knew I was a long way from home I did not follow the fresh spoor of a large herd of buffalo which crossed my path about 5.30 P.M.

Towards evening it became cooler, and we got over the ground at a good pace. When within half an hour's walk of where I had left the dead waterbuck, I saw five gemsbock *(oryx gazella)*, the only specimens of these antelopes I have seen in my rambles. They were feeding quietly towards me, and I resolved to try to kill one. As I was at the time in some thick underwood, I lay down to await their approach, my example being followed by my companions. On they came, and when within sixty yards of me pulled up, and commenced sniffing the tainted air, and looking round them in all directions, evidently aware that some intruder was nigh. Seeing there was no time to lose, and selecting the largest for my prey, I fired Rigby 10, and as the animal at which I shot galloped away, I discharged the second barrel. The gemsbock ran only a few yards, staggered, and fell dead. On examination I found that one shot, evidently the first, had struck him just behind the shoulder, in a good line for the lungs, while the second had hit about eight inches further back; both balls having passed through the body. It was a fine handsome animal, with long and perfect horns. I was only able to bring the head as a specimen, and I regretted having to leave its beautiful skin behind. Just at dark I reached the dead waterbuck, and taking his head, which was

adorned with an unusually fine pair of horns, and some meat, hastened homewards. I did not reach the boat till after ten o'clock, and must say I was tired after the day's work. Mr. Young was astonished when I showed the elephants' tails, and the natives, grouped round my guides, listened with open mouths to their narrative of the sport. These men, as they told their story, might be seen flinging themselves into the most extraordinary and eccentric attitudes, evidently showing how I had been knocked over.

Having promised to start early next morning for the meat and tusks, I gave Maramia's men their pay, which consisted of a yard of calico, value fourpence halfpenny, to each, a reward with which they were contented. When I turned in they were all hard at work dancing and singing round a large fire, the words "jovo" and "Angelaisee" being heard in almost every sentence.

Mr. Young had promised to remain next day, so that the tusks might be brought in the boat. Accordingly at dawn the following morning Chinsoro roused me from slumber, saying that the coffee was ready and the men had arrived. I was soon up and off. Seeing, as I started, only five or six of Maramia's men with me, I asked them if no more were coming to carry the four elephants home to their village? I was informed that when I had gone a little further, I should find plenty of men waiting to join us; and about a hundred yards further on I found a sea of black heads awaiting my arrival. Men, women and children, to the number of at least three hundred, were squatted

on the ground, the men all armed with guns, or bows and arrows, and spears. As I approached them they commenced singing my praises; but holding up my hands I made them stop their row, informing the dusky mob that as it was early in the morning, I should most likely get a shot at antelope or buffalo, provided they made no noise. They promised to observe silence, and I must say I was quite astounded at the way in which they kept their word. I walked some fifty yards in advance, and when we had once fairly started, not a word was to be heard among these savages. So silently did we wend our way, that on emerging from some thick underwood in the forest, I found myself within seventy yards of two pallahs, and a single shot dropped one of them in his tracks.

But now the spell which had up to the present bound the tongues of my swarthy followers was broken, and, as if in answer to my shot, they came rushing up, yelling like maniacs. Three of them volunteered, for a small quantity of calico, to take the fallen antelope back to the boat, and were soon on their way. The remainder of the walk to the scene of the late action was conducted in the same orderly manner as the commencement. They were silent and obedient till they sighted the four dead elephants, when a scene that baffles all description was enacted. They rushed on them with knives, spears, battle-axes, and arrow-heads, fighting over their meat like hungry wolves. The beasts were soon ripped open, and I saw several of these men actually standing up to their waists in the entrails, pulling and tearing them out. The

odour being too strong for me to endure, I withdrew to a respectful distance to windward, where I smoked a pipe and watched their operations. They yelled and fought over their work, and one or two were severely stabbed. One boy came to me with an arrow-head in his thigh. It was impossible to get it out, as two of the barbs with which most of their arrows are armed had entered the flesh, and the manner in which they curled backwards, prevented the head coming out. Taking the lancet from the handle of my hunting-knife, I cut the piece out, and the boy underwent what was no doubt a painful operation with wonderful fortitude.

I have seen a fox thrown to a pack of hungry hounds more than once, and remarked how eagerly they fought for the hard-earned morsel, but they were nothing to these men. I never saw the savage nature so thoroughly developed. Each elephant had a mob closely packed round it, yelling and fighting like demons. Fires were soon kindled in the river-bed, to which the flesh was carried in large pieces as it was hacked, cut, or torn from the dead animals; and the women busied themselves in cooking dinner for their better halves, while the latter made up large bundles of meat to take home. Still with all this tumult I was not forgotten. The trunk of the largest elephant was carried by two men to where I sat and laid at my feet; and another tit-bit, the similar part of another animal, was laid beside it a minute or two after. The latter, I was informed, was for their chief, Maramia. In less than half an hour there was nothing left of these animals save their heads and bones—not a vestige of meat! I then set to work and had the tusks

cut out. Three were cows, the one killed by the last shot of the gumtickler being the only bull. His tusks were long and perfect. After a long and noisy walk home, I arrived at the boats about 5.30 P.M., and at once set to work to arrange for a walk down to Pamafunda, as Mr. Young would have to spend three or four days getting the boat to pieces, and arranging with the natives for its carriage past the Cataracts.

I was sorry to be obliged to give up the idea of having Moloka with me, as Mr. Young required him in the boat. However, it was decided that Chinsoro and two Makololos, Mobita and Piccaninnee, with their two Ajawah servants, should accompany me, and three of Maramia's men agreed to come as porters three days' march, if necessary. We then packed up four days' provisions, consisting of tea, coffee, preserved beef, some lime-juice (which I found delightfully refreshing when mixed with the Shiré water), and a bottle of brandy. My magazine, containing ready-made bullets and filled cartridges and powder, my medicine chest, three pieces of calico to buy provisions or pay natives for porterage, my common blanket suit (which I found invaluable when sleeping out in heavy dews), and one change of hunting-dress rolled up in my blanket, and covered with my waterproof sheet, completed my outfit for the march.

Everything was ready for an early start before I turned in. Chinsoro was in great delight at the idea of accompanying me, but I felt there was a sad blank in the party without the faithful and plucky

Moloka. Mr. Young told me that Maramia had visited him during the day, and had brought some tusks for sale, but had asked too much for them, and consequently they were not purchased. He had heard of the death of the four elephants, and came to know if it was true, but would not believe it till he had seen their tails.

Everyone was up early on the morning of the 1st October preparing for departure. We all breakfasted together, and shortly after eight o'clock, as the *Search* drifted away, I, with my eight followers, turned into the forest, amidst many a hearty wish for good sport, and a successful march, on the part of the remainder of the Expedition. We were soon out of sight of each other. We walked hard through forest-land all the morning without seeing game of any kind, though I saw a good deal of fresh buffalo spoor. About noon the heat was intense, and, selecting the shade of a large tree, I halted for an hour. Having lighted a fire, Chinsoro made me some hot and strong coffee. I know of nothing more refreshing on a march under a roasting sun; and as this was the first day of our work, and my men did not appear over-energetic, I gave them some also. This made a hole in our supply of water, and we had but little left when we started again on our way. However, Maramia's men said that about five o'clock we should, by walking hard, reach a small river or stream, where plenty of water would be found, and where we could camp for the night. About two o'clock the flat route I had been following changed, first to stony, undulating ground, and then to a hilly

tract, covered with light forest, and still more arid and rocky.

Having descended a steep hill, I crossed the first spoor of a herd of elephants, and determined to track them up. The men protested, saying if we did not continue our course we should not reach the water that night, and that there was none nearer than the river mentioned. I told them I would follow the spoor for half an hour, and promised to return, should we not have found the herd by the expiration of that time. They were content, and said "Go on." I then started at a brisk pace, and at the end of the appointed time turned back. The elephants had not stopped once up to the spot where I left their tracks. The hard walking told on the men, especially those who carried loads, and the remainder of the water was now divided between us, my share being about half a tumbler, with a few drops of lime-juice.

Once more we faced for the stream. At half-past three we were one and all attacked by thirst, the Makololos swearing at the Machingas for not finding water, as promised, and the Machingas saying it was my fault for following the elephants. About this time five koodoos jumped to their feet in some long grass in a ravine a little below me. For an instant they stared at my unusual appearance, and then bolted; but one of their number stared a second too long, and enabled me to take a steady shot. I heard the thud of the bullet. The koodoo ran a few yards after his companions and fell dead—shot clean through behind the shoulder, distance about eighty yards. As the horns were perfect, I took the head, but we

were too thirsty to wait another minute. The men looked as if they would have liked to drink the blood —I am sure, had I not been there, they would have done so.

We now almost ran along, fairly parched. One by one the hills came in sight, and were passed without any stream appearing. At last, on reaching the top of one higher than any I had seen, one of the guides cried, "Madsee!" (water), pointing to a dry river-bed in the valley beneath. A race down the hill ensued, but my dismay may be better imagined than described when, arriving first at the long-wished-for goal, there was not even a drop of moisture to be seen; and the bed of the river being mostly composed of boulders of rock, digging for water was hopeless. I saw that the only thing to be done was to steer for the Shiré at once. Piccaninnee lay down and said he should die, declaring he could go no further. I was bad enough myself, and though the remainder of the party made no complaints, it was only too evident, from the pebble in the mouth of each, that they were suffering severely from thirst. I took the bottle of plain lime-juice, and having put two or three drops on the tongue of the prostrate Makololo, repeated the dose with the others, save Chinsoro, who never could bear the taste of it, and having taken a small quantity myself, started for the Shiré. I could hardly describe what I endured during the following hour's walk, but never shall I forget the delight I experienced when, emerging from the forest into a little open plain, the river met my sight. The men, throwing down their loads, ran like fury at it, and were

soon drinking like fishes. I never saw anything like the way these men filled themselves with water. When I reached the bank, my mouth was foaming. I could not move my tongue, and articulation was a physical impossibility. I had to scrape the slime from my tongue with my hunting-knife, and I firmly believe in another half hour I should have been choked. I had a bottle of brandy indeed, but I feared to open it while there was a chance of getting water. I sat down on the bank, and the good boy Chinsoro, who was actually swollen with the quantity he had swallowed, brought me some. I was obliged to wash my mouth out for some minutes ere I could manage to drink, and then I did so with a vengeance! A pipe and another drink followed, and I was well again, though suffering from a splitting headache.

As we sat on the bank the sound of drums burst upon our ears. We were close to a native village situated in a patch of wood on the river's edge. We were soon there, and on my informing the chief that I should be obliged if he would allow me to sleep under one of his large trees for the night, he kindly offered me a hut. This, however, I declined. Selecting a large tree in the middle of the village, I had all my kit put down, and then had another drink. The sun was just setting, when one of the villagers said to me that if I would go a little way with him he would show me some waterbuck. I told Chinsoro to spread my bed on the waterproof sheet and get dinner ready as best he could, while I went out for half an hour. Taking one rifle (Rigby 10), I started with this man, and within a quarter of a mile of his village

he, according to promise, showed me a herd of seven waterbuck feeding on some young corn, the property of the chief. I made a careful stalk to a large ant-hill, where I found myself within about two hundred yards of them. It was a long shot, and I felt that I was risking my reputation in trying it; however, it was impossible to get closer, and it was just dusk. They were all females, and two stood side by side in a line, a little nearer than the rest. Putting up the two hundred yards sight, I rested the rifle on the top of the ant-hill, and taking a steady aim, fired. The doe next me rolled over on the spot, and as the herd ran away another of their number pulled up, turned round, and fell also. The bullet had gone quite through one, and lodged in the second a little behind the shoulder. My companion, who viewed the sport from a thick bush some way off, came running up, clapping his hands, and salaaming in all sorts of ways, evidently both delighted and surprised. He at once set up a yell, and soon some fifty natives arrived on the spot to carry home the meat.

On my return to the village I found that Chinsoro had not been idle during my absence. My bed was made as ordered on the ground near the tree, the mosquito-curtains having been neatly set up on short bamboos. A gun-case lay at the head for a pillow, and a cheerful fire burned close at hand. "Well, Chinsoro, what have you got for dinner?" asked I. "Please, massa, I buy two chicken and boil 'em. I buy flour and make seema. Now, if massa like, I put pot of English beef on the fire. Then I think massa have plenty!" And so I had a good dinner,

and being very much fatigued turned in early. Before I retired the chief again came to see me, thanked me for the meat, and did all he could to make me promise to spend a few days at his village, so that I might shoot plenty of "nyama" for his people, but time would not permit. He could not understand why I preferred sleeping out under a tree with my men and their fires all around, and I confess to feeling that I did not as a rule place sufficient confidence in these good-hearted savages.

Just after I lay down, the man who had shewn me the waterbuck came in a state of great excitement to say that his mother had gone to a stream close to the village to fetch water, and while she was filling her calabash a large elephant with long tusks had come down to drink, and the old lady had run away dreadfully frightened, leaving her pitcher behind. The moon being now full, and shining brightly, I determined, as it was only a short way, to go and try if anything was to be seen. Accordingly I got up, took the gum-tickler and two rifles, and accompanied by Mobita, the native, and his mother, started for the spot, the old woman leading the way in the most plucky manner.

Within five hundred yards of the village I was shewn the spot where the occurrence had taken place. There could be no doubt as to the truth of the story, as there lay the calabash, and close by was the spoor of what seemed to be a large elephant. Thanking my guide for her services, and promising her some calico as a reward, I dismissed her, and followed up the spoor with two men. The elephant had walked

up the stream, which was about ten yards wide, with perpendicular banks, about fifteen feet high; so I got out on the right side, and sending Mobita to the opposite one, lest the animal should have turned out that way, I walked up the bank. I had not gone more than fifty yards when I heard a rumbling sound —one familiar to my ears. Then followed the noise made by the elephant as he walked into the water. A few steps brought me to the spot, and on looking over the bank I saw his huge form beneath me—he was standing still, and within six yards of me. In an instant I fired at his head, but as I could not see the sight of the gun, the shot was not so accurate as it might have been in the day-time. However, the elephant fell and lay struggling in the water. As he seemed likely to get up, I fired the second barrel of the gun*tickler* at his ear as well as I could see, and this quieted him. I now quickly reloaded the gun. and Mobita joined me. at once. The beast again struggling to get up, I put up the rifle, but as I could not make out the sight, instead of firing at the head I let drive both barrels into the body close to the shoulder. He got up on his forelegs, but the hind quarters seemed paralysed. Again I fired the right barrel of the big gun at his head, though I could scarcely see at what part, and once more he fell over stunned by the shot. When I had nearly finished reloading the breechloader, some movements of the elephant showed that he was not yet dead; but another shot from the remaining barrel of the favourite gun quieted him, and I proceeded to reload. Having finished doing so I waited a few minutes, and seeing no signs of a stir

in the animal, concluded he was quite dead; so, gumtickler in hand, I descended the bank, and in a minute or two found myself up to my knees in water, and within two yards of my friend. At this moment the apparently lifeless elephant swung his trunk round, and began lashing it about, wetting me from head to foot. Mobita, who had followed me, was up the bank in an instant; but I was now too close to miss killing him at once, and another shot from the big gun finished this fine animal. His tusks were long and perfect, and he was doubtless a solitary buck. Had I met him under similar circumstances in open daylight, I could easily have killed him with a single shot.

On our return to camp, though it was after ten o'clock, I met the whole tribe headed by Chinsoro coming out to meet me. All had heard the shots, and none believed it possible for the white chief to miss his prey. I passed home as they went to inspect the fallen king of the forest. I was soon in bed and asleep, but my slumbers were shortly disturbed by the return of the villagers with quantities of "meat," shouting, singing, and dancing—an uncalled-for proceeding which continued throughout the night. However, my ears soon became accustomed to the row, and again I reposed in the arms of Morpheus.

CHAPTER IX.

Shot at a Hippopotamus—Devouring Raw Flesh—Return to the Shiré—A Heavy Dew—Unsuccessful Elephant-Stalking—Vast Prairie—Hospitably entertained by a Manganja Chief—A Plain stocked with Game—Stirring Effect of Two Shots—A Sharp-sighted Lad—A Refreshing Bath—Splendid Field for Sportsmen—A Dishonest Ajawah—A Request I always complied with—Arrival at Pamafunda—Welcome from Moloka and Gegara—Mr. Young's Detention at Matiti—Importance of making Friends with Cotondway—Appearance of the Country—Natives with Long Hair—Patanda—"Making Prayers"—A Stalk after Buffaloes.

I WAS up and ready before daylight, and having paid off Maramia's three men, and enlisted five fresh porters, started at 5 A.M. for the tusks. While my men were engaged cutting them out, I, with Mobita, strolled up the stream. I had followed its course about half a mile, when I saw what I at first fancied to be an elephant walking along parallel to the bank, about two hundred yards ahead of me, and on the opposite side. The glasses, however, showed that I was mistaken, the supposed elephant being a hippopotamus. As the wind was unfavourable, I made a wide circuit, and getting some distance ahead of the animal, crossed the river, and lay in ambush

awaiting his approach. On he came, and when within twenty-five yards I took a steady aim at his forehead, and the river-horse fell to rise no more. He was a huge bull, enormously fat. In a few minutes all the men I had left cutting out the tusks were dancing round him, and at 8 A.M., several separate parties having arrived from the village, amounting in all to over two hundred souls, not a vestige of either the elephant or hippopotamus remained to be seen save their bare bones. I was much disgusted by seeing these people eating the meat raw as they cut it off the carcass, and remarked on it to Mobita, but he said that they always did so.

At 12.30, having taken the tusks and hippopotamus teeth, I again started on my way. Our route for the greater part of the day lay through stunted forest-land, totally devoid of vegetation. In most parts of it there was not a blade of grass to be seen, and the ground was hard and stony. My intention was to strike the Rivi Rivi river, which my men said we should do about sunset, and camp by it for the night. The day was hot in the extreme, and again our water showed symptoms of running short. In consequence of this it was decided that no spoor should tempt us to leave our course. However, as luck would have it, when we had finished our last drop of water, and were supposed to be within an hour's walk of the Rivi Rivi, I suddenly found myself within sixty yards of seven elephants, standing closely packed together in a group under a large tree, and evidently asleep. Followed by the two Makololos, carrying a spare gun each, I stalked to within thirty

yards of them, but in consequence of the want of cover, it was impossible to get closer. They were all cows, with small tusks, the longest being only about two feet out. Seeing there was no chance of getting near enough for a head shot, I fired both barrels at the outside, and, to all appearance, largest one, aiming just behind the shoulder. Directly I had fired the whole herd started off, passing me within twelve yards, but I had no second gun; the Makololos had bolted—and Moloka was not there. When the elephants had gone over about sixty yards, one of them stopped, gave a shrill trumpet, and fell dead. I went up to it, and found both shots within three inches of each other high up behind the shoulder. The plucky gun-bearers meanwhile had run back to where I had left the porters and my kit, and having gone thither, I gave two guns to Chinsoro, and followed the herd for some distance, but without success, they having got quite away.

On returning to the dead elephant, I found the party had kindled fires, and were busy cooking its meat; but all were, like myself, again suffering from thirst. A consultation was held, and it was finally agreed to steer for the Shiré again, and leave the Rivi Rivi for to-morrow. On the way I killed a small gazelle and a fine waterbuck, with the largest horns I had yet procured, but the heads of these animals and a little meat from the latter were all we could afford time to bring. To describe the remainder of this hurried, thirsty walk, would only be to repeat what I have told a few pages back. Suffice it to say that at eight o'clock I reached the bank of the

Shiré, weary and choked with thirst; and having drunk copiously of its water fresh from the Nyassa, pitched my camp in an uninhabited tract. Having cooked and dined sumptuously, I wrapped myself up in my blanket suit and lay down to rest. There was a heavy dew all night, and when I awoke in the morning large drops of water lay thick all over my blankets, and the mosquito curtains were saturated, but I was dry inside. A cup or two of hot coffee, some seema (a kind of porridge prepared from native flour), and a bit of cold gazelle, constituted an early breakfast, and I was off again. The country here is all much alike, being generally covered with forest, and the numerous footprints of different animals shew an abundance of game; but as I was tied to time, I was obliged to be content with what sport came directly in my way.

I had not gone very far this morning, when I found fresh elephant spoor, and as it was early in the day, and I knew the Rivi Rivi was not far ahead, I determined to try my luck and follow the herd up. Shortly after I started on the tracks I saw two fine bull buffaloes walking quietly along within a short distance of me. Mobita begged I would shoot one, but fearing lest the herd of elephants might be feeding not very far off, and that I might disturb them by doing so, I declined, and waited till the bulls had walked at their leisure out of sight. I then followed the spoor of the elephants for more than an hour straight from the river, and it was only when I found that they had turned considerably to the right, and that I was therefore going back again while following

them, that I gave up the chase, and, turning round, pursued my course.

About ten o'clock I left the forest through which I had been walking for some days, and entered a vast prairie of long grass, varying from three to seven feet in height. While crossing it, which occupied about four hours, I saw no sign of any kind of game, save the pups of a lion some days old. Crossing this plain the heat was most oppressive. I struck the Rivi Rivi at its junction with the Shiré about two o'clock, and halted for an hour under a fine tree, cooked some coffee, had a smoke, and then leaving my porters with orders to await my return, walked up the Rivi Rivi about three miles. There was but little water in the river, the sandy bed of which was about a hundred yards wide here. Wherever the sand was dry, it was actually covered with footprints of elephants, buffalo, koodoo, hartebeest, and many other different kinds of antelopes. Both banks of the river are covered with a dense reed jungle about fifteen feet high, extending inland for nearly a mile. Doubtless this was the stronghold of thousands of wild beasts who nightly drank the water of this stream. I saw that to hunt this place with any hope of success I should remain for several days, and as this was utterly impossible, I returned to the porters, and after a few minutes' rest gave the order to start again.

Continuing the march along the bank of the Shiré till near sunset, I arrived at a small Manganja village a few miles above Gegara's; and as the chief was particularly civil, and begged of me to spend the night with him, I resolved to do so, and told my men the day's work

was done. Indeed we had come a long way, and some of the porters had heavy loads to carry. The chief, whose name I did not take down at the time, and have since forgotten, told me the boat had passed his village two days ago, that he had asked "the English" to stop and visit him, in order that he might give them a present, but no notice was taken of his invitation, and they passed on. He brought me some pombé and a few fresh eggs, as well as a large basket of flour and two fowls. In return I gave him two yards of calico, value ninepence, and he was delighted. He offered me a hut, and another for my men, but telling him I always slept out at night, like the elephants and buffaloes, I declined his kindness.

As there was still an hour's light, and we were in want of meat fit to eat, I asked a young and intelligent-looking lad if there were any n'goma (koodoo) or other antelopes near. He replied that if I would start at once he would show me plenty before dark. In a few minutes he and I were off, the young one leading the way at a rattling pace, proud as Lucifer, with a spare gun of mine on his shoulder. Having walked about a mile straight in from the river, we entered a patch of scrub jungle, which proved a narrow belt running parallel to the Shiré. On reaching the outskirts of it on the far side, an open plain appeared, and this was literally overstocked with game, all apparently feeding towards the river. There were koodoo, pallahs, hartebeest, gemsbock, and reedbock; wherever the eye turned antelopes of some kind were to be seen. I never saw such quantities of game. The nearest of all to me was a herd of eleven

hartebeest, about two hundred and fifty yards away. The grand koodoos were all at the far side of the plain, and standing still. The sun was just setting, and knowing how short the twilight is here, I resolved to try and get a shot at the hartebeest. My young guide was much pleased and excited at his success; and now it remained for me to prove myself up to the mark. There were no ant-hills here, nor cover of any kind under which I could attempt to approach these wary animals. I waited for ten minutes, during which time they had been quietly but steadily lessening the distance between us. At last it was getting so dark I determined to delay no longer, but taking a steady aim at the largest buck in the herd, as he just then offered a favourable shot, I fired, and the whole herd bolted. I fired my second barrel as they fled, but observed no effect from either shot, except that in an instant the plain was astir from end to end. In every direction were to be seen herds of flying antelopes, some bounding high in the air as they sought the cover of the adjacent jungle, others either galloping over the ground like racehorses, or with the slow, heavy stride of the larger animals bringing up the rear of the terror-stricken squadrons. I had long taken my eye off the herd at which I had fired, and scarcely knew in which direction they had gone, when my little guide surprised me by jumping and shouting, while at the same time he pointed away to our left front, and started with a quick run in that direction. I followed him, and for the first hundred yards had much difficulty in keeping up with him; but then the youngster, who was very

fat, began to draw it milder, though I thought he was never going to stop. I could see nearly half a mile ahead, but could not perceive a sign of anything. It was not till we had covered five hundred yards that my little guide pulled up, and pointed to the dead body of a hartebeest within forty yards of us. I then saw it plainly enough, but its skin was so much the colour of the ground, that I should not have perceived it till pointed out by the urchin, who had never taken his eyes off the herd till he saw the beast fall, and who had proved himself a sharp-sighted lad.

As in a few minutes it was dark, I took out my knife and cut off the head and two legs, which we carried home between us.

On my arrival I found that Chinsoro had everything ready for dinner and bed, but the great treat he had prepared for me was four large pots of water, which he was soon busy pouring over me. This kind of bath is wonderfully refreshing after a hard day's work, especially when you see a splendid river running past you, but dare not venture in—a real case of "sour grapes."

Dinner followed, and after playing a few tunes on the cornopean by the particular desire of the villagers, some of whom had heard it before, I turned in and was soon asleep.

Awaking early next morning, I was astonished to find one of the Ajawahs, Piccaninnee's servant, sleeping close to me, having rolled himself partly on to my blankets. A strong application of my toe to his back, which had a most startling effect, taught him

that he would have to keep his distance for the future. Having discharged my porters (as they wished to return), and obtained fresh ones from this chief, I made an early start. An hour's walking close to the river's bank saw me at the end of the plain, where I again entered a fine forest. Though this wood was entirely composed of large timber, it was totally devoid of underwood of any description, and, except here and there, there was not even a blade of grass. The soil was dry and sandy, and covered with the footprints of almost every kind of game. I do not believe there is such another field for sportsmen to whom time is no object as the banks of the Upper Shiré; but, unfortunately, my time was too precious to enable me to stay long anywhere.

I had not gone more than a quarter of a mile through this forest, when I saw five waterbucks (all males) walking quietly into the depths of the forest. A careful stalk brought me within a hundred yards of the nearest, a fine buck, with long and handsome horns, and the Rigby soon made him my prize. The men loaded themselves with meat, and the hired porters placed what remained of the carcass in a tree, that they might have it on their return.

On taking my powder-horn to give a charge of powder to an old man I met with shortly after killing the buck, I was astonished to find it empty, though I had only filled it from the magazine before going to bed the previous night. Now, as this horn was always attached to my belt, which I never took off till I turned in, and then placed at my head, or by my side with the guns, all being under the blankets, the only person I

could suspect was the Ajawah whom I found so disagreeably close to me this morning. I knew he was not honest, and never liked him from the first. He was fond, too, of bullying the other men, and, being a powerful man himself, generally had his own way. I at once accused him of stealing the powder, upon which he threw down his load and became exceedingly insolent, going so far as to call me names and spit on the ground close to my feet. My first impulse was to shoot him, but thinking better of it, I handed the gun to Chinsoro, and hitting him right between the eyes with my fist, sent him clean off his legs. He jumped up in an instant, and endeavoured to close with me, but another hard blow on his nose sent him flying back; and as his claret began to flow copiously, he seemed to think he had had enough of it. I approached him, but when he saw me coming he ran away, and stood within some forty yards of me. I told him to take up his load and come on. He refused, in a quiet but determined manner, saying he would not carry it another yard. Taking the rifle from Chinsoro, I told him if he attempted to run away I would shoot him dead, and walked straight up to him. When within two yards he threw himself down on the ground and asked me to forgive him, saying he knew if I fired at him I should kill him. Telling him to get up and take his load, I gave the gun again to Chinsoro. He obeyed, and ere he had gone a hundred yards confessed to having stolen the powder, and obtained a full pardon. I never after had cause of complaint against this man.

I was walking through a little patch of underwood

shortly after this, when a fine lion sprang from within a few yards of me, and was out of sight in an instant. At that moment I was employed cutting a pipe of tobacco, while Chinsoro held my gun. It was indeed a sell, but maybe it was all for the best. A little further on I met four natives busy cutting up a reedbock which they said had just been killed by a lion. They had seen him kill it, and then frightened him away in order to get the meat. Doubtless it was the same lion I had seen.

As I was now within a few miles of Pamafunda, and anxious to get there early, I started at once; but scarcely had I left these men when one of their number followed me, and asked whether I would shoot an elephant? "Would a duck swim?" thought I. On my replying in the affirmative, the man said, "There are two standing under a tree not very far off." Leaving my porters behind, and accompanied by only Chinsoro and Mobita, with spare guns, I followed my new guide little more than a hundred yards, when he pointed out the two animals. Through the trees, which here were small and thin, forming, in fact, a kind of copse, I crawled on my hands and knees to within ten yards of them, and standing up sharply, shot the largest in the forehead. The second spun round and bolted so quickly, that the only chance I had was a long shot behind the ear, which, however, only staggered him, and he went away roaring and trumpeting alternately. Poor brute, I was sorry I had fired at him at that distance, for though he was only twenty yards off, he was almost out of range, and must have had a hard rap. The fallen

elephant—a young bull, with perfect tusks, two feet three inches out, and thirteen inches in circumference—never moved.

While the men were engaged cutting out the ivories, I tracked up the wounded elephant for more than an hour, but he had gone quite away. On my return I found not only the tusks taken out, but about sixty natives busy cutting off the last morsels from what was now only a skeleton. The news had spread like lightning, and the men from adjacent villages had rushed to the spot like hungry vultures. Fires had been kindled, and sundry dinners were being cooked, while quantities of meat lay about in detached masses, each individual who purposed taking any home having made a heap of his own. I did not delay long, and after a brisk walk of about an hour arrived at Pamafunda at 4.30 P.M., on the 4th October. I was first in camp, having walked away from the men the last mile. All were well, and welcomed me back. The *Search* was nearly asunder, and Mr. Young informed me that there were plenty of men to be had to carry everything past the Cataracts. Moloka, on seeing me, ran up, and shaking me violently by the hand, said, "Well, English lion no dead! Massa kill plenty jovo?" I replied I had had good sport, and would tell him all about it by-and-by, knowing at the same time that my late companions would save me the trouble. "Ah!" said Moloka, "next massa go shoot, Moloka want to come." And I promised to ask leave for him to do so.

The next welcome I received was from old Gegara, who came up with a large bundle of cloth, beads, am-

munition, &c., which he informed me Mr. Young had given him for some ivory, and he was evidently in great delight with his bargain. He left camp shortly after my arrival. Mr. Young told me an amusing story of Gegara and one of the Makololos. It appears that as the boat passed Gegara's village on the way to Pamafunda, one of the crew recognised among the crowd on the bank the face of a runaway wife. This lady, a good-looking young girl, not being particularly attached to the Makololo who had married her, left him one fine morning, and until now he had not seen or heard anything of her. However, it seems that she had not succeeded in finding a happier home among Gegara's tribe, for directly she was recognised by her husband she expressed her desire and anxiety to return with him and the English to Chibisa, promising to be a good wife for the future. Mr. Young agreed to let her return with his party, under charge of her husband; but Gegara, hearing this, came down, and said the woman should not go. She had attached herself to his tribe, marrying one of his men, and if Mr. Young wanted her for any of his followers, he should buy her with cloth and beads. Gegara was informed that Englishmen did not buy human beings; and the boat moved off. When about half way between Gegara's and Pamafunda, two Manganja women were seen near the river. The injured Makololo went ashore and spoke to them. Little did he know when leaving the boat the prize that was so near his hands. They were both wives of Gegara! Another Makololo, on hearing this, also went ashore, and these women were made pri-

soners and brought to camp at Pamafunda. Next morning Gegara came, and handing over the Makololo his wife, brought his own back to comfort him. I was sorry to have missed all this fun.

The whole of the evening and the greater part of the night were spent spinning yarns, &c., and the Makololos kept it up till morning. Mr. Young informed me that as he had some business to do at Matiti, in the way of repairing the missionaries' graves there, it would be ten days before he could start from thence, after having put the boat together. As I was now in pretty good condition, I determined to shoot through the country, steering so as to reach the river Lesungue about thirty miles from its confluence with the Shiré, and then proceed down its banks. If time should permit, I also purposed taking a trip up the Makurumadsee, and if not, following the Shiré direct to Matiti.

I obtained leave for Moloka and Chippootoola to accompany me; and Chinsoro, at his own request, was allowed the same privilege, as he considered it to be. The two good Ajawahs, under whose guidance I had such prime buffalo shooting when here last, having heard of my arrival in camp, lost no time in calling on me; and when I informed them of my projected march, and asked them to come, promising to pay them one piece of calico (value three shillings) per month, they were delighted. The idea of ten days' shooting with me, and of plenty of meat to eat, made them dance for joy.

So far I was well pleased with my staff. All now wanting were the porters to carry some of my kit,

and I soon had numerous volunteers for that purpose.

The 5th October was a busy day for me. The first hard job was to re-lash the broken stock of the gumtickler with raw hide, which, though a long and troublesome affair, turned out a complete success. Then followed the casting of bullets, loading of cartridges, cleaning of guns, &c. After this a fresh supply of provisions and barter goods had to be applied for, selected from the general stores, and packed in neat and portable loads. All the guns, too, were thoroughly cleaned. In these preparations Moloka and Chinsoro gave me great assistance; and as Reid was quartermaster to the Expedition, he had much to do for me also. I finished the day's work as the sun set by mending my hunting clothes, which were now little more than a bundle of tattered rags. A delightful bath preceded dinner, and many a yarn was spun over a jolly fire ere I turned in for the night.

Wakened before daylight the next morning by the crowing of the cocks, and a few minutes sufficing to complete my toilet, I found that myself and these ever early birds were the only living things in camp that were not sound asleep. The Makololos, save Moloka, lay as usual round their fires. Chinsoro and Sinjeery were extended beside a fire of their own. Mr. Young, Reid, and Stacy were snoring a match in a hut erected for their private use, and Moloka lay still asleep by the fire at the foot of my grassy couch. A large herd of hippopotami disported themselves in the river close by, their ugly grunts, with the distant sound of drums in some native village, the snoring of

my sleeping companions, and the occasional crow of a cock, being the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the morning. There had been a heavy dew during the night, and my mosquito curtains were saturated, while the outside of my blankets was covered with large dew drops, several of which also adorned my whiskers.

I first woke Chinsoro, and set him at work to get breakfast. Then Moloka, hearing our voices, sprang up, and having spent about five minutes stretching himself in every possible direction, finished the performance by a yawn and grunt that roused the whole camp. Daylight soon followed, and in a few minutes after the sun majestically raised his head above the range of hills to the east, and shone brightly on the camp. My loads, only a couple more in number than I had last march, were laid aside in a row, and my blankets, water-proof sheet, and mosquito curtains were added to them. When my two Ajawah guides arrived, a council of war was held. They said there was a great Manganja chief called Cotondway, who lived at a village called Patanda, about three hours' march, bearing north-north-west, and that we should go and see him first. He had never seen a white man, but if he would be friends with us we should be sure to get good sport. Besides, many of the Manganjas on the Lesungue, so far up as I wanted to go, knew nothing of white people, and would kill us all if we did not first make friends with Cotondway. Knowing that the Ajawahs and Manganjas had been at war with each other, I concluded this was the reason my Ajawah friends took

this view of the matter. However, I consented to go and see Cotondway first; and accordingly about 9 A.M., having bid farewell to the rest of the party, left camp with eight followers in all, steering as nearly as possible north-north-west.

The first hour's march was through a range of stony hills covered with stunted forest, and devoid of vegetation—not even a blade of grass to be seen. I saw the footprints neither of man nor of beast; but as I stood on the top of the last ridge we had to cross, an extensive tract of flat land lay beneath, covered with thick forest. Here and there might be seen small clearings, which were evidently cultivated. It looked a good game country all over, and at first sight reminded me of the glorious Wynaad forests of Southern India, as seen from some of the outmost spurs of the Neilgherry Hills. Having rested for half an hour to enjoy the cool breeze, I made tracks for the lowlands. On entering the forest beneath, I was struck by the quantities of really fine timber I saw; and none of the grass, which was in many places very high, had as yet been visited by the flames, though it was quite dry, and ready for burning.

We had not gone far when we found fresh tracks of buffalo, as well as footprints of numerous species of antelope; but as I knew not what kind of reception Cotondway had in store for me, and was therefore anxious to reach his village early, I gave up the idea of hunting for the day. When we had penetrated some two or three miles into the forest, we struck on the dry and sandy bed of a broad river. This, my guides

informed me, ran into the Shiré within a few miles of the Rivi Rivi, to the south of that river; adding that Cotondway lived on its banks some distance further on. The remainder of the march led up the bed of the stream, which was delightfully shaded from the hot sun by the grand trees on either bank, whose branches in many places met each other overhead. We soon found footprints of men, which the omniscient Makololos at once asserted to be those of Manganjas. Here and there were patches of water, and the whole bed of the river was covered with the tracks of different kinds of wild beasts. The elephant and buffalo, the lion and leopard, antelopes varying in size from the waterbuck to the gazelle, evidently loved this cool resort; but it was too late to find them wandering about, and I did not see any. Our course along this river lay almost due east.

As we passed along, voices were heard on our left, and on climbing the bank we saw a native village close by. The inhabitants, surprised at our sudden appearance, grouped together and steadily watched our approach. Selecting a large tree close to the village, I took up my position there, and had the loads all put together. As few of these villagers were armed, I left my guns against the tree, and, accompanied by Moloka, with Chinsoro as interpreter, walked over to them. Chinsoro opened the conversation by the customary salute, and we were received with clapping of hands. They had heard of the white people being in the country, but as they had never seen them, I underwent another close inspection. They brought me a present of pombé, the man who brought it drinking

some himself first in my presence, which he did of his own accord to show it was not poisoned. Some heads of Indian corn were then roasted, and brought for myself and the men. All were busy spinning and weaving cotton, which seemed to be extensively cultivated, and the people were well clad in garments of their own manufacture. Here I first saw natives with long hair, or rather wool, the locks of some of both sexes being as long as two feet, and in appearance little else than matted ropes. One man, who had just come out of his hairdresser's hands, had all these twists combed out, and presented a most ridiculous aspect, as almost every hair stood straight out from his head. They informed me that we were not far from Cotondway's, and that he was a great chief. Giving a small bit of calico to the man who had brought me the pombé, &c., I left the village, and was soon in the river-bed again.

About two o'clock we were close to Patanda, an extensive village on the north bank of the river, covering a quarter of a mile of ground, and the country round which was cultivated with cotton and corn of various kinds. When within half a mile of this place I ordered a halt, and sent a messenger to Cotondway to say I was a great white chief, who had come to see him and his people, and teach them to kill the elephant and buffalo. Crowds had already assembled outside the village as we approached, and into the middle of one of these the plucky Moloka, who took this message, went unarmed.

I watched him anxiously with the glasses, and could observe that he was being closely examined. At last,

accompanied by two men, he left the crowd and moved off towards the village, into which I had little doubt that he was being escorted to the chief. In about a quarter of an hour a party of some fifty natives, headed by two men, one of whom I perceived to be Moloka, came out of the village and halted under a large tree about two hundred yards from me. The whole of the people now turned out and squatted on the ground, ranging ten deep, close outside their village, that they might see what was going on; while Moloka, leaving the party under the tree, returned to me, saying,

"That man there chief! Very good, he speak very good! No speak fight, want to see English lion! Come quick, these people no savez English."

In a few minutes I was in the presence of Cotondway. He and his suite received me with a prolonged clapping of hands, which was acknowledged by myself and followers. After looking at me in silence for about five minutes, he ventured to make a remark, which was interpreted as follows by Chinsoro: "The white chief is a very big man!" Here my swarthy friend was not far wrong. I made Chinsoro tell him that I had come to see him and kill the elephant and buffalo. He said I was welcome, and that if I would go with him he would show me a large hut which he would have cleaned up for my use. I presented him with some red cloth and a fez, adding a few beads, which I said were a present for his wives. He was delighted with this, saying he had heard of white people, but had never seen any of them before. Ordering some of his men to take the loads my por-

ters were carrying, he led the way to the village. As we passed through different bodies of men they all clapped their hands; but as the chief swaggered along without taking any notice, I considered myself bound, in order to keep up my position, to do the same.

I was shown a fine hut, but chose instead a large tree on the outskirts of the village, under which I took up my post. In a few minutes a large pot of pombé, four fowl, and some flour were presented to me by Cotondway. I thanked him, and told him that as the evening was a good time for hunting, if he would let one of his men who knew the surrounding jungles accompany me, I would try and shoot something when I had taken some grub.

"Oh!" said he, "I want meat badly. I have not tasted good meat for a long time. You shall have a good man; but don't go till I return."

Chinsoro having made me some coffee, with a pot of preserved beef and some biscuits, I made a good lunch. It was now long after three o'clock, and being anxious to be off, but no guide arriving, I sent Chinsoro to the chief's tent to say I was waiting to start. The boy soon returned, laughing, and informed me that the chief, who was "making" his prayers, had told him that I could not leave yet. Taking Chinsoro with me, therefore, I repaired to Cotondway's tent, and as I approached heard several people singing inside. On looking in at the door I saw my friend, with his wives round him, making little piles of flour on the ground, singing over them for a few minutes, and then mixing them up with clay, operations which he kept continually repeating. On asking Chinsoro what he was

singing, I was informed that the words of his hymn were, "I want meat! I want meat! &c.," and that this was called "making prayers!" I returned to the tree, seeing that he was determined not to be disturbed at his devotions even by my presence; but shortly after he joined me, bringing a man with him. He said I would be sure to kill either elephant or buffaloes, as he had made all that square!

In a few minutes we were off. Having crossed the river-bed beside which the village stood, we entered a thick forest. The country soon became hilly, and I observed that we were going in the direction of the Shiré. As we went along we saw a good deal of fresh elephant spoor, and while walking through a large tract of long grass started a solitary buffalo, but did not succeed in getting a shot at him. I perceived numbers of waterbuck, and a few hartebeest, but refrained from shooting them, as my guide said we should certainly see either elephants or buffalo.

We had walked a long way, and had just begun to think of returning, when I observed a buffalo a good way ahead, parts of his body being alone visible through the trees. Having looked to the guns, I approached the animal, accompanied by Moloka and Chippootoola, and soon discovered that there was a large herd. They had evidently only just risen from their midday slumbers and commenced feeding. There was sufficient underwood here to enable me to make a fairish stalk, but when within some eighty yards of them they got my wind and bolted away. Seeing this I at once started after them, leaving the Makololos far behind. I had the gumtickler,

with its now clumsy stock, in hand, and a pouch full of cartridges for the breechloader, Rigby 10, at my side. Moloka carried the latter gun, and followed as hard as he could. The herd soon abating their pace, I began to gain on them. At last, packed closely together, they pulled up and turned round. Taking a shot at the nearest (about forty yards), I had the satisfaction to see what I knew to be a fair bull roll over; and before the outsiders had time to turn all their tails towards me, I heard the ball from the second barrel of the big gun smashing through the shoulder blade of a second buffalo. In an instant the herd was off; but as Moloka had not yet come up, I commenced reloading. Ere I had finished the breechloader was placed in my hands, and again we were off after the herd, having no difficulty in seeing their tracks.

As I passed I observed the first buffalo I had fired at lying dead, but the other had evidently gone off with the retreating squadrons. However, we had not followed their spoor more than four hundred yards when we observed a single beast walking along slowly ahead of us—evidently from his crippled gait my wounded friend. He had kept up with the herd as long as he could, but was now obliged to lag behind. Following up quickly, I was soon within fifty yards of him, when he turned round and stood broadside on to me, his head turned straight towards us. He did not seem inclined or rather was unable to charge, so continuing to approach him cautiously, I soon saw him stagger, reel, and fall. Stopping but for a moment and seeing he was a young bull, I followed the

spoor of the herd at a jog-trot, and found them all standing with their noses high in the air, having faced about. The moment I twigged them they observed me, and were off in an instant, going this time an unusually long way without stopping. I was almost run out when they began to pull up, being so blown that instead of putting on a spurt when they shewed signs of halting, I must confess I imitated their example, and reduced my pace to a walk. However, being within fifty yards of them, as they turned round I fired a steady shot at a large cow; and as they wheeled to bolt I fired the second barrel at another, having got a very favourable shoulder shot. The whole herd, accompanied by the wounded animals, were off again like lightning, but I went after them at a reduced pace, loading as I ran. The first I saw of the wounded beasts was the prostrate carcass of one—an old cow—which had fallen amidst the herd in some thick underwood about three hundred yards from the spot where it was hit. I could not help stopping an instant to see where it was struck, as the side at which I had fired happened to be uppermost, and found the bullet-hole four inches behind the shoulder-blade in the centre of the body.

I then followed up the spoor in hopes of recovering the other wounded one. Catching sight of the herd just as they were pulling up, I ran as fast as I could, and managed to get within about thirty yards of one which was rather behind the rest, when they all stopped. Taking advantage of a large baobab tree close to me, I con-

cealed myself from sight. Perceiving the wounded animal standing nearest to me, the wound distinctly visible in its side, and next to it a very fine bull, I let drive at the beast's shoulder. He charged at once across me. It was a beautiful sight to see this mad determined charge in the wrong direction! I fired the second barrel, aiming well in front of him, and he tumbled like a hare—head over heels. Examination showed two bullet holes in the left side, within six inches of each other, both well placed.

Moloka, who had seen this, as well as the other wounded animal, which he said was a cow, asked me to let him go and kill it, as it could not live long, and would be sure to feed the hyenas and jackals. We followed it together, and a quarter of an hour later it fell an easy prey to the big gun. I was now completely done up, and suffered greatly from thirst, as we had not brought a drop of water with us, thinking we should be only a little while out, and not far from the river bed. In addition to this, I found I had lost during the chase my powder-horn, pipe, and tobacco. Passing, on our return, the dead animals, to obtain their tails as trophies for Cotondway, I luckily found the powder-horn; but the pipe and fragrant weed were never seen afterwards.

Having collected the five tails, I began retracing my steps. It was almost dark, and I discovered by their fresh spoor that, while hunting the buffaloes, I had disturbed a herd of elephants, having passed in full cry close to where they had been standing. This was, to a certain extent, unlucky. We had a long

walk home, and ere I reached the village the moon was shining brightly on our path. Several times I heard elephants trumpeting in the distance. On nearing Patanda, I was met by about two hundred villagers. One by one they flocked round me to hear the story; but I was obliged to hurry on, as I was tired and very thirsty. These new comers formed a guard of honour, and conducted me in their centre to the tent of Cotondway, singing all the way a most wonderful song in my praise, with a chorus to each verse, which was interpreted for me as signifying—"We've got plenty of meat! Meat! Meat! We have got plenty of meat!"

When I handed over the buffalo tails to Cotondway, he went nearly frantic with delight, and rushed about the village, himself proclaiming the news, waving the tails above his head, and giving sundry orders to his men to start early for the meat the following morning. Chinsoro had several large pots of water ready for me, besides a good dinner, which I thoroughly enjoyed after an ample shower-bath at his hands.

As I sat at the fire after dinner, smoking and talking over affairs in general with my men, Cotondway appeared on the scene, bringing a large pot of fresh pombé for myself and my followers. At my request he joined our circle, and I had a long chat with him. His tribe, he said, were Manganjas, and had formerly lived on Lake Nyassa, but being driven away from their homes by the Machingas and Ajawahs had established themselves on the east bank of the Shiré. Subsequently, when the Mavite appeared on the range

of Zomba, the fear of these dreaded marauders had driven them to their present abode. He made many inquiries regarding our visit to the country, what we had seen on Nyassa, and what the Mavite were doing. I left him early, in the hands of Moloka and Chinsoro, and turned in.

The chief was much discomposed by my not sleeping in the hut he had prepared for me. I had just fallen asleep, when "the concert" commenced. Twenty drums, accompanied by the clapping of some two hundred hands, with dancing and singing, made a tremendous din the greater part of the night; and though I was very tired I got but little rest before 3 A.M. Once I called Chinsoro and told him I could bear it no longer. "Oh!" said he, "all this is for master." So I was obliged to put up with it.

CHAPTER X.

In the Jungle—Elephant-stalking—Soirée Musicale—Cotton-spinning—Zebras running away—Deputation of the Chief's Wives—A Cool Request—Sitting in Presence of the First White Man—The River Kamvoo—A Sight for the Natives—Appearance of the Country—An African Blacksmith—Interview with Marimba—Lost in the Forest—A Hard Day's Work—Industrious Tribe—Bird-netting—Attack of Illness—Marimba's Present—An Opening for Trade—Castor-oil Plant—Contoonda—Interview with a Drunk Old Man—Inhospitable Chiefs—"Bonnie Dundee"—A Village entered by Force—Again on the move.

THE following morning I was told off to escort Cotondway and his mob to the field of battle, and by three o'clock in the afternoon nothing remained in the forest of the five buffaloes but their bones. Taking the same guide with me, I started to return home by another route, in the hope of getting a shot. About five o'clock, seeing a very fine water-buck, and proceeding to stalk him, I had reached within a little over two hundred yards of him, when he turned round and commenced feeding towards me. I lay down flat at once, and while awaiting the approach of the buck in this position, the sound of the snapping of a large branch suddenly burst on my ears. This was followed by a long rumbling sound, and Moloka

whispered "Jovo!" in my ear; though I had already made that discovery myself. Jumping up, and thus frightening away the waterbuck, I made tracks in the direction the noise had come from. I soon heard it repeated, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction to see two elephants, evidently bulls, feeding among some thick underwood in the forest. I was obliged to approach them in rear on account of the wind, and thus got within fifteen yards of the hindmost without being observed. Gumtickler in hand, I moved out a little to my right, in order to get the angle for the shot behind the ear, but while doing so I cracked a twig, and the monster turned round, having heard the noise. I took him in the right temple as he turned, and killed him dead. The other elephant bolted a few yards, and then pulled up, as if looking for his companion. Having perceived that he had a fine pair of tusks, and being determined to have him, I went down on my hands and knees, and accompanied by Moloka, made cautious tracks towards him. Hearing a rush close at hand, I jumped to my feet, and saw the animal making off across me. Knowing that he was too far for a successful head shot (he then being about thirty yards off), I fired both barrels at him just behind the shoulder, the last making him roar. Having quickly re-loaded, I again followed up the spoor, and after half an hour's hard walking, heard him smashing boughs in a bit of very thick jungle, and not far ahead of me. There were no stout forest trees here, and I must confess I did not quite like the idea of following him into his present retreat, knowing that he was badly wounded.

"What do you think now, Moloka?" said I. The reply was, "Go on, go on, soon shoot him; by-and-by *elephant finish !*"

So on I went. The jungle was very thick, and it required the greatest caution to get through it without making a noise. Sooner than I had expected, I saw the head of my friend full on to me, about ten yards off: both ears were thrown forward. He was evidently on the *qui vive*, and listening attentively. Throwing up the gumtickler, I took a steady aim for the brain through the centre of the forehead, six inches above the level of the eye, and fired. Jumping quickly on one side, to get clear of the smoke, the moment I had done so, I saw the brute on his knees, but still alive. I then ran up close to him and shot him dead in the forehead, directly between the ears. My first shot was a little low. Moloka went almost mad with delight.

"Oh!" said he, "by-and-by no elephant, by-and-by elephant finish! English lion go England, then Moloka savez shoot elephant in head! Oh! by-and-by elephant all finish!" And so he went on till he had me in roars of laughter. He had never seen elephants shot so easily before, and he considered that having once learned to shoot them in the head, he and his friends would in a short time exterminate all the elephants in Africa!

It was now dusk; so taking the tails of the elephants, I returned to camp. There was no noise going on when I reached the village—all was quietness; and the reason was that the men and women had gorged themselves, and were lying about asleep,

or were busy cooking. The first piece of information I received was from the chief himself, who came to see me shortly after my return. "The buffaloes are all finished," he said, "and you must kill me and my people more meat to-morrow." I at once produced the tails and handed them to Cotondway. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Blown out as he was with buffalo meat and pombé, he danced with delight. He then ran and fetched four of his wives, whom he made kneel down in front of me, and placing himself beside them, gave the time for "an evening hymn." I asked Chinsoro what this was for, whereupon I was informed that it was to thank me for killing the elephants, also singing my praises. They clapped their hands the whole time the performance lasted. Immediately after this a large pot of pombé was brought as a present by the wife of the man who had been my guide during the last two days. Of course a present was expected in return, and a small bit of calico and a few beads were thankfully received.

Cotondway came and sat near me while I ate my dinner, and insisted on being told all about the death of the elephants. I called Moloka over, and he spun the chief a long yarn on the subject. As I lighted my pipe after dinner I asked Cotondway how many days the two elephants would last him and his people, and was amused by his replying only one, if they had not had a blow-out at buffalo, but as they were pretty full now, it would, in all probability, take them two days! "Now," said he, "you are done your dinner we will have some music and dancing." And the drums were ordered up. I informed my friend

that though I was very fond of music, and thoroughly appreciated his attentions, I was also very fond of a good night's rest; and after a few explanations on the matter, Cotondway promised me that the concert would be over early. They were soon at it—men, women, and children singing, dancing, and clapping their hands in time to the drums. About ten o'clock I introduced the cornopean to the people for the first time. They were thunderstruck by its music; and when I commenced playing, might be seen shoving quietly away, fearing to stand too close. However, one or two knowing ones, having examined the instrument, satisfied the remainder of the tribe that there was no danger, and they returned to their original places. The chief, who was by me, stood staring at me while performing, his mouth open, his eyes almost glaring out of his head. This finished the "soirée musicale," and I passed the remainder of the night in rest.

Having no wish to witness a repetition of what I had seen at Maramia's when his people cut up the four elephants killed there, I sent Moloka next morning, with Cotondway and his men, to bring home the ivory; and having to fill cartridges and make some bullets, the guns also requiring a good cleaning, I remained at home. Walking about through the village, I was struck by the quantity of cotton-spinning going on, and obtained some samples of native work.

About four o'clock P.M. loads of elephant meat began to arrive. One trunk was laid at the tree for my use, but I need scarcely say that I handed it over to

my companions. Just before dark Moloka returned with the tusks. All were perfect; one pair measured four feet eleven inches in length, and seventeen inches in circumference, the others were much smaller. He also brought with him a little ourebi *(scopóphorus ourebi)*, which he had succeeded in killing. These animals are capital eating, being almost as palatable as the well-known "jungle sheep" of the hills in Southern India.

Having determined to make an early start the following morning in quest of large game, I asked the chief to let me have a couple of men ready to be off at dawn. He at first seemed to think *that* would be impossible, as all the men would want to spend the day eating elephant; but after a little conversation, during which I informed him that I should be much offended were I compelled to wait while his servants fed themselves, he agreed to my request.

Accordingly we made an early start of it, in search of elephants. After a long day, during which we got a tremendous roasting, and suffered from want of water, but saw no fresh spoor, we came across three herds of zebras, but all attempts to get within range proved fruitless, owing to the parched and stony nature of the ground. These beautiful creatures invariably ran away on hearing the slightest noise, galloping gracefully over the plain, and leaving a cloud of dust in their wake. They never run away thickly packed together, as most others do when a herd is disturbed, but open out to a distance of about ten to fifteen yards from each other, and go at a wonderful pace.

The setting sun was just proclaiming the termination

of an unsuccessful day, as I entered the suburbs of Patanda, and found the inhabitants still feasting—while many were suffering from having over-indulged in pombé. Cotondway came as usual to see me directly my arrival was reported, and was much disappointed that I had not killed him some more meat. He said it was his fault, not mine, as he should have "made his prayers" before letting me go! He asked me to remain *several* days and shoot meat for himself and his people!—nor did he seem to see quite distinctly what right I had to refuse him; but time would not permit of my remaining longer, and Cotondway, after trying all in his power to induce me to remain, at last promised me two guides for the following day to a great Manganja chief, called Marimba, on the Lesungue river—informing me, that unless Marimba knew that I was a friend of his, he would not let me or my people into his village, and they might kill us all. This, I fancy, was said to impress Cotondway's importance as a great chief, on my mind.

After dinner a deputation of the chief's wives waited on me to request I would go into the village and play the "great music" once more before leaving. Of course I could not refuse the *fair* sex!

Next morning, when starting, Cotondway tried all he could to persuade me to give him the cornopean, and I had much difficulty in making him believe that I was really going to keep it myself. Though I saw no spoor whatever of lions during my rambles here, this tribe live in mortal dread of those animals—barricading the doors of their huts every night before going to sleep, and they could not understand my

sleeping out with nothing but a thin bit of gauze to protect me from such midnight marauders. I fancy they have kept up a practice which would have been necessary in the country they had once lived in, and where report says lions are numerous, though I am certain they are few and far between here.

As Marimba's was said to be a long way we started at dawn. The country traversed was exceedingly barren—the hills covered with light forest were frequently crossed. All the grass had been burned, and no sign of any kind of game was to be seen during the first five hours' walking. Indeed, unless game were to live on stones and ashes, one could scarcely expect to find any in a tract so totally devoid of any kind of herbage.

About one o'clock, while resting on the top of a hilly ridge, the sound of drums was heard close below us in the forest. My guides jumped up, exclaiming, "Madsee" (water) knowing well that if there was a native village near, there must also be a stream; and so it was, for on descending the hill I found a broad stream (about sixty yards) running through the bottom of a deep ravine. There was but little water in it now. I knew it could not be the Lesungue, though Moloka would insist that it was; and my reason for so thinking was the scantiness of its water in comparison with what the Lesungue had been when crossed on our way up.

Though not a hut was to be seen, the forest here being very thick, voices told that we were close to a village; and Moloka, with Patanda's two men, was dispatched to report our arrival, and solicit the friend-

ship of the natives. They soon returned with several men, and I was invited to the village. These men were Manganjas, and willingly gave any information I required. One of them informed me that he had seen the English a long time ago, on the Shiré, and that they were very good people; but he was the only man in the tribe that had seen white men. He sat close beside me without the slightest fear, while the others sat staring in silence at a respectful distance, evidently not quite comfortable. The river by which we sat, he informed me, was the Kamvoo, a tributary of the Lesungue; and though there was but little water in it now, it was a large river in the rains, during which season he said elephants constantly travelled the forests by its banks, though at this season there was no game of any kind near. Marimba's, he said, was not very far off, on the other side of the Lesungue. He knew that chief well, and on my asking him to accompany me thither, and promising him some beads, he willingly consented to do so, and ran back to the village to tell his wives that "he would not be home to dinner."

As soon as it was known in the village that I had, for want of time, refused to go there, the inhabitants flocked out to see me; and when I left the spot there were at least a hundred men, women, and children squatting on a hillock within fifty yards of my party, feasting their eyes on my novel appearance.

Shortly after crossing the Kamvoo, the hilly, barren country through which we had been journeying was left behind and a slightly undulating tract entered. Here were extensive cotton plantations.

What had once been forest land was now cleared, and highly cultivated with that valuable plant—the general appearance of the place much resembling some of the extensive coffee plantations in the Wynaad. Our route lay as it were through the centre of these gardens, until after some half hour's march nothing but cotton was to be seen around. Here there was no shade from the scorching sun, and the heat was excessive.

On rounding the base of a small hill, I saw several natives sitting under a large tree, and walked towards them. Drawing close to them, I discovered a native blacksmith at work with his assistants. They seemed frightened at my approach; so, giving my rifle to Moloka, I held on my course. Though they stood up, they did not run away, seeing I had no arms. Chinsoro was then desired to tell them who and what I was, and to ask for a drink of water for me, which was quickly brought from one of two small huts a little distance off. Taking a seat myself under the tree, I asked the blacksmith to continue his work, and he at once complied with my request. His fire was blown by two boys, with goatskin bags as bellows, and the hammer used was a stone. He was manufacturing hoes and a kind of trowel, numbers of which lay about. On inquiry, I found that I was within a few minutes' walk of Marimba, and so continued my course without further loss of time.

Exactly at three o'clock I reached the village, which was situated in a deep strip of forest close to the river. I sent no messenger before, but walked straight up to some half dozen men who were sitting

spinning cotton under the shade of a large tree close to the huts. They seemed frightened, but on being told not to run away—that I was a great white chief, who had been staying with Cotondway at Patanda, and had now came to visit Marimba, hearing that he also was a great chief—they no longer exhibited signs of timidity, but conversed freely. At my request one of them set off at once to conduct Moloka and my Patanda guide to the chief, to report my arrival and ask him to come and see me.

They were not long away, returning soon with Marimba and his suite. As they approached I clapped my hands, and the salutation was cordially acknowledged. Marimba halting within ten paces of me, examined me in silence from head to foot; then, at my request, he came and sat with me under the tree. Having presented him with a couple of yards of scarlet cloth and some beads, he was delighted, and very grateful, saying I was too good to give him such a present, when he had come to see me without one. I underwent a long examination as to the cause of my visit to the country, whence I had come, and how long I wished to remain here, &c., &c. Moloka explained that I was a great hunter, who never bought people, but set them free if I found them with the slave sticks on their necks. The chief then left me, taking the Patanda guide, and the man who had accompanied me from the Kamvoo, with him; and after a long private conversation with them, and being satisfied that I was one of the "right sort," returned and asked me to the village.

Having called my men together, and ordered them

to follow me with their loads, I accepted the chief's invitation. On entering the village he asked me if I would like a hut, but I told him I preferred sleeping out; and selecting a large tree in the midst of the village, asked permission to arrange my camp there; which request being granted, Chinsoro was ordered to arrange everything as usual.

As we had no meat, I asked the chief to let me have a couple of men to go in quest of sport, as my own men were tired after the march, and was at once provided with two sharp-looking youths, who said we should probably see some buffalo. Just as we were starting, having partaken of some refreshments, Marimba came with a present of four fowls, some flour, and a large pot of pombé, which was all very acceptable; and Chinsoro was told to cook two fowls for dinner, which was ordered for eight o'clock sharp.

After a long walk through the same hilly, barren, and stony country which surrounded the cotton plantations, during which time we did not see even a sign of game, I observed by my guide's behaviour that we had lost our way; and as I had neglected to look at my compass when leaving the village, I had not the remotest idea which way to turn. Having wandered about for hours, and seeing no signs of getting out of the forest, I determined to get to the top of one of the highest hills I could see, and sit there and listen for sounds of the human race. It was now dark, rendered doubly so by the large forest trees around and above us. At last I reached an elevated spot, sat down, and lighted a pipe. Not a sound was to be heard, and things began to look bad. I was both

hungry and thirsty, and had no means of satisfying the cravings of either. While thus bemoaning my fate, I heard a sound which I fancied was running water. I could only hear it every now and then, as it came on the wings of a breeze. My guides said it was wind, not water, and that they were sure the river was in exactly the opposite direction. However, I determined to try, and ordering them to follow me, took the lead. After crossing two hilly ridges, I found myself once more on the banks of the Lesungue; but the men had not the remotest idea of which way to turn. Taking a long drink, we started up stream. The moon having risen, which was a great help, as the walking was very rough, we were enabled to get on quicker. A quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the outskirts of a native village which, when first perceived, we fancied was Marimba, but which subsequently turned out to be a village about seven miles south-west of it. When close to the huts, several men came out, armed with bows and arrows. They recognised my men at once, and asked them all about me. There was a reed enclosure round the village, and though my guides were taken in and fed, I was not permitted to enter, but left to sit by myself, closely watched by some half dozen natives. In about ten minutes my guides returned, bringing me a good feed of "seema" (a kind of native porridge), which was a welcome gift.

We were soon on our way again, the two men laughing at the mistake they had made, and bemoaning the distance they had to walk home. We had here to wade the river, as it took a bend to the right;

but the water was not more than two and a half feet deep where we crossed. The opposite side proved better walking, as we soon hit on a path evidently known to the men, and rattled along at a good pace, first through forest, then through a tract of long grass. After that a beautiful park was traversed, groups of trees and underwood studding the meadows here and there, until finally entering large cotton gardens, and having crossed them, we found ourselves again on the bank of the river, with only its water between us and our now over-cooked dinner! We were soon on the opposite bank, and arrived in camp, wet and tired, at 12.30. After a hard day's work, having left Patanda at dawn of day that morning, bed and dinner were found ready, with a large fire for my private use close by, the remainder of the party having lighted fires for themselves a little distance off.

Marimba, Moloka, and Chinsoro sat by my fire, wondering what had become of me. Marimba is a tall, handsome man, with a very kind and civilized cast of countenance, but rather old. He was extremely civil, and delighted in sitting and talking with me. He said his people knew nothing of fighting; that living as they did in the depths of these forests, no marauders knew of their whereabouts, and consequently they were never molested. They manufactured a great quantity of cotton, which they sent a long way to sell once a year either to the Portuguese or Arabs. Indeed, almost every soul I saw during my stay here was perpetually spinning. Every man, woman, and most of the children had their spinning-stick and a quantity of cotton always at work as they

sat either outside their huts or under the trees that were scattered here and there through the village. They were by far the most industrious tribe I have yet met with. Seeing some nets lying about, I asked their use, whereupon Marimba informed me that they were for catching fowl, of which there were hundreds in the village. When any of these birds were required, the nets were spread in different places from one hut to another, thus blocking up the passage; and then the children were set to work to hunt them into the nets, and capture them. As I was very tired I did not sit long with my host, who, having seen me turn in, retired himself for the night, having promised me some porters for the march next day, as Patanda's men wished to return, having completed their contract. I thought it better not to waste more time here, as the country seemed quite devoid of game, and determined to march down by the Lesungue to its confluence with the Shiré.

As day dawned next morning I went down to the river to enjoy a bath in its clear water, there being at this season no alligators in the Lesungue, in consequence of its being so shallow. Before starting I told Chinsoro to have everything packed ready for a start immediately after breakfast. I need scarcely say how enjoyable was the plunge, but directly on coming out and commencing the drying process I was completely prostrated with something like a stiff neck, but more the pain of acute rheumatism. Having with difficulty dressed, when I reached the village I was in torture—the left side of my neck and head being affected. Being unable to move even a muscle in my body without

causing the most intense agony in those parts, marching was now out of the question. I could not move. Having had my bed put down again, I lay on it, but could find no position in which I was for an instant free from severe pain. The application of hot water stupes at first afforded slight relief; but at last the pain worked its way into my ear, and almost drove me mad. I never suffered such excruciating torture before or since. Marimba was much concerned about my being thus laid up, and sat by me all day spinning his ball of cotton. Chinsora and Moloka acted as nurses, and were busy stuping all day. I rubbed in a quantity of camphorated spirits of chloroform, and found it gave me great relief.

This was the first day I have been *obliged* to spend "in bed" since 1862, when I had a very serious attack of jungle fever in India, and I cannot say I enjoyed it!

After the sun went down I was decidedly better, and told Moloka that if I possibly could carry my head on my shoulders the following morning, I would start; at any rate, I would make a short march. Continuing the stuping up to a late hour, I slept well during the night; and though much better next morning, my neck and head were still painful; however, I determined to try a start, and ordered everything to be got ready. Then sending for Marimba (to whom I had taken a great fancy), and thanking him for all his kindness, I gave him a few more beads, and asked him to send me the porters, as I was going to start. This he promised to do, leaving me for that purpose. Then setting to work at breakfast, while thus em-

ployed a brother of the chief's came and said he wanted to speak to me privately. Taking Chinsoro, as usual, for my interpreter, and walking with him a little distance, he informed me that Marimba was anxious to make me a present, as I had been so kind to him, and wished to know if I would accept one. Replying in the affirmative, and asking what the chief was going to present, I was informed that the gift was to be a young lady. Determined to see the fun out, though I had not the remotest idea of depriving the village of one of its swarthy beauties, I said I was quite agreeable.

"Then come with me," said he, "and I will show her to you, so that you may see if you like her;" and off we went through the village. At last we reached a small enclosure, which we entered, and there I saw two women hard at work grinding corn. One was an ugly old creature of about sixty, while the other was a tall and decidedly good-looking damsel, whose head had not yet been hardened by the sun of more than sixteen summers. Of course I had little difficulty in making up my mind as to which was the one intended by the chief for me. We sat down at a respectful distance, and watched these women as they went on with their work, evidently unconscious of the coming event.

After the lapse of a few minutes, my friend asked me if I liked her; and on my informing him that she "would do," and begging him to introduce me, that we might talk to each other, he said, "Oh! no, you must first come with me and tell the chief that you like her." So off we went to Marimba. Opening the

conversation by thanking him for his present; his reply to me was, "Very good, well, now, you must go and *catch her.*" I asked him, with feigned astonishment, what he meant by "catching her." "Oh!" said he, "take two of your men and a rope, catch her and tie her as the Portuguese do, and take her away."

Pretending to be much offended with this style of present, I told him I did not understand him; first he offered of his own accord to give me a present, and then he had the impertinence to tell me to go and get it myself. "When," said I, "I gave you calico and beads, did you not receive them from my own hands? I shall receive a present in no other way from you."

"Oh!" said he, "if any of us go to catch her, she will run away into the jungle, and all her people will run away, besides lots of others, for fear I should sell them; but if you go and do it, they won't blame me!"

Telling him I was much insulted, I returned to the tree, where everything was ready to start, and marched out of the village without further delay.

We were soon by the side of the Lesungue, which my new guides said we had better cross, and while the men were carrying the luggage and trophies across I sat on the bank smoking a pipe. When almost the last of the loads was safely placed on the other side, cries of some one in distress reached my ears, and on looking round I was not a little surprised, as well as highly amused, to see old Marimba leading the girl down to me—her hands bound behind her back with a bark-rope, while another was attached to her left arm, by which the chief led her. Seeing them coming I called Chinsoro over from the other side of

the river, and before he reached me Marimba and his *present* stood by my side. He repeatedly offered me the rope, but I would not take it. The poor girl, who was weeping loudly, threw herself, in a state of great distress, on the ground at my feet. Chinsoro having arrived, I took the rope from the hands of Marimba, who now seemed to think all was right. The girl, seeing me take the rope, almost went into hysterics, feeling certain she was sold, and going to be taken away. Several men, women, and children had come out of the village, and stood at a respectful distance from their chief to witness the scene. Pulling out my hunting-knife, and telling Chinsoro to inform Marimba that I was about to show him how Englishmen treated slaves when they found them in bonds, I cut the ropes that bound the girl, and told her she was free. Never did I see anything like her surprise, and so overwhelming was her gratitude that it was with difficulty I stopped her from kissing my now ragged boots and leggings, as she cried, "Takoota! Takoota!" (Thank you! Thank you!), while Marimba, who to all appearance was perfectly stupefied, stood "rooted to the spot."

Making the girl sit down, I asked her many questions, all of which she willingly answered. During the conversation she told me that she had a sister who had been sold a long time ago, that she had never seen or heard of her since, and that from that time she was always afraid of being consigned to a similar fate herself. I gave her a few beads as a slight recompense for the amusement I had had at her expense; and after delivering a short lecture to Marimba, who assured me

that he did all to show his appreciation of me, we parted good friends. I was scarce half-way across the river when Marimba followed me, and taking a heavy ivory ring from his arm begged I would accept it, and requested that if ever I came to the country again I would come and see him, when he would have plenty of cotton to sell me. And so we parted.

It is a great pity that there is no trading in this country. The natives, who are naturally an industrious people, are anxious for it; but the Portuguese are too idle and lazy a lot to trade themselves, living as they do from hand to mouth, and shutting out civilized traders from the country. All must acknowledge that nothing would tend more to the civilization of this part of Africa than the establishment of an honest trade amongst these savages.

Having followed the course of the Lesungue for about eight miles, the intense heat of the sun caused my porters to sing out for a halt, and half an hour was placed at their disposal, at the expiration of which the march was continued along the sandy banks of the river, which was shallow. We passed through, or rather close by, many small native villages, extensive cotton plantations, and large gardens of the castor-oil plant, from which the natives extract the oil, but only use it for the head and body, being unaware of its medicinal properties.

About one o'clock we ascertained that we were close to the village of Contoonda, and that it would be necessary to send a message to the chief (bearing the same name), who had but lately come to this country, and knew nothing of white people.

Accordingly Moloka and Marimba's men went and reported my arrival. Contoonda, who was in a terrible fright, came at once, but would not approach nearer than within twenty yards of me. He was a tall man, with a very bad cast of countenance. His ears were pierced with large holes, an antelope horn being thrust through each, which gave him a most ridiculous appearance. Giving him a small bit of calico and a few beads, to try and make friends with him, I asked him to allow me to spend the remainder of the day there, and sleep during the night in his village. This he would not hear of, saying that neither he nor his people had ever seen a white man before, and that if he were to allow me into the village all his tribe would be frightened and run away! However, after a long conversation, during which my men informed him of my recent visits to Cotondway and Marimba, he said I might remain if I chose. I then walked through the village. The people, who were all employed spinning and weaving cotton, were alarmed at my appearance, which they showed by getting up and running into their houses when I approached.

The chief, who was very surly, again changed his mind, and said he would not allow me to remain. He gave me no present, and Moloka, thinking he was "no good," said it would be better for me to go on further. As Marimba's porters begged to be allowed to return, I informed Contoonda that I wanted him to provide me with fresh men in their places. He refused this request, saying "the boys" would be all afraid to go; but upon my paying well my late porters in his and his people's presence, and tell-

ing him I should be compelled to remain in the village till I procured men in their stead, he provided me with the number required, and in the afternoon, which was very sultry and oppressive, we started again down the banks of the river, through more cotton and castor-oil fields.

About five o'clock I overtook an old man who was walking along very drunk—behind him marched his two wives, one carrying his bow and arrows, and the other a large pot of pombé. On discovering my presence, he began clapping his hands and laughing violently, his more sober companions moving off the track we were walking, and kneeling down while we passed, in token of respect. The old gentleman, sitting down under a tree, and calling up the lady with the pombé, invited us to drink. The invitation was accepted, and as we found the beer good, it was quickly disposed of by my men and myself. A small bit of calico, given in acknowledgment of this attention, was thankfully received, and we were off.

Just before sunset one of my new men informed me that we were close to the village of P'maro (called after the chief), where we should have to sleep, and that I should stop with the remainder of the party where I was, while he went and told the chief that we were coming, so that the people might not be frightened and run away! In about half an hour, during which a slight shower of rain fell, he returned, and with a downcast countenance stated that the chief was away, and that his brother, who was in command during his absence, said he could not let us into the village. This was decidedly unpleasant news. We had

no fowl or flour—in fact, nothing to eat as far as my men were concerned.

After a consultation with Moloka, I determined to go and have a look at the place, at all events; and making the men take up their loads, started in the direction of the village. Ten minutes' walk found me on an open plain, within two hundred yards of a small village. All the inhabitants were assembled outside, and there appeared to be about sixty or seventy men, armed with bows and arrows, or spears; but I could not perceive any guns amongst them. Having packed my kit carefully together, and got ready the five guns belonging to me, as well as the flint locks of Moloka and Chippootoo-la, in case of any row, a polite message was sent to the chief's brother, saying I was a friend, and only wanted to spend the night in the village, and purchase provisions; but the mission proved a failure—the man whom I sent bringing back a message to the effect that, if we attempted to enter the village, they would kill us all, and ordering us to start at once from where we were, and march round a hill some distance from the village, out of our course altogether. This was too much, and knowing that we were out of reach of their arrows, I determined to fire a couple of shots over their heads, and try to frighten them either into submission, or out of the village. I therefore sent back the man to tell these saucy people that if they did not receive me civilly at once I would fire on them, and then burn the village; adding that, though I had come with friendly intent, still I was a great chief, and would not be insulted. All the other chiefs

had received me kindly, and we had parted good friends.

The effect of this was a message to say that if I would come by myself, without arms, the chief's brother would "look at me," and if he thought I was all right I and my party would be admitted. Not seeing the fun of that little game, I sent back a refusal to the invitation; intimating, however, that if the chief's brother would meet me by himself, unarmed, half way, I would do the same by him, and he might "look at me" as much as he pleased. The result was another impertinent message, which could not be better translated than by the words "Be off." So I determined to try and frighten them (against the wishes of the Makololos, who being in a great rage, wanted me to fire on them at once), and sending one of my men about a hundred yards to the front, made him say that we were going to commence hostilities. Telling the Makololos to load their guns, I took the cornopean from its case and played "Bonny Dundee." The effect set us all into fits of laughter. The terrified warriors fled in every direction, several rushing down and crossing the river, while the remainder either ran into the surrounding jungle, or disappeared in the village. Chippootoola, in a state of great excitement, fired off his gun in the air, much to my annoyance.

"Come," said Moloka, "come quick, and burn these dog-houses!" This I refused to do, but followed by my whole party, with Moloka, Chinsoro, and Chippootoola at their head, I advanced cautiously towards the huts. Hearing or seeing nobody, we entered the village, which proved to be entirely deserted.

In the midst of some forty huts stood a clump of five large trees, where we took up our position, packing the kit closely together. Two men were sent to catch fowls, and seven were captured in a few minutes. A fire was then lighted, and cooking commenced. About half an hour had elapsed from the time we entered the village, when an old woman was seen mooning about. Chinsoro went and spoke to her, and she walked back with him to where I was standing under the trees. I explained to her that she had no reason to be frightened—that we were friends, not foes. Showing her the fowls we had procured, I gave her ample payment for them in calico; and the old lady was delighted, saying the people were all fools to run away. She then left, and in a few minutes returned, bringing a quantity of eggs, which being quickly purchased, she went, in great glee, in search of some of her runaway tribe.

It was soon very dark, so I posted Moloka and Chippootoola in different places on the look-out, some distance from our fire, lest we should be attacked while Chinsoro and I in our harness cooked dinner. The moon soon rose and shone brightly. Just about this time the old lady returned with five men (their approach having been reported by the vigilant Moloka), and the party sat down within a few yards of us, close to each other. I asked them why they were afraid of me, but neither Chinsoro nor Moloka could get a word out of one of them, they were so frightened. Some more men arrived shortly, and sat by the others. Having asked for two more fowl, which were quickly brought and purchased, the

news soon began to spread that I was worthy of being a guest.

When I had finished my dinner, there were twenty-three men sitting in a crescent within fifteen yards of me, staring and wondering. Having lighted my pipe, Chinsoro and I opened a conversation with them. I asked why the chief did not come to see me? The reply was he was away drinking pombé in another village, and would not be back till morning. Asking where his brother was, I was informed that he was afraid, and would not come. However, by purchasing some provisions, and giving a couple of small presents, I gained both the confidence and good will of those then in the village; and when they returned to their respective huts, having placed a look-out, I turned in with all the guns and pistols loaded. Moloka, who took the first watch, was ordered to call me when my turn came. I had not been long asleep when this good Makololo pulled my feet; and having awakened me, said in a low tone,

"The chief come back, plenty drunk. Moloka hear him; chief speak bad. Chief say, 'Where is the English?—where is the English? Shew me the English!' He speak plenty angry. Get guns ready quick! Suppose chief speak bad, these people come fight; chief come see master, and no speak bad—that good; then people no want fight. Oh, chief speak bad, no good!"

These were as nearly as possible Moloka's words. He had heard people talking down near the river, and having crept close to them, had heard them tell the chief of the strangers who had come into the village;

and seeing that he was not pleased, had come at once and reported to me.

Everything was soon ready, and the remainder of the night was kept on the look-out, all four sentries being posted round the bivouac at a distance of about fifty yards. It was a long, anxious, and watchful night, but we were not molested or disturbed. As day dawned the villagers began to assemble round us, and I recognised amongst their number some faces which I had seen the night before. At 7 A.M. a message was sent to say that the chief was coming to see me. When this individual arrived, and had taken up his position at a distance of twenty yards from me, I asked him why he had not come to see me before; to which he replied, with great humility, that he had only just returned to the village, and having heard that strangers were here, had come at once to see them. This I knew was a lie from beginning to end; but as he seemed in a state of terror and agitation, and inclined to be civil, I accepted his excuse, and told him that if he and his men would go and put their arms in their huts, I would lay mine by, and talk with him. This was done at once, and I was soon busy exhibiting the cornopean in the midst of a crowd of some fifty men. The women had returned to the village, and many of them also came to see us. I presented the chief with a small piece of red cloth, which pleased him much, and four fowl were given to me in return. Amongst the crowd I recognised my drunken friend of yesterday. He had just arrived, having come to see me, and brought me a present of a pot of pombé. I played the cornopean

for them in the village for nearly an hour, and anything like their amazement I never witnessed. All my guns were inspected and explained, some shots were fired at marks, and we were the best of friends. I had no difficulty in obtaining everything I wanted, including fresh porters. A dog which Moloka took a fancy to was purchased for a few beads, and about 9 A.M. we were off again, continuing our course down the Lesungue.

Then followed a long and tiresome walk, sometimes through the deep sandy bed of the river, at other times along the banks, over rough rocks, which the scorching sun at noon had made so hot, especially to the bare-footed natives, that we were obliged to leave the track we were following, and make our road as best we could through the jungle, which, in some places, was almost impenetrable. About two o'clock I reached the Shiré, and ordered a halt.

CHAPTER XI.

Walk down the Lesungue—Beating down Burning Grass—Chippoo-toola's only Shirt—M'pemba—Early Start—The Makurumadsee—A Refreshing Bath—*En route* for Matiti—The Abuse of Rum—Misconduct of Buckley—Red Ants—Visitors to our Camp—Narrow Escape—Masiko—Visit to Moloka's Village—His Wives—Chibisa—A Bad Night—Chase of Koodoos—Splendid Shot—Large Herd of Elephants—Gazelles—Their Tameness—Magnificent Pair of Ivories—In Quest of Large Game—Indian Elephants—Providing Meat for Moloka—Shot at a Bless-bock—Reminiscences of the Chase—Adventure with an Elephant.

IT is an extraordinary fact that during my walk of thirty-five or forty miles down the Lesungue, I never saw the footprints of an elephant, buffalo, or antelope; and if there was game of any kind near, they must unavoidably have come to drink at the river. The cultivation all the way down, along the river, was very extensive, and the land I passed through very fertile. After a short rest we were off again, being anxious to reach M'pemba, if possible, before night. The heat was dreadful, and Moloka's dog died from the effects of it, after a few minutes' illness, the head and spine being affected.

Near evening, the noise of a fire was heard roar-

ing ahead of us, and as the wind was from the south-east, and the grass we were treading was still unburned, there could be no doubt it was coming our way, and between us and our destination. "This fire no good," said Moloka. "No want to go back now. Come quick, may be fire no burn near water." Five minutes had scarce passed when we found ourselves within some fifty yards of a long line of burning grass, roaring, cracking, and extending up through the forest to the right, as far as the eye could reach, from the very water's edge. It was rather an awkward position to be placed in, and I confess that I was at a loss to know what to do, when Moloka said we should all cut long boughs and beat it out. This idea never would have struck me. Every man quickly provided himself with a bough some twelve feet long, with a good tuft of leaves on the end, and, headed by Moloka and myself, the whole party went straight at the fire. The heat was absolutely scorching as we approached the flames. Beating down the burning grass before us, we dodged about here and there, as best we could; and though the depth of the line of fire was little more than seven or eight yards, we were nearly suffocated, as well as half roasted, when we got to the other side.

The tail of Chippootoola's shirt (the only article of clothing he had on), caught fire, and it was most ludicrous to see him endeavouring to get it off. Everyone else was too busy on his own behalf to assist him, till his roars for help brought Moloka and myself, in fits of laughter, to the rescue, when he was soon divested of the covering, though not until the poor

fellow had sustained a severe burn on the back. One or two of the men were also badly burned on the feet and legs.

Having made our way, as it were, through the body of the flames, and finding that the ground, which was now covered with black ashes, was almost as hot as that which we had just passed over, the natives started off at a run, to get over it quickly. My feet were throbbing in my boots, the soles of which were now so hot that I could bear them no longer; so, having with difficulty run about a hundred yards, I got down to the river, and taking these articles off, cooled both them and my half-roasted soles in the water.

"Oh!" said Moloka, as he sat by me bathing his feet, "that fire no good. Manganja no good to make fire this place."

Chippootoola was close by, cursing and swearing in his own language at the Manganjas, as he turned the remaining rags of his only shirt over and over, finishing the soliloquy by putting the half-burned "under garment" on, and thereby causing a roar of laughter among the party.

At 7.30. P.M. I arrived at M'pemba, where I found the huts which we had built when going up the river burned to the ground, the poles of several still smouldering. As we were only going to remain a few hours we did not dream of building fresh ones, but bivouacked as usual on the ground close to the water; and for my part, I slept soundly through the night, being fatigued after an unusually long march of more than twenty miles. It was a lovely and bright moonlight night, a heavy dew falling. Four jolly fires

burned round the bivouac, and Moloka, as usual, lay down to rest close outside my mosquito-curtains. The moon had not set next morning when Chinsoro, who had received orders for an early start, awoke me with the announcement, "Massa, coffee ready."

Knowing there was but little sport between the Lesungue and the foot of the Murchison Cataracts, and having given up the idea I had once entertained of making a trip up the Makurumadsee river, in consequence of having found the Lesungue so devoid of game, as well as from the fact of Moloka saying that when we got to Chibisa he knew a place where he could show me plenty of elephants, I determined to make a forced march to Matiti, a distance of at least twenty-two miles, where I expected to find Mr. Young and the remainder of the party putting the boat together. This was the reason for such an early start, and we had got over some three miles when daylight dawned. Close to where we had been sleeping the tracks of a large lion were plainly visible in the ashes which covered the ground, showing that he had walked some distance down the river's bank before taking a drink, and turning into the jungle.

About 8 A.M. we passed through Patamanga, where I met a large party of Ajawahs, who had been employed by Mr. Young to carry the things down to Matiti, on their way home. They numbered about a hundred and fifty, and seemed as jolly as sandpipers, all having received the promised cloth as payment for their labour. They informed me that the party had only arrived at Matiti the day before, having made slow marches down, and reported all well. I reached

the Makurumadsee about 10 A.M., after a sharp walk. As the sun was now becoming powerful, I halted under some large trees by that river, and as we all set to work to cook breakfast, coffee was soon served out all round.

While Chinsoro was busy at the fire I had a delightful bathe in the river, having found a deep hole, some two hundred yards above its confluence with the Shiré; this river, like the Lesungue, being free from alligators at this season. I almost at first feared a repetition of what I had suffered at Marimba, but as I looked on the beautiful water, shaded as it was by large trees, I could not resist the temptation. However, I did not remain long in, and was much the better for it.

After breakfasting we sat for about an hour before starting. It was exactly one o'clock when we crossed the Makurumadsee *en route* for Matiti. I had taken off my boots to keep them dry, and as the stones were very smooth there was less danger of slipping as I stepped from one to the other. But this game did not last long, for I soon found these stones far too hot for my thin-skinned feet, and had nothing for it but to sit on one—a feat I found some difficulty in accomplishing—put on my boots, and walk through the water. As I descended the hills over Matiti the atmosphere became clouded, and one or two heavy showers fell. Distant thunder was often heard.

I arrived at Mr. Young's camp at 5.30. P.M., and found all well, save John Brown (one of the Krumen who it will be remembered was left behind there), who was half mad, supposed to be the effect of

drinking one of our beakers of rum (which had been left in his charge) through a straw, then lying drunk in the sun, and subsequently suffering from fever.

The Makololos were all there, and as they sat round their fire drinking pombé and smoking bang, they gave us a hearty welcome. Reid had just commenced putting the *Search* together. Mr. Young informed me that Buckley, whom he had sent back from Pamafunda to take charge of the things left here, had behaved very badly, and had robbed us right and left, a quantity of cloth, provisions, ammunition, &c., having been stolen by him, besides nearly all the cloth left having been destroyed through his negligence in not keeping the boats dry. The heat here this evening was most oppressive, the thermometer showing 99° in the shade at 6 P.M.

After a long sit over a jolly fire, when many a yarn was spun, all turned in. Reid had rigged up his mosquito curtains and bed in three sections of the *Search*, which he had put together during the day. Mr. Young and Stacy turned into a hut, while I, as usual, put up my curtains on the ground in the open. I had just fallen asleep, bent on a good night's rest, when I was roused by thousands of small red ants biting me sharply all over. The hair of my head, as well as my beard, was full of them, while hundreds swarmed on my clothes and blankets—every individual ant bent on assisting to eat me alive. I don't remember ever having experienced a more disagreeable sensation. There was nothing for it but to jump up and instantly divest myself of every stitch of clothes. When I rose I observed the whole camp in the same plight.

Those in the huts were turned out. Many natives who lay by their fires, rolled up in sails or mats, were hard at work getting clear of these marauders—millions of which blackened the sand around. Having jumped up on a box which lay close by, I stood naked in the moonlight, begging of Chinsoro to fetch me my hair-brushes, that I might get the ants out of my head; but it was some time before the boy would come, as he was half eaten himself.

These midnight travellers took easy possession of our camp, as in a few minutes there was not one of us within a hundred yards of it, all having removed to a hill some way off, where fresh fires were lighted. There, having spent half an hour at least getting the ants out of our clothes and blankets, we again lay down to rest. However, we were not destined to get peace here, for presently a Makololo jumped to his feet, crying, "Mavite! Mavite!"—(they had christened the ants Mavite)—and started off at a run. Everyone was off in an instant, most of us getting clear away before the arrival of these insects, and in a few minutes the ground we had occupied was covered by our tormentors. A new position at a respectful distance was taken up, and all enjoyed undisturbed rest during the remainder of the night.

The next day was devoted to cleaning up guns, and making preparations to go with Moloka to his elephant ground on the river Moanza. Our camp swarmed with visitors—consequently gossip was the order of the day. During our absence the Makololo's who remained at Chibisa had attacked Maukokwe, and driven him from one of his villages. Several Manganja wo-

men came and asked to be taken by us to Shupanga, saying that they did not want to remain any longer with the Makololos, their present husbands. Oh! the fickle fair sex!—(dark I should have said!)

At night we were again attacked by travelling ants, and I had a narrow escape of having my head smashed by the fall of a long reed (weighing two stone) from a tree under which I was sleeping. This unwelcome visitor fell on the guncase which I used as a pillow, smashing it in, having missed my head by four inches. I must confess to having been rather startled, and need not add that I took up my bed and walked pretty quickly!

There was a good deal of thunder and lightning all night, but no rain. It was evident the rains were approaching, and we were anxious to get down to the Kongoni before the floods.

Next morning, October 14th, Masiko came to visit me. It will be remembered that he was the first Makololo I had seen in the country. At two o'clock I started with all my kit for Moloka's village, four or five miles down the river, where he had gone last night, having made me promise to come to-day and join him. On arriving there I was informed that he had gone some little distance to see his garden; but that he had left word for a messenger to be dispatched to him directly I should arrive; and it was not long before he came, with his train of followers, "doing the chief" heavy. He wore a red-flannel shirt and white trowsers, and put on a wonderful amount of side!

After a hearty welcome, Moloka, having informed me

that I must stay a day or two with him, gave me a neat hut for myself. Then followed presents of fowl, rice, flour, pombé, bananahs, &c., and he would have nothing in return. After a talk and a smoke he showed me all the village. At last, entering an inclosure, which he informed me was his own private suite of apartments, he pointed to eight females, and said they were all his wives. Calling them by their names, he arranged them side by side opposite me, and was particularly anxious to know which I admired most, and if I liked them all. Some of them were very good-looking girls; but fearing I should give offence if I drew any comparison between them, I stated my approbation of the entire herd!—and Moloka was pleased. A heavy thunder-shower now drove us indoors, and I retired to sleep at an early hour.

Feasting, dancing, &c., were kept up in the village all next day; and Moloka went in the afternoon to Matiti, to say good-bye to Mr. Young. On his return, about 8 P.M., everything was got in readiness for an early start next morning; and daylight had not dawned when we set off. I was accompanied by Moloka, Chippootoola, Chinsoro, and six of Moloka's men, carrying spare guns, provisions, and ammunition. Walking down the river's bank, we arrived at Chibisa about 10 A.M., where one of the Makololos, by name Murreemema, was chief. I found him and two of his tribe who had accompanied us to Nyassa (Charlie and Sequasha), sitting under a large tree in the village, eating plantains and drinking pombé. I was most hospitably received both by the chief and the

villagers. Rice, fowl, &c., were presented, their donors receiving an equivalent amount of calico or beads in return.

This day turned out one of the most oppressively hot I have felt in the country, so we resolved on remaining under the large shady trees at Chibisa till the afternoon. The spot on the river Moanza at which Moloka proposed camping, was, he said, too far to go in one day; and as there was no water to be obtained between that river and the Shiré, it was arranged to carry an ample supply for the day and the coming night, which we were to spend in the jungle, half way. However, as the afternoon proved almost as hot as at midday, the plans were changed, and we determined not to leave till the following morning, when, by starting about 2 A.M., we might possibly manage to reach the Moanza before night.

About 9 P.M. a heavy thunder-shower having fallen, I had to leave my customary bivouac under the largest tree in the village, and accept the offer of a hut from Murreemema; but his establishment was so close, that I passed a bad night in it. However, it was a short one, as 3 A.M. saw us groping our way in the darkness through the thick underwood in the forest behind Chibisa. Soon daylight began to brighten up the line of march, and had it not been for the stony features of the country, which sadly impeded my barefooted porters, we should have got on quickly. As it was we made but a slow march of it up to 7 A.M., shortly after which hour I perceived a herd of five of that beautiful antelope the koodoo *(strepsiceros kudu)*. They were walking across my route, about a hundred

and twenty yards ahead. I was much pleased at the sight, being particularly anxious to procure some good heads of these, by far the most striking and imposing of all South African antelopes.

Making my followers sit down quietly, as I was still unperceived by the game, I stalked as near as possible, but from the nature of the ground could not get nearer than a hundred yards. The herd consisted of three bucks and two does. One of the former stood broadside on to me, and from the momentary glance I took at him, he appeared to be the largest of the lot. Taking a steady aim, I fired Rigby 10 at his deep shoulder. I heard the hit, and the koodoo staggered for a moment, but recovering himself, quickly disappeared in the jungle with the remainder of the herd. Re-loading as I went, I followed in the direction these animals had taken, as fast as my legs would carry me, and had scarcely gone two hundred yards when I saw three of their number standing within a hundred and fifty yards of me, their heads and ears erect, and looking intently in the direction from which I was coming. Singling out the finest buck, I let drive. There was no mistake about a hit this time, besides distinctly hearing the "thud" of the bullet as it struck the mark. The buck fell on his knees, but recovering himself, was off in a second. I tracked him up by his bloody footprints for some distance, when finding that he was going away from the route which the other wounded one had taken, it was deemed advisable to try and recover first the one I had previously hit. Retracing my steps I soon found the spoor, which showed that the wounded koodoo

was accompanied by a doe. There was much blood on the tracks, and I determined to follow him as long as there was a chance of recovering such a prize. I had gone somewhere about a quarter of a mile, and was cautiously picking out the footprints over some hard and dry ground, when I observed another koodoo within about a hundred yards of me, standing perfectly still, and apparently little conscious of my approach; but perceiving by the colour of its skin, as well as its unadorned head, that it was a female, I banished the idea of firing, and continued walking directly towards it. I had reached within fifty yards of where this animal stood, ere I perceived that her mate lay dead at her feet. Almost at the same moment she observed me, and was off in an instant. A race to the dead koodoo ensued between Moloka and myself, but I do not think I ever was so disappointed as when, having reached the goal, I found one of the beautiful horns broken. Had both been perfect, it would have been a splendid specimen.

I was particularly struck with the size and bulk of this animal, and the following measurements were accurately taken:—five feet four inches, girth; five feet five inches, length; from head to tail, eight feet four inches; length of horn, four feet; length of tail, one foot eight inches. The bullet had passed clean through the body just behind the shoulder. Leaving the men to cut up the animal, Moloka and I again started to try and recover the other wounded buck; and taking up the tracks at the exact spot where we had left them, followed a long way without seeing any of the remainder of the herd. At last they were

viewed going full speed, and as there could be no doubt that the wounded one was amongst their number and "going strong," it was thought necessary to give up the chase and return, especially as our backs were turned both to water and our party. I was sorry to be obliged to do so, as there was much blood on the tracks, but there was nothing else for it. It was some time before we rejoined our party, as in the excitement of the pursuit we had gone further than we would have wished. I found all hard at work cooking koodoo meat, the men having lighted several fires, and the beautiful skin was pegged out in the sun to dry. All were singing out for water, and Moloka proposed that as we were not far from the Moanza, though much further down the river than where we purposed camping, we should go and drink at once, and continue the march in the evening.

Diverging to the left of our original course, we entered a forest of large trees, whose shade from the scorching sun was appreciated by all. As we were getting over the ground at a good pace, a short whistle attracted my attention, and looking round, I saw Chippootoola, who had been walking some twenty yards to the left of our line, on his hands and knees, intently examining something on the hard ground. As he beckoned to us, Moloka and I were soon at his side, and ascertained that Chippootoola's discovery was nothing less than the apparently fresh spoor of an elephant. The ground was so hard and dry that at first we could make but little of it; but soon we got into some sandy soil, where the tracking became easy,

and as this rover had here joined a large herd, we followed up the spoor without any difficulty and at a rattling pace. As we got into the forest the density both of the trees and underwood increased. Sometimes the tracks led us through patches of jungle that we could not possibly have penetrated had it not been for the engineers who had marked out our route, and made our way easy. After an hour of this work, we found ourselves within fifty yards of a large herd. It would be impossible to say how many, but there must have been over a hundred. Unluckily, while approaching them, they got wind of us, and the result was a hasty and disorderly flight. I was thoroughly disgusted for a moment, thinking my chance of a shot was gone; but, when just on the brink of despair, I observed a large bull that had no doubt been separated from the body of the herd, walking quietly along through the jungle. He was evidently aware that his companions had made themselves scarce, and swinging his enormous head, the supporter of a fine pair of tusks, about, was employing the powers of both eyes and trunk in the endeavour to find out what route the herd had taken.

Followed by Moloka, I ran to head him, in the hope of cutting him off; and having succeeded in reaching a large tree before him, I awaited his approach. On he came straight for us. Moloka was delighted, and kept whispering in my ear, "Oh! grandy! grandy!" meaning that he was a large one, or that his tusks were fine. It was an anxious moment, for as he came nearer, swinging his head from side to side, I observed that he carried a splendid

pair of ivories. Were they to be mine or not? Again bad luck seemed as if waiting on me, for when the bull had come within some twenty-five yards of me, a distance which I considered far too great to risk a shot at, he pulled up short, and stood for a minute, evidently aware that he was approaching some dangerous spot.

Moloka begged of me to fire, but knowing how little impression my gun would make on the monstrous head at that distance, I declined. Turning quietly round, the bull stood with ears thrown forward, examining with ear and eye the direction he had just left behind. I don't know whether his attention had been attracted by any distant noise amongst my porters, or if he was only endeavouring to find which way his mates had gone. The moment he turned I left the tree, and crawling slowly and cautiously along, was within four yards of his hind quarters in half a minute. Then moving out to the right till I got the angle for the brain, I once more called on the gum-tickler, whose yell was responded to by a gurgling noise from the huge bull as he rolled over dead.

Shouting "Waffa! waffa!" (dead! dead!) "good! good!" Moloka ran up. He was in great delight, and commenced his favourite soliloquy, when he saw an elephant killed with one shot, "Oh! by-and-by elephant finish! by-and-by no elephant! Now plenty elephant! by-and-by finish!" The word "Waffa" rang through the forest, taken up by the porters and men left behind, most of whom had taken the precaution to climb the highest tree within their reach;

and all were soon assembled round the prize, exhibiting their feelings of satisfaction on being told that we would camp here till next day, by dancing and singing round the elephant. The size of the tusks, head, and feet of the beast, as well as my praises as a great hunter, being the theme of their discourse.

Leaving all my goods under charge of Chinsoro, I started with the remainder of the men for the river, which we fortunately found within half a mile of where the elephant lay. There was but a little water here and there, and the whole dry bed of the river was covered with the spoor of elephant, buffalo, and all kinds of antelope. Taking a good supply of water, we soon returned, and set to work to build huts. Moloka sent one of his boys to Chibisa to bring out his wives and pombé to celebrate the event of the death of by far the largest elephant I had yet killed, as well as an order for forty men to come and carry home the meat to the Makololo chief's village. The koodoo meat was allotted to Chippootoola, and I am sure he got the best of it, for I cannot fancy much satisfaction in the mastication of the old bull.

Late in the evening, going out for a short stroll, and seeing numbers of waterbuck and bushbock, I would not fire at any of them, lest I should disturb the larger game, the footprints of elephants and buffalo being visible almost every hundred yards. I determined to hunt the adjacent jungles well next day, and turned in early.

Shortly after daylight I started the next morning, with Moloka, Chippootoola, and a couple of men, in

quest of large game. During my walk I saw no fresh spoor, though there was plenty as new as yesterday; but all the elephants had evidently been frightened, and had left these parts. I also discovered that two other herds had been frightened away from close to where I had killed the bull, and had borne down everything before them in their precipitate flight. The jungles here were full of gazelles. These beautiful creatures were not in the least startled by my appearance, constantly standing and staring at me till within pistol-shot of them, and then only walking quietly away. Indeed, all the antelopes seem to have but little fear of man, for two herds of waterbuck which I saw during my walk were equally tame. One of these, which contained an exceedingly fine male, allowed me to walk to within twenty yards of them, and only then, on my raising my rifle (though I did not intend firing), did they trot quietly away a short distance, when they pulled up, turned round, and stood staring at me again, causing Moloka to remark "Nyama (game) no savez English lion!"

Finding no fresh spoor of elephants, I returned to camp at eleven o'clock, and after a good breakfast we set to work about the tusks. I made the natives clean the whole head of the animal, with the intention of bringing home the skull perfect, but finding it so massive and heavy, was obliged to abandon the idea, and ended by cutting out the ivories, one of which measured six feet seven inches in length, and twenty-two inches in circumference, the other proving an inch shorter, but a quarter of an inch more in circumference. They were indeed a spendid pair, and both

were perfect. The following measurement of the animal itself was most accurately taken a few minutes after its death:—

Height at shoulder, ten feet eight inches; girth (measuring half), fifteen feet four inches; length from head to croup, eleven feet one inch; circumference of forearm, four feet eleven inches; length of right tusk, out, four feet eight inches; ditto left, four feet seven inches; greatest circumference of right tusk, one foot ten inches; ditto left, one foot ten inches and a quarter; breadth between points of tusks, two feet ten inches; ditto base at trunk, one foot five inches. The entire length of the tusks measured on the following day—right, six feet seven inches; left, six feet six inches.

This appeared to me by far the largest elephant I had seen in Africa, and still it will be seen how small it would be beside an Indian elephant carrying the same weight of ivory. I have myself killed bull elephants in India with smaller tusks, measuring over twelve feet in height. Sportsmen have told me of their having killed elephants fifteen feet high, but I have never seen one that height yet, and am inclined to think they are very rare. The massiveness of this animal's head and neck was much greater than anything I have seen in Asia.

Taking a short turn in the evening, but seeing no fresh elephant spoor, and being hard up for a bit of fresh meat for myself (not caring *much* about the elephant!) I was tempted to kill a bush-bock just at dusk. On my return to camp I found that Moloka's villagers had arrived during my absence, and had been hard at work cutting up the meat into long stripes, and hanging it up

to dry on regular railings they had erected round several fires. I must say the odour was not at all appreciated by me.

Under a tree close to camp sat six of Moloka's wives, each having brought a pot of pombé, and a few little dainties for her husband, who was soon seated amongst them. Chinsoro having been sent with an invitation to me to join the party, I was soon squatted down between two of the ladies, who had orders to "keep my glass full." It was a night of rejoicing, and we kept it going till a late hour, when the party broke up, and I am happy to say every one returned *soberly* and *orderly* to his rustic couch.

Being anxious to have one more look round for elephants before leaving these jungles, I started with my usual companions at daylight the next morning, and walked a long way up the river. Up to nine A.M. we saw no spoor, and as Moloka advised that we should shift our camp at once to where we had originally intended going when we left Chibisa, we turned back. On the way we unexpectedly saw a fine hartebeest feeding by itself. A careful stalk brought me to within sixty yards of it, and a single shot from Rigby 10 threw it where it stood.

Though I had only seen this one animal, the remainder of a herd, numbering from ten to fifteen, jumped from some thick underwood close by, where they had been lying, the moment I fired, and I luckily rolled over a second as they bolted when disturbed by my first shot. A second gun was quickly placed in my hand by Moloka, and I took a shot at

another hartebeest that was galloping away by itself some hundred and fifty yards off.

Fancying the animal appeared to have been hit, I took up its tracks, and a large drop of blood on the hard ground soon showed me that my surmise was correct. Moloka and I went in pursuit. After a long and somewhat tedious track of an hour, we saw the animal walking quietly along in front of us. It seemed very much done up, and I looked upon its recovery as a certainty; but on trying to get near it, the wary animal "twigged" me, and, galloping off, was out of sight in a minute. Nothing daunted, we continued on its tracks. This spurt seemed to have told on the now fast-sinking antelope, for in less than ten minutes we again viewed it standing under a tree, broadside on, about eighty yards off, its head hanging low. A steady shot put an end to its pain, and thinking that three hartebeest were a fair morning's sport, I made up my mind to send one man quickly into camp for porters to take the meat, while I should myself return and superintend the breaking up of the establishment.

Accordingly Chippootoola was despatched to camp. Had I not been pledged to Moloka to kill all the meat I could for him while out, I would not have cared to slay these animals in such a reckless way. Every particle of meat was carefully preserved, and sent home to the villagers. Moloka said he and his people wanted meat badly, and that when I go he will have no one to procure it for them. The meat, when dried and preserved by them, keeps a long time.

None is left in the jungle. Often while up the country Moloka would say—

"By-and-by, go Chibisa, then Moloka get plenty meat; now massa shoot elephant, n'goma, n'gonda, n'yakodsway (waterbuck), Ajawah get meat, that no good, oh! by-and-by, go Chibisa, then Moloka get plenty of meat," and so on, and I felt bound to keep my promise with such a faithful servant.

The hartebeest is a beautiful and graceful animal, standing nearly five feet at the shoulder, and decidedly worthy of better horns than it is gifted with. The females also are provided with horns, though smaller than those of the males.

No time was lost, after our return to camp, in getting everything ready, and making a start for the Moanza, a large number of Moloka's men having obtained permission to accompany us to the new camping ground, in the hope of getting more meat to take home. When the hartebeests were brought in, just before we started, Chinsoro, according to orders, cut off a tit-bit or two for me and himself; the remainder was handed over to Moloka, and most of it despatched to his village.

As I wandered along through the forests, some hundred yards ahead of the main body of my followers, at about four P.M., I was pleased to see a beautiful antelope, which I knew, by the white blaze on its forehead, could be no other than the bless-bock *(damalis albifrons)* standing near a small herd of the same family, but some thirty yards closer to me. As I had been particularly anxious to obtain a specimen of this animal, I signalled to those in the rear to be

quiet, and having succeeded in stalking to a moderate distance, killed him on the spot with a well-aimed shot behind the shoulder. It was a handsome animal, standing three feet seven inches at the shoulder, and over five feet in length. The horns scarcely measured thirteen inches, dark in colour, each being furnished with a set of half-rings in its frontal surface. The entire front of the face, from the eyes down, was a beautiful white. Having taken the head and skin, while the meat was carefully packed up by the men, we continued our march.

About four o'clock we reached the river, after a pleasant though hot walk through a magnificent forest full of large timber, and here and there extensive tracts of dense underwood, growing in some places to the height of fifteen feet or more. The whole of the jungle we passed through was thickly covered with the footprints of various kinds of antelopes, but as I saw none after killing the bless-bock, I have no doubt they were lying in the cool and secluded recesses of the forest. A few moments sufficed to select a fit spot to camp in, within a hundred yards of the river. The centre of a circle of large trees was chosen for my ground; and Moloka set the men at work to build me a comfortable hut, while Chinsoro cooked some dinner. After a good feed, I took one gun, and accompanied by Chippootoola, went out in the hope of getting a shot. Walking towards the river, I observed a strip of plain on the opposite side, about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and studded here and there with small patches of scrub. A forest of apparently the same description as that I had been

traversing, spread over the country beyond. As we stood on the bank surveying the plain with the binoculars, we perceived two water-bucks feeding near the edge of the wood opposite; so crossing the river, I made a long stalk, as the wind was wrong, and getting to within a hundred and twenty yards of them without being perceived, I killed the largest with the first shot, throwing him in his tracks. Frightened by the report, the other ran a little way, and then turning round to look for its companion, offered me a fair shot, of which I availed myself by administering a "gentle tap" behind the shoulder from the left barrel, after receiving which it ran a few yards and fell dead. The horns of the first were large and handsome; while those of the second were much smaller, and damaged from fighting.

As it was now almost dark I commenced retracing my steps. While working my way through a wide track, where the reeds stood from fifteen to twenty feet high, I came upon a large herd of buffalo, but it was too dark even to see them; and getting wind of me when within some fifty yards of them, they ran away, smashing through the dry reeds with a tremendous row. The man who was with me, thinking at first that they were rushing towards us, of course bolted like a good 'un! Another quarter of an hour saw me safe in camp, the bright fires round which caught my eye when at a considerable distance. On arriving, I found that a good hut had been arranged for me, while the remainder of the party were scarcely less well off, having looked after themselves. Quantities of meat had been cut into strips, and were drying round

different fires, preparatory to being sent home to the village. A glass of grog and bed followed.

Next morning I started by moonlight, accompanied by Moloka, Chippootoola, and three men, with the intention of trying to get a shot at buffalo and return to breakfast. Before starting I only took a bowl of tea and a biscuit. We saw no buffalo, but just after daylight came on the fresh spoor of a large herd of elephants. Having taken up the tracks at a brisk pace, we soon found that they were leading us straight away from home. This looked bad for breakfast, but what else could be done? A consultation was held. Moloka said, "Massa no take breakfast, and no bring anything to eat or drink, by-and-by massa plenty hungry. Elephant go long way." I replied I was ready to follow the spoor; and as Moloka said, if I could go all day without grub, he could do so also, we resolved to follow up the game, and went in search of it. After travelling straight away from home for three hours, we came on a place where the elephants had evidently stopped to feed, as the surrounding ground was much trodden down, branches of trees lately stripped of their leaves, lying strewn about, while, from the freshness of the spoor, it was evident that they had only just left. The sun was now actually roasting. I don't think I ever felt it so powerful before. The ground was so hot that I could scarcely keep my hand on the soles of my boots, while my feet were throbbing within them, and very painful.

At 12.30 we came up with the herd, which was scattered about, some standing in the bed of the river, while others had sought the shelter of the many

large trees that shaded the jungle here and there near the banks. The first animals that caught my eyes proved to be two cows, standing in some thick and high reeds, that covered the ground close to the bank of the river, which was all but dry, as there was only a small pool of water here and there. I would not fire at them, hoping I might be able to find a bull; and, sure enough, there was a fine one standing in the dry bed of the river, where he had dug a hole with his trunk, thus procuring water for himself. His tusks, though certainly fine ones, seemed to be much smaller than those of the last elephant I killed. The bed of the river was broad, and as he stood in the middle of it, with no cover nearer than the bank, I found I could not possibly get closer than within forty-five yards of him, and, therefore, determined to try at least to shake his nerves with a shot from the gumtickler. The good gun roared, and the monster fell.

Thinking he was dead, Chippootoola ran down and fired a shot into him from a spare rifle which he carried. This roused the only partly-stunned brute, who, recovering himself, got on his legs, and in a most determined way charged the Makololo, who ran straight for me, his head all the while turned back watching the monster, as he rapidly gained on him. As I hastened down to his assistance with but one shot in my gun, the frightened man by a sudden turn ran against me, and knocked me head over heels. While endeavouring to get up I perceived the elephant close on me, and just managed to gain a sitting posture in time to fire at his head. Once

more the infallible gumtickler did its work, and never shall I forget the satisfaction I felt as I saw the infuriated bull fall heavily on the ground within six yards of me. In an instant I jumped to my feet, and ran after Chippootoola for the spare gun, one barrel of which was still charged. Taking a position within fifteen yards of the fallen elephant, I commenced reloading the old favourite, fearing the animal might get up once more, and recommence his game. But the bull was stone dead, and never stirred again. Ten minutes later I was sitting smoking a pipe in triumph on his side—Chippootoola, frantic with delight, trying to persuade himself and his friends that if it had not been for him the "jovo" would have escaped. Moloka laughed at him, but said nothing.

Having all feasted our eyes on this prize, whose tusks of beautiful white ivory proved better than I had anticipated, measuring three feet eleven inches out, and twenty inches in circumference, we adjourned to the river in quest of water. The men had scattered about, and Moloka and I, having satiated our thirst at a small pool, were smoking on the bank, and wishing we had something to eat, when a series of loud cries of "Zacoonoo!" (come here) burst upon our ears. Seizing a gun I hastened to the spot, and found Chippootoola in great delight catching fish in a small pool of water under the bank. This pool, which scarcely covered four square feet of ground, contained eleven fish of half a pound each, which were soon roasting over a fire—a welcome surprise to us. The best—nicely though roughly cooked—

were placed before me, and I thoroughly enjoyed the repast, finding hunger, as usual, a good sauce even for fish.

A pipe followed luncheon; and while I was smoking it one of my gunbearers, who had been taking a stroll on his own account, came running up to me in a state of great excitement, saying that as he was rambling down the river bed in search of more fish, he had suddenly found himself uncomfortably close to an old cow-elephant that had been left behind by the herd, with her young one; the latter being so small, that it was able to get on but slowly. He said that on seeing him the cow, leaving her young behind, charged him, but he had escaped by hiding behind a tree.

As this man described the young elephant as being exceedingly small, I at once resolved to try and capture it alive, knowing that if I should first succeed in killing the cow I could have but little difficulty. Accordingly, taking Moloka and the newsbearer with me, I hastened to the spot where they had been seen last. There was the spoor right enough, and I had not gone far on it when the old lady appeared walking quietly along with the little one by her side. The mother seemed in a great state of fear, stopping every few yards and looking round. The utmost caution was necessary in approaching her, and I don't suppose either of my companions liked the work. Once she turned round, and with ears back and coiled trunk, charged headlong through a thick clump of bushes, evidently thinking there was something un-

safe there. Emerging from the other side she pulled up, gave a shrill trumpet, and then returned quickly to where she had left her young, eliciting from Moloka (as he stood by me concealed behind a stout tree) the remark,

"That jovo no good. Makasee" (literally "woman") "got piccaninnee—plenty angry!—no good."

Having rejoined her young one, and apparently satiated her rage by the recent charge, the cow pursued her course quietly, thereby enabling me to come up cautiously behind to within fifteen yards of her. The little chap, who was walking at her heels, either having heard me or smelt me, stopped short, turned round, and we stood face to face. In an instant the cow followed suit, and knowing that the moment she saw me she would in all probability endeavour to treat me as she had done the clump of jungle, I was ready in an instant. Astounded by my novel appearance, she stood motionless a moment, her ears bent forward. As she threw these back, the gumtickler challenged her in a loud voice, and she fell dead. The young one charged at once through the thick smoke, passing between Moloka and me, and having gone a few yards in rear, pulled up, turned round, and stood roaring at us. Though he was a little fellow, it was quite evident that he had determined, at all events, to annihilate us, for in a minute or two he charged back again, and having selected Moloka as his victim, hunted him through the jungle. I laughed heartily at the sight, admiring the pace at which the little animal got over the ground.

At last Moloka dodged him round a tree, and returned to where I stood.

Knowing the young elephant could not get away, and seeing at the same time that some difficulty was likely to be experienced in capturing him, I went in search of the remainder of my party, intending to cut some bark and make ropes of it to secure the animal. As I was returning a shot struck my ears, and on reaching the spot, I had the mortification to find the little one dead; Chippootoola having shot it in the brain to save his life—at least, so he said. I fear he would not have been so plucky had it been a few feet higher. I was very angry, and Moloka "did not like it much."

It was now growing late, and being a long way from camp, we deemed it advisable to make tracks in that direction—our course leading either along the banks of the river, or up its sandy bed.

After an hour's walk, still pursuing my way along the bank, I suddenly found myself close to a solitary bull elephant. He was standing in some thick underwood, facing straight on to us, and not more than twenty-five to thirty yards from me. As it was impossible to get nearer to him without making him aware of my presence, in consequence of the density of the jungle he had selected for his retreat—and as the wind would not permit of my attacking him from the rear—I saw there was nothing for it but to risk a shot at that distance, which I knew was too great. Taking a steady aim for the temple-shot I fired the rifle (Rigby 10), and the effect was that the elephant was knocked

down, but being only stunned for a moment was up again quickly, and immediately charged Chippootoola, passing within fifteen yards of me. As he did so I gave him the other barrel behind the ear, and knocked him down; but the shot, which was a running one, was not well placed, and it was soon evident that the animal was fast recovering, as he commenced lashing his trunk to and fro, and I had scarcely taken the gumtickler from Moloka when he was on his feet again, and charging a large clump of shrubs. In the centre of this clump stood a good-sized tree, which was borne down before his impetuous onset. Directly he reached the other side he stood still, roaring and trumpeting. It was evident he did not know in what direction to look for us, as all save Moloka had concealed themselves; the latter as usual standing by my side. I at once commenced to approach the animal, and had got to within eight yards of his hind quarters when he turned the least bit to the right, and gave an angry roar that shook the marrow in every bone of my body, and almost made the ground tremble under me. In making this change of position, he sealed his own death-warrant, for he gave the gumtickler a chance behind the ear, which was speedily taken advantage of, and the angry monster fell to rise no more.

Moloka, having quietly repeated his favourite remark regarding the total extermination of all the elephants in Africa, cried "Waffa! waffa!" and the party was soon assembled round the prize. It was a

good-sized bull, that is, about ten feet high, and his tusks, though thin, were long and perfect. He had a large gangrenous sore in his side, covering a space of nearly a foot in diameter, and to this cause I attribute the fact of his being very thin. This most probably was the effect of an encounter with some old bull buffalo, or perhaps with one of the same family as himself.

Little time was lost now, as our camp still lay a long way from us. About a mile from where I killed the last victim, and while walking down wind, a large herd of elephants, informed by the tainted breezes of our approach, bolted at a most tremendous pace. I ran some distance after them, in the hope they might stop, but could not overtake them.

The remainder of the walk home was rough and dark, and it was a quarter past twelve o'clock when we sighted the camp fires, after a long and hard but successful day of twenty-one hours.

As I sat smoking over my fire after dinner I could not help thinking that Chippootoola was a decidedly useful man. I had killed two good bull elephants, which he by some means or other had induced to charge him—always bringing them in my way! I had also a vision before my eyes of two magnificent n'goma (koodoo) heads which I had seen when following up the first herd of elephants, and which at any other time would have had my best attention. Subsequently, when on the track of the same herd, and about a mile from where I had seen the koodoos, an old sow with seven young ones stood in my way, forbidding me, by a series of angry grunts, to advance another yard;

and as if alarmed by her menace we retreated ignominiously.

With these thoughts I retired to rest, tired after a long and hard day.

CHAPTER XII.

Encamped on the Moanza—Village of Massahar—Arrival of the *Search*—Another Sporting Expedition—The Downward Voyage of the *Search*—Parting with Moloka—Enormous Herd of Elephants—Loss of Ammunition—Pursued by an Elephant—Bad Luck—Caught Napping—Unexpected Challenge—On the Ruo—Bishop Mackenzie's Grave—Tracking a Wounded Waterbuck—Night Halt at a Native Village—Bathing Enclosure—On a Sandbank—After a Rhinoceros—Cassenga—Run into the Zambesi—Shupanga—Supply of Meat for the Poor Villagers—Kongoni Castle—Magnificent Meteor—Return to England—A Word for Reid.

EARLY next morning camp was removed to a suitable place on the Moanza, close to the dead elephants, and the day was spent taking the tusks. Before daylight a messenger was sent to Chibisa to report the quantity of meat lying in the jungle, and about 5 P.M. some three hundred natives arrived, and at once set to at the elephants, cutting up and drying the meat in the usual way. Shortly after their arrival I strolled out by myself, and not far from camp had the luck to kill a splendid blessbock (*damalis albifrons*) by a good running shot at eight yards with the Rigby 10. When close to camp I succeeded in also capturing alive a young fawn of the bushbock—the little thing being

too young to keep pace with its mother, who had been frightened away. However, on bringing it into camp, all agreed that it was too young to rear. The ever-hungry Chippootoola did not see why he should not have it to eat, at the same time turning up his nose at the elephant meat, which he said was "no good;" but in half an hour it was set free in its native jungle by Chinsoro, and doubtless soon found its mother.

I now thought it advisable to return to Chibisa with the ivory, &c.—and accordingly next morning left the Moanza by moonlight, followed by my own men and all the villagers with their loads of meat. A march of fifteen miles brought us to the village of Massahar (one of the Makololos), at Chibisa, about 9.30 A.M. There I heard that Mr. Young was still at Matiti, where he had been engaged repairing the graves of the missionaries, after the completion of the rebuilding of the boat. Massahar's village being only about six miles from Matiti, I immediately despatched a messenger with a letter announcing my arrival and success. About two o'clock the *Search* was reported coming down the river, and in a few minutes she came alongside the steep bank under the village—all on board, I was glad to learn, being in good health.

Mr. Young having informed me that he was going to stay a day or two at the Ruo (river), for the purpose of repairing the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, and that he would afterwards have to go up to Senna, I determined to shoot the country down to Mankokwe's, knowing it to be good elephant ground. At my request Mr. Young left me the whale boat I had taken up the river, so that I might have it to carry any

trophies or provisions, knowing that I should never be too far from the river to communicate with the boat in a few hours. Antonio was told off to me, and the Shupanga men (those who had remained at Matiti in our service while we were on the lake) being asked which two of their number would volunteer to remain with me, they all with one consent declared that they would stay. Lots were drawn, and Mankokwe (a most extraordinary and amusing man) and Bussantee, a sharp young lad, were the lucky ones. About 5 P.M. Mr. Young and the remainder of the expedition, with the *Search* and *Petrel's* whale-boat, left amidst the hearty cheers of some three hundred natives who crowded the bank to see them off. I obtained from Mr. Young fresh supplies of provisions and a sufficient quantity of barter goods to take me down to the coast, in case I should not see the party again before arriving there.

The next day was passed cleaning up guns and arranging for another trip to the Moanza, which we intended striking lower down than where I had been hunting, and nearer the Shiré. By hunting the jungles near the river down to the Shiré I should get good sport.

I was much disappointed in the evening when Moloka told me he could not go shooting any more, his feet being swollen and sore. Indeed he was knocked up, and anxious to return to his home, from which he had been absent a long time. Over and over again, as he held my hand to say good-bye, did he make me promise to return—and he said if I did come back again he should like to return with me to

England. I was sorry to part with this good, plucky, and faithful fellow. When going away I gave him a revolver (which he had always admired, and could use well), as a token of the regard I had for him, and with it five hundred rounds of ammunition, and nothing could exceed his gratitude. This good "savage" left me crying like a child.

Massahar and the fine Masiko (brothers, and both over six feet one) now volunteered to accompany me on my projected trip as far as Mankokwe's, but said they should return from thence, as the time for sowing their corn had come. Accordingly next morning, at 8 A.M., I started once more for the Moanza, accompanied by them, Chinsoro, and ten men, leaving Antonio and one of the Shupanga men to bring the boat down to Mankokwe's, where I arranged to meet them, the other Shupanga man (Mankokwe, but no relation to the Manganja chief) being permitted, at his own request, to come with my party.

Having marched about half-way to the river, I stopped to load the guns, and while thus engaged elephants were heard in the forest not far from where we stood. A beam of joy lighted up the swarthy faces round me, and having made the porters sit down, I, with the two Makololos and Chinsoro, made tracks for the herd. The jungle proved a dense mass of underwood about twenty feet high, with only a few scattered trees, and in some places almost impenetrable—not exactly the kind of place I prefer meeting the lords of the forest in. I soon found the fresh spoor, and after an hour's tracking, came up with a large herd as they were moving quietly along.

Luckily the first elephant seen was a good bull, and, gumtickler in hand, I was soon close behind him. As I moved to one side to get the angle for a shot behind the ear, he stopped to listen; but I had got far enough, and taking a steady aim, pulled. How can I express my feelings when the cap snapped? The monster, startled by the crack, turned round towards me, but as he did so I tried the left barrel at his temple, and the bull fell dead within seven yards of me.

Until now we had no idea of the number of elephants about. Frightened by the report of the favourite, they were bolting on every side of me, roaring and trumpeting. We had, without being aware of it, got into the middle of an enormous herd. The jungle was so dense we could not see any of them, though many rushed by us within a yard or two. Every moment we expected to be run over. As I stood rooted to the spot, an elephant, whether a cow or a bull I don't know, as I could not see the tusks, passed within four yards, exposing the upper part of the head. I had just received Rigby 10 from Masiko, and let drive for the ear, when the brute staggered and fell with a crash through the bushes, but ere I reached the spot recovered itself and moved off. I ran on its tracks for at least half a mile through the same thick jungle, leaving particles of my now dilapidated raiment behind at almost every step. At last I saw the animal standing before me, but ere I reached close enough to venture a shot I cracked an unlucky twig under my foot. The elephant turned and charged at once. I had not reloaded the right barrel, and consequently had but one shot, which I fired at the charg-

ing monster, and to my great relief it fell. On putting my hand into my pouch for fresh cartridges, my dismay can be imagined at finding not one left. By some means or other the strap had opened, and as I ran through the jungle every cartridge had fallen out. None of my men were near, and I now perceived that the elephant was only stunned, and having partly recovered, was making efforts to regain his legs. In vain I shouted and whistled for Masiko, Chinsoro, anybody. Moloka was not here. When the elephant had succeeded in getting on his feet, he charged about fifty yards, roaring and trumpeting savagely. Of course I retreated, but had not gone far when I heard the brute crashing through the jungle close behind. Throwing myself headlong into a thick clump of bushes, and lying motionless, the infuriated brute passed full tilt within a few yards of me, but the jungle was so excessively dense that he did not see me. In this uncomfortable position I lay about five minutes, when, hearing no more row, I crawled out a mass of scars, and having found a stout tree, laid down my gun and whistled and called again. I was soon answered, and in a few minutes all had arrived. The guns were reloaded, and we were off on the track of the wounded beast; but it had gone clean away, and though we followed the spoor till late we never came up with it.

When nearing the river towards evening, after having given up the elephant chase, we saw a fine koodoo feeding quietly ahead of us. As the wind was wrong I made a circuitous stalk, which occupied a considerable amount of time; but at last

raising my head above a small hillock, I found myself within seventy yards of this splendid antelope. He was standing still, evidently listening. A minute sufficed to take aim and fire. I heard a thud, and the koodoo ran a few yards and fell. This was a cause of general rejoicing among the men, as this animal is highly prized by them on account of the abundance of fat to be found in it.

When within less than a mile of camp, elephants were again heard, and so close were they, that in less than ten minutes we were within a hundred yards of the herd, which was in the bed of the river, evidently looking for water. We had a good view of them at the distance mentioned from the bank, and counted forty, but there might have been more. I had reason to hope for success, as the banks on either side were steep, and I should have little difficulty in getting within distance in a very few minutes. But, alas! when within about forty yards the report of a gun in the direction of camp alarmed them, and a hasty, headlong retreat followed, leaving me much disappointed at this piece of bad luck.

On our return to camp we discovered that the offender was Chinsoro who had fired at an antelope of some kind or other, with the Brown Bess of one of the men. He was very sorry when he was made aware of the mischief he had done. Heavy rain fell all night, and as my hut had been but badly thatched, I was well soaked before morning. However, daylight brought with it a clear sky, and, directly it dawned, everyone set to work to make the huts (of which four stood along the river's bank) water-tight. This

being done, I, with Masiko and Massahar, started to hunt the forests between our position and the Shiré, in the hope of coming across more elephants, and returned at 1.30, without having seen any game, save some waterbucks, at which I did not fire. After lunch I took an hour's "snooze," and at 3.30 turned out again. We had scarcely left camp a hundred yards behind, when we were surprised to find by the fresh spoor that a considerable herd of elephants had crossed the river, and the open space opposite our camp, while I was asleep. This was indeed being "caught napping!"

Taking up the tracks we followed them till dark, but they never stopped. I am sure that they were frightened by our camp, which they must have smelt, if not seen. The night came on dark, and we lost our way. Unfortunately I had left my compass behind, and knowing that to wander about would most likely be to go farther from home, we lay down under a large tree, and slept till daylight dawned, when steering for the east, we struck the Moanza, and following it up, eventually reached camp at 9 A.M.

We remained here two days longer, but killed no more elephants. Each day we saw spoor, but all were travelling towards Mankokwe, and we never came up with a herd. The jungle here is literally trodden down with spoor of all kinds of game. My bag during the last two days consisted of a koodoo, two pigs, and a hartebeest.

Sorry to leave these grand hunting jungles, I marched at an early hour, on the 27th October, for Mankokwe, where I had ordered Antonio to await my arrival with the boat. During the march I saw no fresh

spoor of elephants, but killed a bush-bock, and a very fine gemsbock, reaching the village at twelve noon, where I found all as I wished. Here we had food and rest, and at 2 P.M., having bid farewell to the Makololos, and paid them and the others off, we got into the boat, and were once more flying down the Shiré with the current, two men pulling gently, so as to keep steerage way on the craft.

At 6 P.M. we made fast to the bank, and arranged for a night's rest. Here the mosquitoes were intolerable. About 9 P.M., while taking my customary smoke at the fire, I was startled by a challenge in the Manganja language. The night was very dark, and though myself clearly visible to anyone approaching, as I sat in the glare, I could not see a man within twenty yards of me. The question asked was, "Who are you at the fire?" I replied, "English." The man said, "No."

Having my rifle and revolver at my side, I seized them, and ran about twenty yards into the darkness to try and see who and what it was. Accidentally I ran in the very direction where eight men stood. This I was made aware of by hearing them run off like a pack of frightened elephants, smashing their way as best they could in the dark through the dry reeds.

After calling to them for some time, and assuring them we were no foes, two of them came to us, and a few minutes later we were joined by the remainder of the party. They said they were Mankokwe's men, and were going back to fight Chippootoola, who had burned one of their villages.

I have no doubt as to the truth of the first part of

the statement, but am rather inclined to think that they were beating a retreat from those parts. They stayed some time at my fire, and informed me that they had been fighting with Metakenny, who had come down on them and carried off numbers of their women and all their grub. They were in a sad plight, with the Makololo on one side and Metakenny on the other. But the Manganja are such noted liars, as well as rank cowards, that there is no believing anything they say. Bidding us good night, and telling us that we were sure to be attacked by Metakenny before morning, they went off.

A look-out was kept during the remainder of the night, but we were not disturbed. I left at daylight, and continued my course down the river. When we asked the natives along its bank concerning sport, we were informed that all the elephants had disappeared, as Mr. Young had been firing at them on his way down. We also heard that Johnghiti, one of the Shupanga men, had been nearly killed by an elephant which he had tried to shoot for Mr. Young, a statement which subsequently turned out to be true. The heat all day was intense. As we passed down the river we saw quantities of waterbuck, but failed in two attempts to get near them, owing to the open nature of the plains, all the grass being burned.

At 3 P.M. we reached the Ruo, which is in Metakenny's district. His men, a mob of whom we met, informed us that Mankokwe's story was a lie. They said that a party of them were sent by their chief to buy corn from Mankokwe, and directly they appeared

he and his tribe "ran!"—a statement which I don't doubt. I visited Bishop Mackenzie's grave; Mr. Young had had it made nicely up, and had put a wooden cross over it. All the people here were glad to see me again, and I was given the use of a house in the village on the island. Taking two men from the village, who said they would show me plenty of game on the other side, I started next morning at daylight. When we had gone about two miles down the river we landed on the east bank, having left Chinsoro, with orders to watch my movements, in charge of the boat. I had not gone far when I saw a fine water-buck making his way home after an early breakfast. The wind was favourable, and a stalk of about ten minutes brought me within a hundred and fifty yards of him, as he stood broadside on under a small tree, snuffing the air as if he knew danger was nigh. I saw there was not a moment to be lost, so raising myself from my hands and knees to a kneeling position, I took a steady aim and fired. The buck staggered and bolted off, and I fired the second barrel as he ran away. I had no doubt that the first shot hit him, but was uncertain about the last. He soon entered some long reeds and was lost to sight. On taking up the tracks, we found them stained with blood. The men with me knew nothing of tracking, and said he would never be recovered; but I knew otherwise. After half an hour's tracking, we heard him bolt away through the reeds in front of us, and found the spot where he had been lying covered with blood. This kind of work continued for two hours, when I succeeded in bringing him down, running at fifty yards. I then saw that

both my former shots had taken effect. He was a fine beast, with long and perfect horns.

As the heat was most intense, I made for the boat again. On the way I saw two female waterbucks, and as the men from the village begged me to shoot "more meat" for them, I fired at the larger, and, to their delight, luckily shot her dead through the neck, at about a hundred and sixty yards. We were soon on board and off again. At sunset we came to a village where, as the chief was civil, bringing us a present of eggs and flour on landing, we halted for the night. Here we found a small enclosure of water in the river, made by the natives for bathing in, a strong fence of stakes being driven down close together to keep the alligators out. The clear water ran through it, and I enjoyed a delightful bath. While I was in the enclosure an enormous brute of an alligator swam round and round it. No. doubt he would have liked the treat of a bit of white meat! I slept on the bank, but the mosquitoes prevented much enjoyment in sleep.

Taking a man from this village as guide, I turned out early next morning for the jungle, game being reported very plentiful. Within half a mile of the boat we found fresh spoor of elephants, and in ten minutes we came up with a small herd in some long reeds by the river side. The native who accompanied me would not come up to the elephants, confessing that he was afraid. However, with Chinsoro, who followed me, carrying two guns, I crept cautiously on with the *gumtickler*. The herd was standing still. The first I came on was a cow. Passing to the left of her

I moved in amongst the herd—Chinsoro at my heels, trembling like an aspen leaf. The next I saw was a fair bull, standing three parts from me, and offering a splendid shot behind the ear. A couple of steps brought me within ten yards of him, and in another instant the gumtickler bellowed, and the bull fell dead. At that moment another of the herd bore straight down on the fallen one, and seeing it prostrate, stood a minute with extended trunk over its companion. It was full on to me, and the head being lowered, gave an opportunity to the second barrel of the big gun. In another instant two elephants lay dead side by side. Fortunately both were bulls; but though their tusks were fair, they were not anything like the length or thickness of some I had killed higher up the country. The remainder of the herd were off like lightning.

It was some time before I could find the frightened guide, but when eventually he did come, trembling and shaking, he went frantic with delight at the sight before him. Returning to the boat for the men and axes to take the ivory, on the way back I wounded a fine waterbuck, which I subsequently lost through not having time to follow him up. However, a small ourebi (*scopophorus ourebi*) was added to the bag by a lucky running shot at eighty yards, the ball passing clean through the brain. At 3 P.M. the tusks arrived, and bidding adieu to the natives of the village, who looked on me as a god for giving them so much meat, I left, and continued my course down the river. The heat was most oppressive—not a breath of air.

At 5.30 we passed Dombo Island, and shortly after we ran ashore on a sandbank in the middle of the river. Here we stuck fast, and all attempts to get the boat off proved of no avail for half an hour, when a passing canoe full of natives luckily came to our assistance and got us off. Camping at 7 P.M. by the river side, we again became the unhappy victims of millions of mosquitoes. Daylight saw us off next morning, as we were anxious to reach Morumballa before night. In the afternoon it blew a heavy gale of wind for a couple of hours, and gave us plenty to do in the little craft, which was very deep in the water.

At six o'clock we reached the village of Chimbazo, situated on the west bank of the Shiré, under the north end of Morumballa. The chief very civilly came to see me, bringing the customary present. The scenery along the last few miles of the river was indeed a happy change from the horrible marshes. As we approached the mountain under whose base the Shiré flows, winding and turning in every direction, the land, which was considerably wooded, became high and undulating on the east side, while the park-like appearance of the fertile plains on the west, which were studded with groves of trees and villages, added to the improved appearance of the landscape.

As the chief informed me that the rhinoceros was to be found up the sides of Morumballa mountain, I determined to have a trial the following day; and a guide, who knew the haunts of those animals, was promised. It blew and rained all night, in consequence of which I accepted the offer of a hut, and was very comfortable. The people seemed as if

they had known me all my life, and were very kind. They said they knew the English well, and the names of Waller, Bishop Mackenzie, and others, might be heard every now and then during their conversation. I remarked that they were very badly clad—indeed, worse so than any natives I had seen in the country, save some who did not pretend to wear any clothes at all. Most of the old women wore nothing but a piece of roughly-made matting; and altogether I was struck with the general appearance of poverty in a place where the English missionaries had spent so much time. The good and kind hearts of the people, however, shewed that though not improved as regards their apparel, their minds had been raised above the low level of the savage, through the influence of those good men whose bones now lie as witnesses of the cost—the great cost at which, comparatively speaking, so little good has been effected.

Shortly after crossing the river next morning with two stalwart and swarthy guides, we found the spoor of a rhinoceros, and immediately took it up. The animal had been down to the river for water, and was now evidently going home for the day. For six hours we followed the tracks, which led us zigzag up the side of Morumballa mountain, sometimes amongst densely-wooded ravines and dells, through most of which little streams of water ran down the steep declivities to the Shiré, and where the rank vegetation afforded shelter to myriads of mosquitoes; then up some precipitous ascent, so steep that it seemed a marvel to me how the animal ever got up. After a long pull up a hill so steep that I often slipped back,

I stood to breathe the cool air (for the heat below, and even in the hollows of the mountain, was intense).

Here the scene was truly lovely. Below us, some three thousand feet, lay the Shiré valley, and only now did one really know the extraordinary way in which that river twists and turns about. Its confluence with the Zambesi was plainly to be seen, looking to the southward.

While admiring the landscape, suddenly a rhinoceros was heard to bolt, with a grunt, from some long grass in a swampy ravine, about a hundred and fifty yards to my right. Hurrying on the track with all possible speed, I soon viewed him climbing the mountain above me; but he was on the alert, and the stony ground and open forest rendered the chance of coming to close quarters with him but a bad one. However, getting within eighty yards, I gave him both barrels of Rigby 10 behind the shoulder. As each bullet struck his tough hide it sounded like hitting a rock. The beast staggered a moment, then charged down the hill close by me, but the men (as usual) had bolted with my guns. Reloading the breech-loader, and calling to the natives to follow, I hurried after him, and in a quarter of an hour, on emerging from a deep ravine, saw him ascending a spur of the mountain quietly, and within fifty yards. Running as fast as I could up the hill after him, I got to within some forty yards of him, when, hearing me, he turned round. As he did so I again fired at the shoulder, and another charge slap down hill followed the report. Fortunately the hill was very steep, for, as I stepped on one side, the

brute, seeing he was foiled, tried to turn after me, but the impetus prevented his succeeding, and I gave him the second barrel at four yards as he passed, rolling him down the hill like a rabbit. When I got down to him I found he was not dead, but a shot in the head put him out of pain. This was the first rhinoceros I had ever killed, and the only wild one I had seen. I roared "Waffa! waffa!" (dead! dead!) and in an instant the sides of Morumballa, which had scarce yet finished echoing the report of the last shot, resounded with the triumphant and demoniac yells of my stout companions, who were soon on the spot, and no longer in the least afraid of the rhinoceros.

The mosquitoes here were intolerable, though it was little more than two o'clock P.M. On my way home, passing along the plain at the foot of the mountain, and not very far from the river, I saw a fine waterbuck on the hill-side a long way off, looking at us. Seeing no chance of getting closer, I put up the two hundred and fifty yards sight and fired. However, the elevation was not enough, for the bullet struck a rock just under his body. This caused him to run about fifty yards higher up the hill, when he again stood and stared at me. Up went the three hundred yards sight, and again I fired. I heard a hit, and the buck, rearing up, fell back dead.

My men, who were some distance behind, now came running up, and requested me to hurry home, as the mosquitoes were eating them. On my asking them to come and see the spot where the bullet had hit the rock, they objected, saying it was a long way

and a steep walk, but when I began the ascent myself two of them followed me. On reaching the spot where the buck had stood when first I fired, I showed them his footprints and the bullet-mark on the rock, telling them that I would follow his tracks and see where the second shot had given. "Oh!" said they, "that's of no use, we all heard it hit the rock also."

It was very nearly dark, and though within five yards of them, none saw the dead buck, which was almost of the same colour as the ground on which he lay. Telling them to look about for the bullet-mark on the ground, I stood and watched them. At last one "twigged" the beast, and all were astonished at the distance at which I had killed him. Few rifles would have done such a feat; but Rigby's 10 bores are true and strong.

On reaching the river, we were nearly eaten alive with mosquitoes, while waiting for the boat from the other side. Dancing, singing, and general rejoicing prevailed in the village all night. As the chief, who was very civil, begged I would kill some meat for him, I went out next morning, and without going very far succeeded in bagging a male and female of the water-buck family, quantities of which are to be seen wherever the eye turns. Another night's rejoicing followed, and the chief begged I would join in a dance, which I felt compelled under the circumstances to do. However, being introduced to rather a nice partner, I managed to pull through the performance, though I fancy once or twice I rather disgusted some of the old

hands by clapping mine out of time. This lasted too long, as I was anxious to turn in, but a heavy storm of wind and rain soon broke up the party. At 11 A.M. the following morning I left Chimbazo, and was much struck with the regret exhibited by the natives at my departure. The river under the south end of Morumballa is excessively pretty, winding amongst the spurs of the mountain in the most wonderful way.

At the request of a large party of natives I landed at the village of Cassenga, and nothing could exceed the civility with which that chief (who was a leper, without hands or feet) received me. I was no sooner in the village than I was surrounded by about two hundred men, women, and children, all eager to hear where I had been, and what I had seen. They said they had asked Mr. Young to come ashore as he passed, but he had taken no notice of their invitation. Pombé, flour, eggs, &c., were presented, or brought for sale. Having thoroughly enjoyed an hour with these people, we left, and literally flew down the river, with a favourable wind and current, till we ran into the Zambesi at 4.30 P.M., and bivouacked for the night on the eastern bank, where the mosquitoes did not annoy us.

As I was anxious to reach Shupanga with all haste, in order to have some shooting there, the next dawn saw us under weigh. We passed several Portuguese residences as we went down the river. One José came down to see me, and sat a long time in the boat. He was a most intelligent man, and took great interest in my maps and charts. He said he had known Livingstone at Kebra-bassa Falls on the Zambesi, and, like all

who have known him, sang his praises. He brought down a beautiful musical-box, which was highly prized by him, and in return I had to play him a tune on the cornet.

At 2.30 P.M. we arrived at Shupanga, and built a hut over the bank, directly under Shupanga House. In the evening we crossed the river to buy provisions; and here again found the people in great want, both of clothes and food. On our return to camp by moonlight, we heard that Johnghiti had nearly recovered from the terrible wounds he had received while elephant hunting, but was still unable to stir.

I remained three days hunting here, and enjoyed capital sport. The forests on the west bank swarm with all kinds of antelopes. My object in shooting them was to leave a supply of meat with the families of the Shupanga men, who were really badly off even for food, and consequently nothing was spared. The bag, when leaving, consisted of two sable antelopes (*agocerus niger*), magnificent beasts, five hartebeests, seven bush-bock, a sassaby (*damalis lunatus*), and two pigs. In one day I bagged eight of these. A very fine waterbuck was killed by one of my men. The Shupanga men were delighted.

The day after my arrival at Shupanga, Mr. Young passed through on his way down to Senna, and reported the death of a very fine bull hippopotamus. During my stay I received some present daily from José, such as pork, cakes, wine, &c., and twice he came to see me.

On the 8th November we left Shupanga for the Kon-

goni, and shortly after starting passed a large Portuguese boat, *en route* for Senna. The skipper saluted my white ensign, and I dipped mine in acknowledgment. Three days more saw me at the mouth of the river. Every evening I amused myself, after coming to anchor, by shooting waterbuck, or other antelopes, and on nearing the sea, on the 11th November, we overtook and passed the *Search*, and directly afterwards sighted the bar.

Here a canoe, with two small boys, came out of the reeds, and I was implored by the smaller of the two to take him with me, as he said he wanted to get down to the sea-shore. I complied, and on examining him as we went along, found that his father had sold him to a Portuguese, from whom he had run away, because he used to beat him much. His home, he said, was a long way off, but where he did not know. I brought him down, and landed on the same spot where I had first touched the soil last August, arriving a quarter of an hour before the other boats. Mounting an elevated spot, I looked with my glasses carefully all along the sea horizon; but no vessel was in sight.

As soon as Mr. Young arrived all hands went to work to build huts, there being every appearance of rain. Having determined to reside by myself, I soon had a very respectable hut of my own, with the British flag floating above it, to which I gave the name of "Kongoni Castle!"

Twenty-two days passed before a ship called for us. Every morning the horizon was anxiously scanned. Heavy rain and terrific thunderstorms were of

frequent occurrence; but the worst thing to be contended with was the scarcity of water, and the unwholesomeness of what was procured by digging deep wells. This, no doubt, is owing to the great flatness of the land for miles from the coast. Stacy was the only sufferer, having had a very severe attack of dysentery, of which he all but died. This was the only real occasion we had to test the quality of our elaborate medicine chest.

During my stay here I had some good bush-bock and reed-bock shooting on the opposite side of the river, and some grand fun at night with the hippopotami at its mouth, besides enjoying a good swim every morning and evening, without the fear of being chawed up by an alligator. The natives from adjacent villages brought plenty of supplies in the way of flour, eggs, fowl, bananas, &c., including honey; and numbers of monkeys were purchased by different members of the expedition.

The small runaway slave was caught thieving by Chinsoro, and having received a sound flogging at his hands, was turned out of camp ignominiously. One day I crossed the river, and walking as far as the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, succeeded in killing two waterbuck and a reed-bock. Just at dusk one evening, after a heavy thunder-storm, I saw two hippopotami, from camp, walking in shallow water towards the shore. They were evidently going in to feed. Taking the gumtickler and rifle, I got well in opposite them, and lay concealed, awaiting their approach. They walked straight towards where I lay, till when within a hundred yards distance they winded

me, and turning away, made a long circuit, trying another spot. I was there as soon as they, but again they got wind of me, and walked along the beach. Running on a couple of hundred yards, so as to turn a point where the wind would be more favourable, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing them walk in straight towards me. It was almost dark, the moon which had hitherto been shining brightly becoming obscured with a thick cloud. On they came, the largest, evidently a bull, leading. I lay down close to the water, determined not to fire until the beast rubbed his nose against the muzzle of the gun. I could see nothing but a huge black mass, now almost on me. It was so dark that I could not at all discern the head, but when the animal was within a yard of me, I fired, judging as well as I could where it might be, and a shout of triumph pealed through the air as he rolled over. The second turned to bolt, receiving the other barrel somewhere in the body; but the shot seemed to take little or no effect. The other gun was then placed in my hands by a man who was with me, and, running close alongside the retreating monster, up to my knees in water, I discharged both barrels close behind the shoulder; but, to my dismay, they only staggered him, and he escaped into deep water ere I had time to re-load. If I had but had the light that shone a few minutes before, I could have easily killed him with a single shot in the brain. My attention being drawn to the other, which had regained his legs, and was floundering about, I quickly re-loaded the breechloader, Rigby 10, and going close up to him, fired both into

the back of his massive head, and a fine bull hippopotamus lay dead.

During the following week I had several similar adventures with hippopotami, but did not succeed in bagging another, chiefly in consequence of want of light, as they never come ashore till long after dark, and the moon did not prove favourable.

One day a Portuguese came to visit us from the east Luabo, bringing a sheep as a present. The man was looking very ill, and evidently suffering from liver complaint. He was given a supply of medicine, and seemed very grateful.

On the evening of the 27th, about 9.30 P.M., the whole heavens and surrounding country were illumined by a magnificent meteor, of which I had a good view, sitting at the time smoking outside the hut. A large ball of fire rose swiftly in the south-west, and bearing north-east, shot through the heavens, turning night into day with its light, and leaving a splendid streak of fire in its wake, which remained visible for nearly a minute after the globe of fire had vanished, or, rather, burst, which it did immediately overhead. Mr. Young, who was at the time sitting inside his hut, and consequently only saw the surrounding land lighted up, fancied it was a twenty-four pound rocket from the ship we had been daily expecting.

On the 2nd December, at 2 P.M., while sleeping in my hut, I was startled by a loud cry of "Ship ahoy!" from Reid, who had seen her first. In an instant I was out, and to my great delight saw an English man-of-war steaming down from the east Luabo, and anchoring off the mouth of the Kongoni, about six miles

from us. On the 4th December, ourselves and gear were taken on board H.M.S. *Racoon*, 21, Commander Sperling, where we were received with the greatest kindness, and I have left friends there whom I can never forget. We reached Simon's Bay on the seventeenth, just in time to catch the mail of the nineteenth from Table Bay, and return to England among our old and kind friends in the Union Company's steamer *Celt*, Captain Baynton, landing at Plymouth on the 21st January, 1868.

In concluding the narrative of the Livingstone Search Expedition, I wish to speak in the highest terms of Reid, who proved himself a first-class workman, and a steady, hard-working man. Every word and act of his during our trip revealed a straightforward, high-principled, and noble character. He is a married man, and, prior to his association with this Expedition, worked at a well-known firm of shipbuilders and engineers at Glasgow. It must be remembered that he was one of Livingstone's former expedition, and one of the only two (Reid and Pennell) who stuck to him to the last, assisting him to take *The Lady Nyassa* (a small iron steamer intended for Lake Nyassa, but which could not be got past the Murchison Cataracts, owing to the great weight of her sections) to Bombay, and finally returning with the great traveller to England by the overland route. It seems extraordinary that, though Livingstone gave him the best of characters, no notice was ever taken of him till his services (which have been more than valuable to this Expedition) were again required.

Stacy, the man whom we got from the *Petrel*, was a willing and honest fellow. The boat, though very well in the river, was not fit for the lake. None but a decked boat would be safe, in consequence of the sudden and heavy storms which sweep constantly over Nyassa, raising its waters mountains high in a few minutes; unless one went coasting along with a fleet of small gigs, that might be easily beached at any moment, and even then one could not always be sure of a favourable shore. The climate on the lake is delightful.

I must ever regret that we left the country without visiting Mataka and Makata, and that the north end of the lake, which I so longed to see, was not reached. I had during this trip a fair opportunity of testing the value of an old opinion of mine, viz., that every sportsman should be provided with shooting-irons by Rigby. I have tried most good gun-makers during the last ten years, and most unhesitatingly do I give the laurels to that clever and painstaking man. His heavy guns are perfection—this I have proved; and so much is known of his match and express rifles, that there is no need of my enlarging on the subject.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY MACDONALD AND TUGWELL, BLENHEIM HOUSE.

00060759

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018